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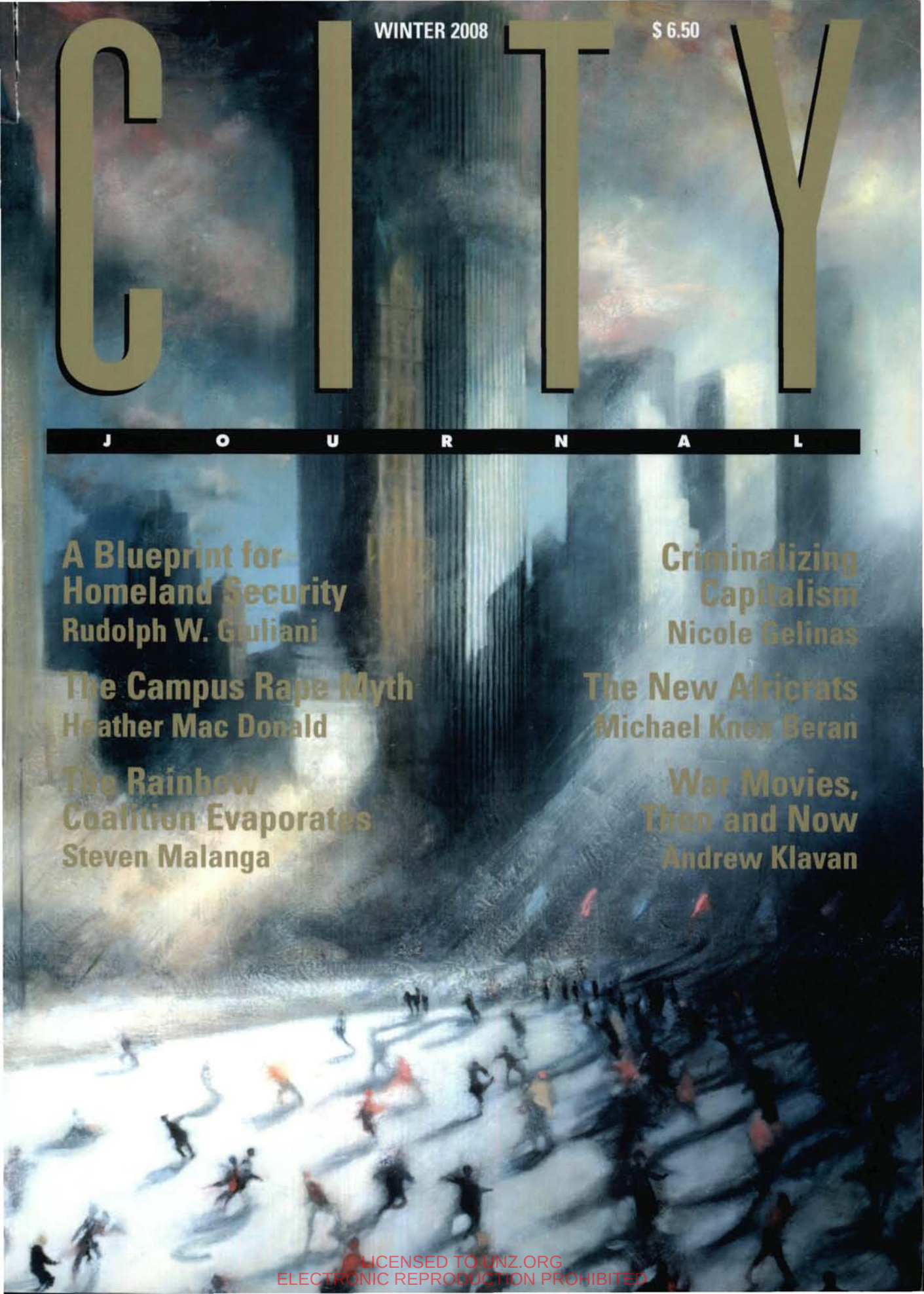

A Blueprint for Homeland Security
Rudolph W. Giuliani

The Campus Rape Myth
Heather Mac Donald

The Rainbow Coalition Evaporates
Steven Malanga

Criminalizing Capitalism
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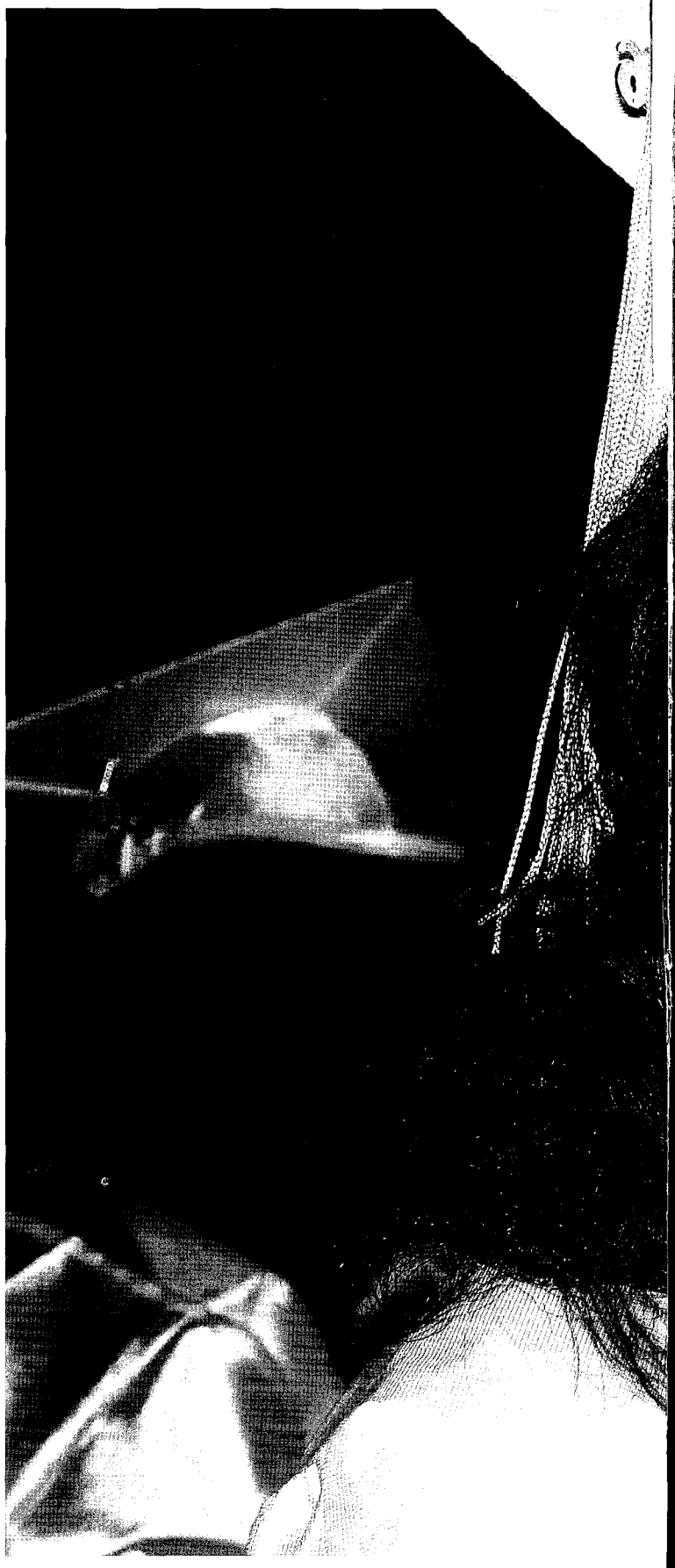

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In Prospect

The NYPD's pioneering Compstat system was a key factor in Gotham's amazing crime turnaround under Mayor Rudy Giuliani. Short for "computerized statistics," Compstat is an ingenious intelligence and accountability tool. Regular meetings gather precinct commanders and top brass, who must share all that they know about wrongdoing on their turf; sophisticated software helps relentlessly analyze and map the info, uncovering crime patterns even as they emerge. Participants then brainstorm strategies to fight the problems—and in subsequent meetings must show results. From the moment Compstat was in place in 1994, crime began to fall in New York, sparking the city's revival.

In "The Resilient Society" (page 12), Giuliani, now a Republican presidential candidate, proposes extending the Compstat concept to three areas of homeland security where intelligence sharing and accountability have sometimes been lacking: counterterrorism, border security, and disaster preparation. That's only one of many smart ideas in Giuliani's blueprint for making our nation safer, a plan that should guide whoever wins the White House this year. At the core of any effective homeland security, Giuliani concludes, is the can-do spirit of Americans themselves, admired over a century and a half ago by Alexis de Tocqueville and still evident today.

Such good sense is hard to find in certain American precincts in 2008, though, as Heather Mac Donald shows in "The Campus Rape Myth" (page 22). Mac Donald details the rise of a feminist-inspired "rape industry" claiming that an epidemic of sexual assault menaces coeds across the country. The supposed predators: not strangers in gloomy alleys but male students, products of a sinister "rape culture." The epidemic is fantasy. The reality, Mac Donald reports, is a hookup scene in which regret sex is common—and soon transmuted into "rape." Capturing the wackiness of the post-sixties university, the same school officials denouncing the purported predation are encouraging nonstop recreational student sex by sponsoring campus workshops by "sexperts," condom giveaways, and student services advising on S&M techniques. Lost in the schizophrenic saturnalia: the now-discredited idea that colleges are for learning.

For many of today's single young males, or SYMs, life is a nonstop frat party, filled with babes, booze, and gadgets, writes Kay S. Hymowitz in "Child-Man in the Promised Land" (page 42). As she explains, the SYM can put off adult duties indefinitely, thanks to changing mores and a capitalist dynamo that provides him with a cornucopia of thrills—low-brain-wattage action movies, video games, lad mags, and lots more. But Hymowitz's amusing story has a serious point. Young men, she writes, "need a culture that can help them define worthy aspirations," and ours doesn't seem to be doing the job.

On page 94, Andrew Klavan's "The Lost Art of War" takes aim at Hollywood, where respect for the American spirit is in short supply—and nowhere scarcer than in the stream of recent war flops that portray our soldiers as brutes and our democracy as a fraud. An older, more sophisticated Hollywood, Klavan writes, understood the greatness of American democracy, despite its flaws, and the need for patriotic virtues to defend it.

This issue features a second big education story: Sol Stern's "School Choice Isn't Enough" (page 53). A longtime choice advocate, Stern has had second thoughts. Introducing markets into K–12 schools, while sometimes salutary, is no panacea, he now believes—especially for poor and minority children stuck in crummy urban public schools. What those kids need most are proven curricula and good teaching methods.

Few writers can match Theodore Dalrymple's acuity as a social critic. In "The Marriage of Reason and Nightmare" (page 118), he explores the work of another penetrating social observer: British novelist J. G. Ballard, whose dark fantasies expose the fragility of affluent contemporary society. That fragility makes reforming our educational institutions, higher and lower, all the more important: in a way, another kind of homeland security.

—Brian C. Anderson

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oundings

Adding Up to Failure

Ed schools put diversity before math.

A good education requires balance. Students should learn to appreciate a variety of cultures, sure, but they also need to know how to add, subtract, multiply, and divide. Judging from the courses that the nation's leading education colleges offer, however, balance isn't a goal. The schools place far more emphasis on the political and social ends of education than on the fundamentals.

To determine just how unbalanced teacher preparation is at ed schools, we counted the number of course titles and descriptions that contained the words "multiculturalism," "diversity," "inclusion," and variants thereof, and then compared those with the number that used variants of the word "math." We then computed a "multiculturalism-to-math ratio"—a rough indicator of the relative importance of social goals to academic skills in ed schools. A ratio of greater than 1 indicates a greater emphasis on multiculturalism; a ratio of less than 1 means that math courses predominate. Our survey covered the nation's top 50 education programs as ranked by *U.S. News and World Report*, as well as programs at flagship state universities that weren't among the top 50—a total of 71 education schools.

The average ed school, we found, has a multiculturalism-to-math ratio of 1.82, meaning that it offers 82 percent more courses featuring social goals than featuring math. At Harvard and Stanford, the ratio is about 2: almost twice as many courses are social as mathematical. At the University of Minnesota, the ratio is higher than 12. And at UCLA, a whopping 47 course titles and descriptions contain the word "multiculturalism" or "diversity," while only three contain the word "math," giving it a ratio of almost 16.

Some programs do show different priorities. At the University of Missouri, 43 courses bear titles or descriptions that include multiculturalism or diversity, but 74 focus on math, giving it a lean multiculturalism-to-math ratio of 0.58. Penn State's ratio is 0.39. (By contrast, the ratio at Penn State's Ivy League counterpart, the University of Pennsylvania, is over 3.) Still, of the 71 programs we studied, only 24 have a multiculturalism-to-math ratio of less than 1; only five pay twice as much attention to math as to social goals.

Several obstacles impede change. On the supply side, ed-school professors are a self-perpetuating clique, and their commitment to multiculturalism and diversity produces a near-uniformity of approach. Professors control entry into their ranks by determining who will receive the doctoral credential, deciding which doctoral graduates get hired, and then selecting which faculty will receive tenure. And tenured academics are essentially accountable to no one.

On the demand side, prospective teachers haven't cried out for more math courses because such courses tend to be harder than those involving multiculturalism. And the teachers know that their future employers—public school districts—don't find an accent on multiculturalism troubling. Because public schools are assured of ever-increasing funding, regardless of how they do in math, they can indulge their enthusiasm for multiculturalism, and prospective teachers can, too.

Accrediting organizations also help perpetuate the emphasis on multiculturalism. In several states, law mandates that ed schools receive accreditation from the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education (NCATE). NCATE, in turn, requires education programs to meet six standards, one entirely devoted to diversity, but none entirely devoted to ensuring proper math pedagogy. Education schools that attempt to break from the cartel's multiculturalism focus risk denial of accreditation.

Ensuring quality math instruction is no minor matter. The Programme for International Student Assessment's latest results paint a bleak picture: U.S. 15-year-olds ranked 24th out of 30 industrial countries in math literacy, tying Spain and surpassing only Greece, Italy, Portugal, Mexico, and Turkey, while trailing Iceland, Hungary, Poland, the Slovak Republic, and all of our major economic competitors in Europe and Asia.

The issue isn't whether we should be teaching cultural awareness in education colleges or in public schools; it's about priorities. Besides, our

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students probably have great appreciation already for students from other cultures—who're cleaning their clocks in math skills, and will do so economically, too, if we don't wise up.

—Jay P. Greene & Catherine Shock

Cheers for Chile's Chicago Boys

Milton Friedmanesque reforms helped create South America's most prosperous nation.

BROWN BROTHERS (3)

"There are now two South Americas," says Chilean economist Rolf Lüders, a former prime minister under Augusto Pinochet. The old South America, which remains mired in populism and Marxist rhetoric, includes Argentina, Bolivia, Ecuador, Nicaragua, and Venezuela. The new South America is democratic and free-market-oriented, and includes Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Peru, and Uruguay. Chile is undoubtedly the most prosperous and stable country in the group, with an annual real growth rate averaging 5.5 percent over the last 15 years and a per-capita annual income of $12,000, the highest in Latin America. The country owes its unqualified success to an oft-vilified group of U.S.-educated free-market economists known as the "Chicago boys," of whom Lüders, a former student of Milton Friedman at the University of Chicago, is one.

"Pinochet had no clue about economics," Lüders recalls, "and our country was in a desperate situation." But when Pinochet asked Friedman, who had helped mold Chicago's economics department, to provide solutions for hyperinflation, the great economist proposed just the right cure: monetary control. Harshly criticized in the U.S. for his "collaboration" with the dictator, Friedman responded by asking whether he should have let the patient—the Chilean economy—die instead.

Lüders admits that he and his fellow academics relished the chance to devise a new economic model on a blackboard and observe the results. At first, those results weren't much to brag about. In the early 1980s, external shocks, capital flight, declining prices for copper (the main Chilean export at the time), and excessive trust in the market's self-correcting mechanisms caused many glitches—and a severe recession.

Beginning in 1985, however, the more pragmatic Hernán Büchi, who served as finance minister under Pinochet, helped correct the errors through tighter control of capital flows into and out of the country. Though he holds a degree from Harvard, Büchi is still deemed a Chicago boy in a land where that city's name has become a generic term for free-market economists. "The economic solutions we provided for Chile had nothing extraordinary about them," Lüders says. "We privatized the companies, which had been nationalized by the Socialist Allende regime. We stabilized the currency. We opened the borders to trade. The strong Chilean tradition of entrepreneurship took over from there."

Vittorio Corvo is another Harvard graduate considered a Chicago boy. Governor of the Central Bank of Chile, an office beyond party politics, he credits Chile's success to economic continuity. "Since Pinochet left, Chile has been governed by Christian Democrats and Socialists," Corvo observes. "They never shifted the economic institutions we designed for the country. The left-wing parties opened the economy even more than we did by reducing trade barriers." Chileans, Corvo

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adds, "can buy consumer goods at a cheap, world-market price. Our entrepreneurs are now able to sell fruits, wine, and fish all over the world. When I was young, I never saw a salmon. Now we sell them to the U.S. The Chilean people like what we did because we got rid of inflation, which was a tax on the poor. We got rid of corruption, which was entrenched in the huge public sector." Corvo notes that the numbers of the poor have fallen from 6 million at the beginning of the Pinochet regime to 2 million today.

The Chicago boys didn't just reform Chile's economy; they also tackled the country's bloated state sector. "Our real breakthrough was in the social services," says Lüders. In most countries, governments directly provide social services such as schools, hospitals, and housing. The Chicago boys have tried to shift Chile away from this model, while ensuring that citizens aren't left behind. The Chilean state no longer builds housing for the poor, for instance, but it still offers financial aid or mortgage guarantees to truly needy citizens who aspire to become private owners in the real-estate market. Along the same lines, a school voucher system that Friedman initially devised, allowing parents to choose any private or public school for their children, is in place, though it is imperfect. The vouchers cover only one-fifth of a private school tuition, so the poorest students remain stuck in the public schools. And the teachers' union, opposed to parental choice, refuses to provide information on school achievement, leaving parents in the dark when trying to choose the best schools.

The Chicago boys' proudest achievement is Chile's privatized pension system. Its main architect was José Piñera, now a scholar at the Cato Institute. Before the Pinochet regime, Piñera recalls, only workers in government industries, public servants, and the military had pensions. Pinochet—like Otto von Bismarck before him—decided that all citizens should have pensions, and so in 1981 then–labor minister Piñera created a sophisticated system that gave Chileans the choice between a state or a private pension. The state deducts a compulsory 10 percent from each worker's wages—or as much as 20 percent, if the worker requests it—which he can invest in either the public or the private system. Nearly everyone picks the private pensions, which are managed by six private investment companies, each offering a mix of safer and riskier investments; the Chilean state also regulates these companies and their investments. So far, on average, the private system has provided pensions that pay an equivalent of 70 percent of citizens' previous annual salaries. Chile was a pioneer in pension privatization, and many countries have followed its lead in one form or another.

Patricio Meller, a Christian Democrat whom Socialist president Michelle Bachelet has asked to chair a national commission on social equity, criticizes the private pensions, saying that they aren't inclusive enough and should also cover nonworking mothers and the unemployed. Meller has recommended the creation of a national minimum income for every family. The resources would come from a state fund that currently guarantees Chilean copper against price volatility by investing copper-export income in diversified portfolios abroad.

If adopted, could a government-guaranteed minimum income pull Chile back into the old, corrupt South America? Yes, if the guarantee became, as the Left prefers, a direct government subsidy to the poor, working and nonworking alike. There is a risk that such a scheme could encourage both dependency and cash-for-votes-style populism. But if the Chilean Left instead

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implemented a neutral "negative income tax," as the Chicago boys, following Friedman, would recommend, then the guaranteed minimum would be less disruptive of the market—automatically geared to one's income, it would keep bureaucratic interference minimal—and actually encourage work, since, to qualify for a negative tax in the first place, one needs to earn at least something and file a tax return. Chile would then likely maintain its leading position among those new South American countries that have escaped the left-wing mystique.

—*Guy Sorman*

A Philly Tax Cutter

Can Mayor Nutter cure the city's cancer?

With 380 homicides recorded already this year, a spate of recent cop shootings, and one particularly gruesome cop killing that led to a nationwide manhunt, Philadelphia is among America's most dangerous big cities. The crime issue dominated this year's mayoral race, which Michael Nutter, a blunt and sometimes histrionic former councilman, eventually won. But while crime gets the most attention, Nutter's success as mayor will ultimately rest on improving the city's dysfunctional economy. Notwithstanding the glitzy renaissance taking place in its center, Philadelphia is an economic basket case.

The last mayor to tackle economic issues in Philadelphia was Ed Rendell, now starting his second term as Pennsylvania's governor, who memorably referred to the city as "a cancer patient with a gunshot wound." The gunshot in Rendell's metaphor was the threat of bankruptcy that the city faced when he took office in 1992. The cancer was the slow drain of jobs and people from the city.

Early on, Rendell believed that the city's image was its biggest liability. As journalist Buzz Bissinger recounts in his book *A Prayer for the City*, the mayor focused on splashy projects like a convention center and downtown condos and hotels. When it came to jobs, Rendell thought of Philly as a jigsaw puzzle of employers, each representing a bloc of workers. Rendell's responsibility, as he saw it, was to keep the biggest pieces from falling off the table. When Breyer's Ice Cream, for example, threatened to pull up stakes and fire several hundred factory workers, Rendell rushed in with an incentive package to get it to reconsider (Breyer's left anyway). The most conspicuous example of Rendell's approach involved preventing the planned closure of a 200-year-old navy shipyard that employed 8,000 workers. Rendell spent years negotiating a deal with a German shipbuilder to take over the facility in exchange for $400 million in government subsidies. The shipyard now reportedly employs only a small fraction of the original workforce.

Eventually, however, Rendell began to reconsider his policies. In 1995, for the first time in 50 years, the mayor's budget included cuts in income taxes, which had run neck and neck with New York City's for the highest in the nation. Rendell passed tiny reductions at first, from 4.96 percent to 4.61 percent over five years (and from 4.31 percent to 4.22 percent for commuters). The mayor also passed a ten-year tax abatement on any new residential construction or rehabilitation, a measure that has helped fill neighborhoods near downtown with construction crews, real-estate agents, and young homeowners.

Rendell's plan also included cutting the business-privilege tax, a noxious three-part levy that requires a $250 license fee to start a business in Philadelphia, deducts over 6 percent of any profits, and also gobbles up a portion of gross revenue. The levy applies even to businesses that are just starting up or losing money. (Entrepreneurs like to joke darkly that Philadelphia is a 6 percent partner in everything they do.) Rendell shrank the gross-revenue part of the privilege tax from $3.25 to $2.65 for every $1,000 in revenue, and he scheduled a long-term phase-in of further cuts; the levy currently stands at $1.42 for every $1,000 in revenue. Still, its very existence is amazing, given that it yields limited revenue and sends a frosty message to any entrepreneur contemplating starting up in the city.

Since the Rendell tax reductions, the city has seen total annual tax revenues rise by $1.6 billion. But Rendell's successor, John Street, relentlessly opposed any further cuts and even tried to roll

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back the income-tax cuts. He vetoed then-councilman Nutter's proposals to trim business taxes four times and scheduled no further overhauls of the business-privilege tax. Instead, Street oversaw a bloating of the budget, mostly to pay for increased pension and health costs for city workers. Street did open up the city to two new gambling casinos, but this wasn't as pro-business a move as it may sound, since the state takes a huge cut of casino profits. "They're not casinos. They're ATMs for the state," says Brett Mandel, head of the tax-advocacy group Philadelphia Forward.

The results of the city's hostility toward business are evident. While the greater Philadelphia region added 110,000 jobs over the last decade and Pennsylvania gained 300,000, the city lost 10,000. Moody's latest report on the city warns off businesses, pointing to "aging infrastructure," "weak population growth," and a grim long-term economic forecast. The city's largest employers are immobile businesses—hospitals and universities. The population continues to flee, with another 8,000 people leaving last year.

Philadelphia continues to have the nation's second-highest individual tax burden after New York City. Philadelphia Forward cites a study finding that a typical city resident's total tax burden from state and local taxes is 14 percent, compared with 9 percent in the nearby suburbs. For businesses, it's way worse—roughly nine times what businesses pay in other large American cities or nearby suburbs. Defenders say that Philadelphia has been a victim of the same deindustrializing forces facing other densely populated, older cities. Yet it has adapted poorly. Even the mild-mannered Federal Reserve has spoken out against Philly's taxes, calling them "onerous" and an "incentive to leave."

Further, thanks to the new five-year plan that the city council passed and that outgoing mayor Street signed, the city can claim a balanced budget, but based only on the dubious assumption that union negotiations, which will occur early in Nutter's first term, won't produce any new wage or benefit hikes. So Nutter will face serious problems as he takes office this January. CONGRATULATIONS, MAYOR NUTTER: BOY, ARE YOU SCREWED, read the cover of a recent issue of *Philadelphia*. But don't count Nutter out: he claims that he will get rid of the $250 business start-up fee and cut both the profit and the gross-revenue parts of the privilege tax. "We'll make Philadelphia a model city," he says. With a tax cutter in the mayor's office, who knows? —*David Whelan*

Why the West Is Best

My response to Tariq Ramadan

Last October, I participated in a debate in London, hosted by Intelligence Squared, to consider the motion, "We should not be reluctant to assert the superiority of Western values." Muslim intellectual Tariq Ramadan, among others, spoke against the motion; I spoke in favor, focusing on the vast disparities in freedom, human rights, and tolerance between Western and Islamic societies. Here, condensed somewhat, is the case that I made.

The great ideas of the West—rationalism, self-criticism, the disinterested search for truth, the separation of church and state, the rule of law and equality under the law, freedom of thought and expression, human rights, and liberal democracy—are superior to any others devised by humankind. It was the West that took steps to abolish slavery; the calls for abolition did not resonate even in Africa, where rival tribes sold black prisoners into slavery. The West has secured freedoms for women and racial and other minorities to an extent unimaginable 60 years ago. The West recognizes and defends the rights of the individual: we are free to think what we want, to read what we want, to practice our religion, to live lives of our choosing.

In short, the glory of the West, as philosopher Roger Scruton puts it, is that life here is an open book. Under Islam, the book is closed. In many non-Western countries, especially Islamic ones, citizens are not free to read what they wish. In Saudi Arabia, Muslims are not free to convert to Christianity, and Christians are not free to practice their faith—clear violations of Article 18 of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights. In contrast with the mind-numbing enforced certainties and rules

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of Islam, Western civilization offers what Bertrand Russell once called "liberating doubt," which encourages the methodological principle of scientific skepticism. Western politics, like science, proceeds through tentative steps of trial and error, open discussion, criticism, and self-correction.

One could characterize the difference between the West and the Rest as a difference in epistemological principles. The desire for knowledge, no matter where it leads, inherited from the Greeks, has led to an institution unequaled—or very rarely equaled—outside the West: the university. Along with research institutes and libraries, universities are, at least ideally, independent academies that enshrine these epistemological norms, where we can pursue truth in a spirit of disinterested inquiry, free from political pressures. In other words, behind the success of modern Western societies, with their science and technology and open institutions, lies a distinct way of looking at the world, interpreting it, and recognizing and rectifying problems.

The edifice of modern science and scientific method is one of Western man's greatest gifts to the world. The West has given us not only nearly every scientific discovery of the last 500 years—from electricity to computers—but also, thanks to its humanitarian impulses, the Red Cross, Doctors Without Borders, Human Rights Watch, and Amnesty International. The West provides the bulk of aid to beleaguered Darfur; Islamic countries are conspicuous by their lack of assistance.

Moreover, other parts of the world recognize Western superiority. When other societies such as South Korea and Japan have adopted Western political principles, their citizens have flourished. It is to the West, not to Saudi Arabia or Iran, that millions of refugees from theocratic or other totalitarian regimes flee, seeking tolerance and political freedom. Nor would any Western politician be able to get away with the anti-Semitic remarks that former Malaysian prime minister Mahathir Mohamad made in 2003. Our excusing Mahathir's diatribe indicates not only a double standard but also a tacit acknowledgment that we apply higher ethical standards to Western leaders.

A culture that gave the world the novel; the music of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert; and the paintings of Michelangelo, da Vinci, and Rembrandt does not need lessons from societies whose idea of heaven, peopled with female virgins, resembles a cosmic brothel. Nor does the West need lectures on the superior virtue of societies in which women are kept in subjection under sharia, endure genital mutilation, are stoned to death for alleged adultery, and are married off against their will at the age of nine; societies that deny the rights of supposedly lower castes; societies that execute homosexuals and apostates. The West has no use for sanctimonious homilies from societies that cannot provide clean drinking water or sewage systems, that make no provisions for the handicapped, and that leave 40 to 50 percent of their citizens illiterate.

As Ayatollah Khomeini once famously said, there are no jokes in Islam. The West is able to look at its foibles and laugh, to make fun of its fundamental principles: but there is no equivalent as yet to Monty Python's *Life of Brian* in Islam. Can we look forward, someday, to a *Life of Mo*? Probably not—one more small sign that Western values remain the best, and perhaps the only, means for all people, no matter of what race or creed, to reach their full potential and live in freedom.

—Ibn Warraq

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The Resilient Society

A blueprint for homeland security

Rudolph W. Giuliani

In the first decade of the twenty-first century, the United States has confronted both the deadliest attack and one of the most destructive natural disasters in the nation's history. The term "homeland security" wasn't part of the national debate during the 2000 election. Now, after September 11 and Hurricane Katrina, every American understands that homeland security is at the heart of a president's responsibility.

There have been no fewer than 14 attempted domestic terrorist attacks and nine international plots against American citizens and interests since 9/11, according to reports in the public record. There have been plots to blow up the Brooklyn Bridge and airplanes crossing the Atlantic. Terrorists have conspired to murder American soldiers at Fort Dix and planned to ignite the fuel lines beneath John F. Kennedy International Airport. Not a single post-9/11 plot on U.S. soil has succeeded to date. That is no accident; it is a measure of our increased vigilance as a nation.

CAROLYN KASTER/AP

A resilient society depends on engaged citizens, like these New York volunteers helping to rebuild New Orleans after Katrina.

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The fight against al-Qaida and other terrorist groups will be America's central challenge for years to come. We will achieve victory in what I call the Terrorists' War on Us only by staying on offense: defeating terrorist organizations and hunting down their leaders, wherever they are; helping Afghanistan and Iraq establish stable and representative governments; aiding the spread of good governance throughout the Muslim world; and defeating militant Islam in the war of ideas.

Such international efforts are essential to winning this war, but not sufficient. We must also protect our people and economy, secure our borders, and prevent terrorist attacks here at home. These responsibilities are the domestic dimension of the larger struggle, and they require a focus on more than terrorism. As Stephen Flynn points out in his book *The Edge of Disaster*, "Nearly 90 percent of Americans are currently living in locations that place them at moderate to high risks of earthquakes, volcanoes, wildfires, hurricanes, flooding, or high-wind damage." Preparing for terrorist attacks and for natural disasters are complementary goals: when cities and states prepare for natural disaster, they also strengthen our response to potential terrorism.

The next administration's approach to homeland security should be based on three core principles: prevention, preparedness, and resilience.

Preventing terrorist attacks before they happen must be our primary goal. Of course, America must stay on offense internationally when it comes to WMDs, using determined diplomacy and economic measures to discourage states from trading in dangerous materials that threaten Americans. Nations that continue in the trade must face the seizure of shipments—or worse. Here at home and at ports overseas, we must deploy state-of-the-art radiation detection technology to shield against nuclear fissile material, dirty bombs, and other radiological weapons, and we must proceed with the development and stockpiling of vaccines as a defense against bioterror. We also need to be ready for other forms of attack, such as cyberterrorism—a weapon of mass disruption. Digital technologies drive our nation's economy and control much of our critical infrastructure. America cannot afford to wait for a digital Pearl Harbor before we begin taking the cyberterrorism threat seriously.

But these steps, as important as they are, will not solve the now widely recognized problem of getting our federal intelligence and law enforcement officers to share information so that they can "connect the dots" to uncover terrorist attacks before they happen. Some people theorize, based on the 9/11 Commission report, that the attacks of September 11 might have been prevented if the CIA and FBI had overcome the institutional barriers between and within the agencies and shared information. To take just one well-known example, the CIA knew in early 2000 that one suspected al-Qaida terrorist had acquired a U.S. visa and that another had flown to California. But Langley didn't tell the FBI or register the men with the State Department's watch list. As a result, two future 9/11 hijackers slipped into the U.S. Whether communication would or would not have been enough to lead to actions to prevent the attacks, it certainly is prudent to make sure this gap is closed in the future.

Several kinds of barriers hampered us in the 1990s. Some reflected the cultural differences between prosecution-oriented law enforcement agencies and the intelligence community's preference for information collection. Others were legally required, such as the restrictions on sharing information derived through grand juries and criminal wiretaps. Still others were self-imposed, such as the infamous "wall" erected by the Clinton justice department in 1995, which complicated collaboration between the FBI's foreign counterintelligence agents and its criminal investigators.

Such "stovepiping" of information must not continue. We need to build on the Bush administration's efforts, such as the USA Patriot Act, to break down the barriers among federal agencies and between foreign and domestic intelligence. The Patriot Act removed barriers to information sharing between the intelligence community and law enforcement, but there is still more to do. We must guard against the danger that the newly created Office of the Director of National

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Intelligence will become just another layer of bureaucracy that impedes the information flow rather than facilitates it. And we need to pay close attention to unsettling lower-court decisions that raise the specter of the wall's reemergence, and to the weakening of the Patriot Act by judicial fiat.

The Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, enacted in 1978 to exclude eavesdropping on foreign communications from judicial oversight, must be modernized and expanded to encompass not just phones, as the current law does, but also newer technologies, such as the fax machine and the Internet. Antiquated laws—enacted when such technologies weren't part of everyday life—cannot be allowed to hamstring our federal law enforcement and foreign intelligence services. Some members of Congress want to throw as many legal obstacles as possible in front of FBI agents and intelligence officers as they try to intercept communications between known al-Qaida leaders and U.S.-based operatives who will carry out attacks. This is the last thing we should do.

"An effective homeland security plan must use the valuable information collected by state and local law enforcement."

Getting and keeping federal agencies communicating with one another isn't enough. An effective homeland security plan also has to establish links to, and make use of, the valuable information collected by the country's 800,000 state and local law enforcement officers. We should view these officers as counterterrorism resources—"first preventers," as the Manhattan Institute's R. P. Eddy calls them. Even beyond uniformed services, people such as DMV clerks, and even everyday citizens, may notice clues that would help law enforcement identify would-be terrorists. It was a clerk at Circuit City, after all, who provided the key tip that enabled federal authorities to stop the Fort Dix plot. (We should also reform liability laws so that individuals who act in good faith, such as those who report suspicious behavior on airplanes, will not get sued for trying to help their fellow citizens. Fortunately, a law authored by Representative Peter King was recently passed to protect Americans who do just that.)

To gather and analyze such useful information, first preventers can be assisted by the widespread implementation of a "Terrorstat" program, an idea proposed by former NYPD police commissioner William Bratton and criminologist George Kelling. Terrorstat would build on the proven principles of Compstat, the computerized crime-mapping system developed by the New York Police Department in the 1990s and now used by police departments nationwide. By bringing all crime and arrest data together by category and by neighborhood, Compstat revolutionized policing, enabling officers to focus their efforts in problem areas, armed with up-to-the-minute, accurate intelligence, rapid deployment of resources, individual accountability, and relentless follow-up. Terrorstat would do the same for counterterrorism.

Terrorstat would not only capture information about terrorism-related arrests and distribute it to law enforcement officials; it would also fuse that information with data on arrests for crimes that on the surface seem unrelated to terrorism but may prove to be precursors to an attack. The investigation of the ordinary can help prevent the extraordinary.

Terrorists prepare for their activities with pre-attack surveillance and finance them with ordinary criminal actions. Consider a 2005 plot in which a jihadist cell aimed to unleash a wave of violence in Southern California. One of the conspirators made the mistake of dropping his cell phone during what appeared to be a straightforward gas-station robbery in Torrance, California. Local police drew information from the phone that set off an FBI-led investigation that eventually unraveled the plot. Or consider the

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case of Dhiren Barot, a now-imprisoned al-Qaida operative who developed detailed pre-attack surveillance reports before 9/11 on major financial buildings in Washington, D.C., New York, and New Jersey. None of the security guards at any of the facilities that he cased, including the World Bank, the New York Stock Exchange, and the Prudential building in Newark, detected him. He was captured only after the CIA raided a terrorist safe house in Pakistan in 2004 and found Barot's casing reports on a computer.

The Department of Homeland Security, in coordination with state homeland security offices, should train public and private security personnel around the nation to recognize and report terrorist pre-attack activity. Terrorstat would provide a simple, structured, and consistent way for security personnel to report information to a larger intelligence network, including the National Counterterrorism Center—leading to investigations that can disrupt terrorist plots before they result in deadly attacks.

Homeland security and border security are inseparable in the twenty-first century. The story of Ra'ed al-Banna is a chilling reminder of why. On June 14, 2003, al-Banna was denied entry into the U.S. at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport by Customs and Border Protection inspectors, who questioned him after their Automated Targeting System identified him as warranting further scrutiny. On February 28, 2005, al-Banna blew up himself and at least 125 others outside a health clinic in Hilla, Iraq. It was one of the deadliest suicide bombings committed by al-Qaida in Iraq. We'll never know if al-Banna was coming to the U.S. to inflict similar harm, but strong border security prevented him from having the opportunity.

Still, a recent National Intelligence Estimate concluded that al-Qaida is intensifying its efforts to place operatives within the United States. Security must improve at official ports of entry like O'Hare, as well as along our porous

RAMIN TALAIE/CORBIS

Preparing for disaster before it happens: New York firefighters and U.S. Marines conduct a biochemical attack drill in 2003.

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land borders. Ending illegal immigration and identifying every noncitizen in the nation are crucial to preventing terror. We need a tamper-proof biometric ID card for all noncitizens and a single national database of noncitizens in our country that would include information about when they are required to leave. And if noncitizens commit crimes, they should be deported after serving their time.

To bring real order to the border, we should establish a "Borderstat" program, also based on Compstat principles. Borderstat would use technology to monitor illegal border crossings and compare them with captures. It would enable us to hold field commanders—including border patrol sector chiefs and Immigration and Customs Enforcement special agents in charge—accountable for what goes on in their areas. The successful completion of the Secure Border Initiative (SBI), ongoing since 2006—which promises to help us gain control of the borders through the construction of both physical and virtual technological fences—will be an essential step in this effort. Through the installation of sophisticated monitoring technology, we will finally be able to determine with certainty where the holes in our border defenses are and target the resources to fill them. Even before the completion of SBI, however, we can use Borderstat to monitor incidents better along the border—shootings, petty crimes, and garbage dumping—that indicate illegal crossings and deploy border law enforcement resources to where they can have the most impact. Borderstat will apply a version of the Broken Windows policing theory to our borders.

Though we must make America more secure, we must also show our friends around the world that America is a country open for business, not a closed-door fortress. The best and the brightest should come to America—to study here, to work here, and in some cases to become American citizens. It is only through this process that we will deepen the connections between America and the Islamic world that will prove essential in prevailing over radical Islamic extremism.

Border security is about more than just physical borders. In an era in which many enterprises are transnational and essentially stateless, physical borders are just one checkpoint in a broader series of systems that move people, products, money, data, and information around the planet—systems that function as the arteries for the global economy. We need to work with our international partners and the private sector to secure our nation, while also facilitating the efficient flow of legitimate travel and commerce into America and throughout the world.

It's also past time to rethink aviation security and to stop frisking toddlers and grandmothers trying to get onto planes. Instead, good intelligence, behavior analysis, biometrics, and trusted-traveler programs can help speed legitimate travelers through airports. For example, I don't think that the Transportation Security Administration needs to spend much time searching Senator Ted Kennedy before he boards a plane—which is what the TSA did in August 2004 because a person on a watch list had a similar name. The federal Terrorist Watch List, which still has incomplete and inaccurate information, needs a serious cleanup.

Preparedness, the second core homeland-security principle, is the key to getting America ready to withstand the terrorist strikes that may occur and the natural disasters that will occur.

One reason New York City was able to withstand the 9/11 attack was that we were prepared to meet twenty-first-century security threats. As mayor of New York, in the spring of 1996, I established the Office of Emergency Management. We drilled and planned for various threats—anthrax, chemical weapons, hurricanes, and airplane crashes. And while we didn't anticipate the specific scenario of 9/11, the constant practice, and the relentless follow-up from actual emergencies, certainly helped in its aftermath.

We need to ensure that similar offices of emergency management are a standard element in local disaster preparation, and make certain that all first responders are trained to use the Incident Command System (ICS), a standardized emergency protocol that reduces

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potential miscommunication during the initial phases of incident response. The immediate response to a disaster or an attack determines how many people live and how many die. Fire departments nationwide have been out front in using the ICS; the rest of the public-safety community can learn from their example.

Our nation must also move forward in creating an effective emergency management communications network—a standard, expanded bandwidth for localities around the nation to share information and work in concert, even if a catastrophic disaster wipes out normal communications systems.

"To bring real order to the border, we should establish a 'Borderstat' program, based on Compstat principles."

Effective preparedness requires the expansion of both international and domestic syndromic surveillance systems monitoring such things as hospital emergency-room admissions for upticks in specific symptoms, pharmacy sales of antibiotics and other drugs, and other tools of epidemiological surveillance. We need to make these systems a major national priority because they are critical to identifying and giving early warning of pandemics and stealth biochemical attacks that could kill thousands. And before medical disasters do strike, we should strengthen and better coordinate the federal National Disaster Medical System, so that we can more effectively deploy doctors and medical staff to disaster areas without getting them snarled in red tape. After Hurricane Katrina, some volunteer health professionals who came from other states were stopped because local authorities could not determine whether they had licenses to practice. Desperately needed medical volunteers found themselves turned away or thrown into hopeless bureaucratic mazes—ultimately prevented from helping those in need. We also need to expand teams of disaster-response specialists, such as the Urban Search and Rescue teams—groups made up of fire, law enforcement, medical, and other public-safety personnel, which conduct search, rescue, and medical operations during disasters and can deploy whenever and wherever disaster strikes.

The failure to respond effectively in New Orleans during Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath demonstrated to all Americans that their government wasn't prepared in every part of the country to respond to disaster.

Fixing the Federal Emergency Management Agency and working to ensure that all levels of government are ready to respond to catastrophic disasters are not simply a matter of throwing more money at the problem or increasing the size of Washington bureaucracies. These goals require building on our federal system—continuing to rely on state and local communities to prepare for catastrophic disasters, while at the same time strengthening the federal government's vital role in coordinating disaster-relief efforts and helping local communities to access the federal resources available to them.

This requires getting the Department of Homeland Security out of its Washington Beltway mind-set and strengthening its leadership capabilities throughout the country. FEMA is currently organized around ten regions. DHS should build on these underused regional structures, working with relevant state, local, and private-sector entities to identify potential vulnerabilities; highlight critical infrastructure in need of additional protection or upgrade; and, in general, coordinate the federal role in helping state and local governments respond. DHS regional directors should play a key role in determining where federal resources—including grant dollars—can best improve preparedness, and they can assess state and local capabilities and preparedness levels.

DHS regional directors should also be at the center of a broad program of training exercises and disaster planning for all military, federal,

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state, local, and private-sector leaders—the men and women who will be called upon when the stakes are high and time is short. When disaster strikes, regional directors, local government officials, and crucial private-sector actors should not be handing out business cards for the first time.

We should also better marshal the resources of the private sector—before disaster strikes, so that we're not left flat-footed when companies such as Wal-Mart or UPS offer to help, as after Katrina. An enhanced regional preparedness network is vital to our ability to weather the inevitable shocks and catastrophes that will come our way.

We need, further, to bring a higher degree of predictability to the funding formulas for homeland security, ending anonymous earmarks and pork-barrel politics. We can't afford to build a Bridge to Nowhere while real bridges collapse in Minnesota. A Compstat-like system can help us here, too. Federal officials need a new "Readystat" system to measure localities' preparedness against risks and prioritize federal funding accordingly. Readystat would conduct annual assessments to determine the needs of each locality based on geography, population, and the unique threats that each community faces. These data would then be used as an objective guide to funding and grant decisions. Armed with the data, DHS regional directors would also work with state and local leaders to ensure preparedness. Readystat could have pointed out New Orleans's pre-Katrina vulnerabilities and given us the chance to correct them.

Readystat would also help the regional directors work with state and local officials to fill capability gaps, such as persistent vulnerabilities in our infrastructure, much of which was built between the 1930s and the 1960s. As an expert from the Urban Land Institute recently pointed out, "We have an impending crisis with infrastructure, but it is easy to ignore until you have a catastrophe."

America can't afford to wait for a catastrophe. We need to address the impending crisis beforehand by strengthening the nation's physical infrastructure. This cannot and should not be entirely a federal responsibility; in most areas, local officials who know their communities and are more accountable to citizens should take the lead. But in some circumstances, it makes sense for the federal government to play an important role—for instance, securing vulnerable infrastructure that could kill thousands if attacked by terrorists, such as nuclear power plants, chemical plants using dangerous compounds, or rail systems moving toxic materials. And the security of mass transit systems is the responsibility of both local authorities and the federal government.

This brings us to the third core principle: resilience. A resilient society depends on active, engaged citizens. The way for Washington to encourage resilience is not to throw more money at problems or to place new burdens on business. Government should harness the inherent strength of the American people and the private sector in order to build a society that may bend—but not break—if catastrophe does strike.

The American people are ready, willing, and able to take a more active role in our civil defense. As the White House's own *Lessons Learned* report on the federal response to Hurricane Katrina notes, faith-based organizations and community groups successfully provided support to the victims of the hurricane "in spite of, not because of, the government." Within 72 hours of Katrina's hitting the Gulf Coast, for instance, a faith-based nonprofit organization—Helping Americans Needing Disaster Support (Hands)—formed to speed delivery of supplies to victims. Just a week after being created, Hands was sending 75 truckloads of supplies for every one FEMA truckload.

We can help strengthen citizen resilience, though, particularly through Community Emergency Response Teams—organized groups of trained and equipped citizens that can perform lifesaving activities before public-safety first responders arrive and also support those first responders once they're on the scene. And when people provide assistance in good faith after a

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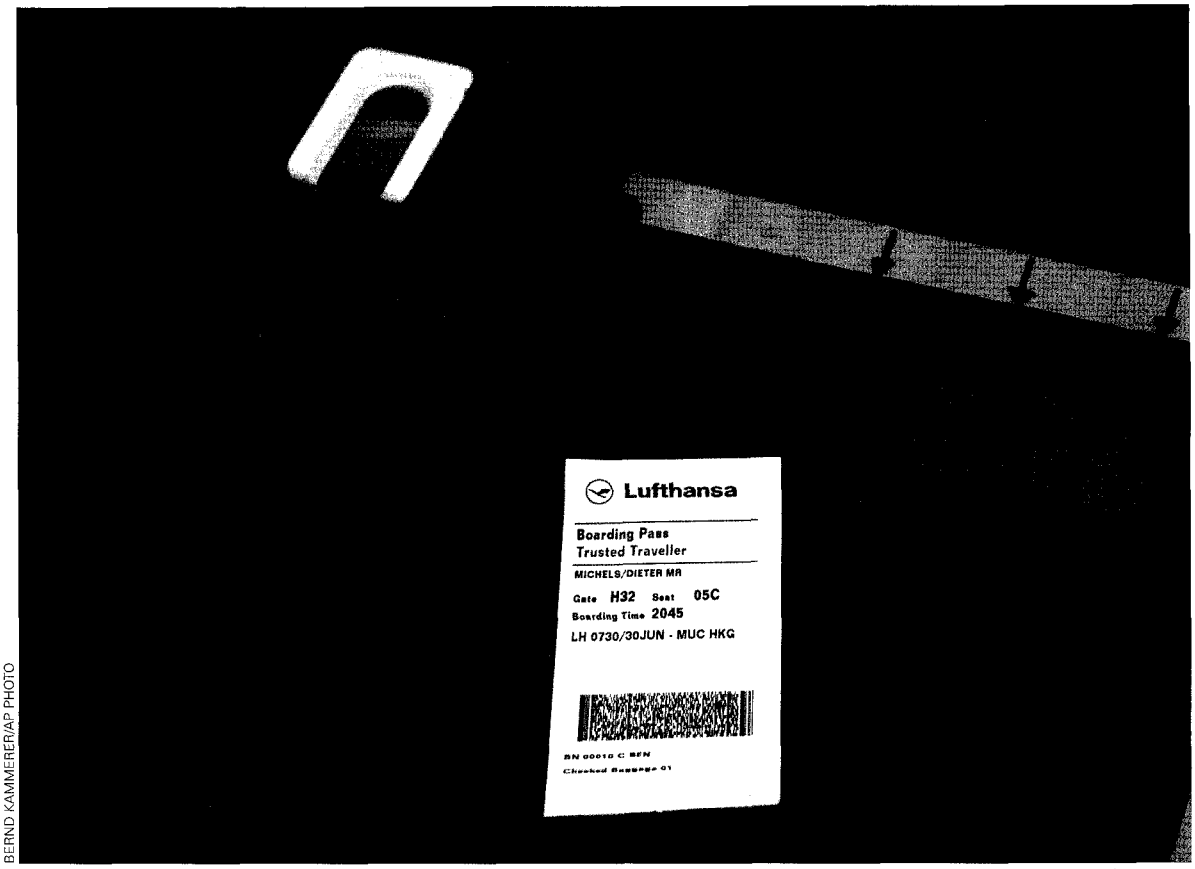

BERND KAMMERER/AP PHOTO

Biometric scanners can speed legitimate travelers through security checkpoints—and deter terrorists.

disaster, we should shield them from lawsuits. After Katrina, concerns about liability protection prevented hundreds of churches from helping the evacuation effort. The Good Samaritan shouldn't have to retain a lawyer.

Further, we must set clear standards, based on proven practices, so that local leaders can build resilience across the country, making clear to citizens, businesses, and charitable organizations what their roles will be when disaster strikes.

America should always hope for the best, but we will be safest if we prepare for the worst. A free and open society will never be able to eliminate risk entirely. But we *can* reduce it and manage it.

We confront real threats in the twenty-first century. Nonetheless, the American future is filled with promise—the global economy and rapid technological advances are delivering prosperity to more and more Americans every day. The opportunities for all young Americans are limited only by their dreams and determination. We remain free, open to the world, open to new legal immigrants, and optimistic about our future.

But we cannot be complacent. From the next president of the United States to the citizen of the smallest town, we must work to become a more resilient society. Together, we have seen that the strength of America is far greater than we thought. We need to cultivate that strength as we face the future—declaring our right to live in freedom from fear, and confident that our best days are ahead. America will remain the land of the free, because we are the home of the brave.

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The Campus Rape Myth

The reality: bogus statistics, feminist victimology, and university-approved sex toys

Heather Mac Donald

It's a lonely job, working the phones at a college rape crisis center. Day after day, you wait for the casualties to show up from the alleged campus rape epidemic—but no one calls. Could this mean that the crisis is overblown? No: it means, according to the campus sexual-assault industry, that the abuse of coeds is worse than anyone had ever imagined. It means that consultants and counselors need more funding to persuade student rape victims to break the silence of their suffering.

The campus rape movement highlights the current condition of radical feminism, from its self-indulgent bathos to its embrace of ever more vulnerable female victimhood. But the movement is an even more important barometer of academia itself. In a delicious historical irony, the baby boomers who dismantled the university's intellectual architecture in favor of unbridled sex and protest have now bureaucratized both. While women's studies professors bang pots and blow whistles at antirape rallies, in the dorm next door, freshman counselors and deans pass out tips for better orgasms and the use of sex toys. The academic bureaucracy is roomy enough to sponsor both the dour antimale feminism of the college rape movement and the promiscuous hookup culture of student life. The only thing that doesn't fit into the university's new commitments is serious scholarly purpose.

The campus rape industry's central tenet is that one-quarter of all college girls will be raped or be the targets of attempted rape by the end of their college years (completed rapes outnumbering attempted rapes by a ratio of about three to two). The girls' assailants are not terrifying strangers grabbing them in dark alleys but the guys sitting next to them in class or at the cafeteria.

This claim, first published in *Ms.* magazine in 1987, took the universities by storm. By the early 1990s, campus rape centers and 24-hour hotlines were opening across the country, aided by tens of millions of dollars of federal funding. Victimhood rituals sprang up: first the Take Back the Night rallies, in which alleged rape victims reveal their stories to gathered crowds of candle-holding supporters; then the Clothesline Project, in which T-shirts made by self-proclaimed rape survivors are strung on campus, while recorded sounds of gongs and drums mark minute-by-minute casualties of the "rape culture." A special rhetoric emerged: victims' family and friends were "co-survivors"; "survivors" existed in a larger "community of survivors."

An army of salesmen took to the road, selling advice to administrators on how to structure sexual-assault procedures, and lecturing freshmen on the "undetected rapists" in their midst. Rape bureaucrats exchanged notes at such gatherings as the Inter Ivy Sexual Assault Conferences and the New England College Sexual Assault Network. Organizations like One in Four and Men Can Stop Rape tried to persuade college boys to redefine their masculinity away from the "rape culture." The college rape infrastructure shows no signs of a slowdown. In 2006, for example, Yale created a new Sexual Harassment and Assault Resources and Education Center, despite numerous resources for rape victims already on campus.

Illustrations by Arnold Roth

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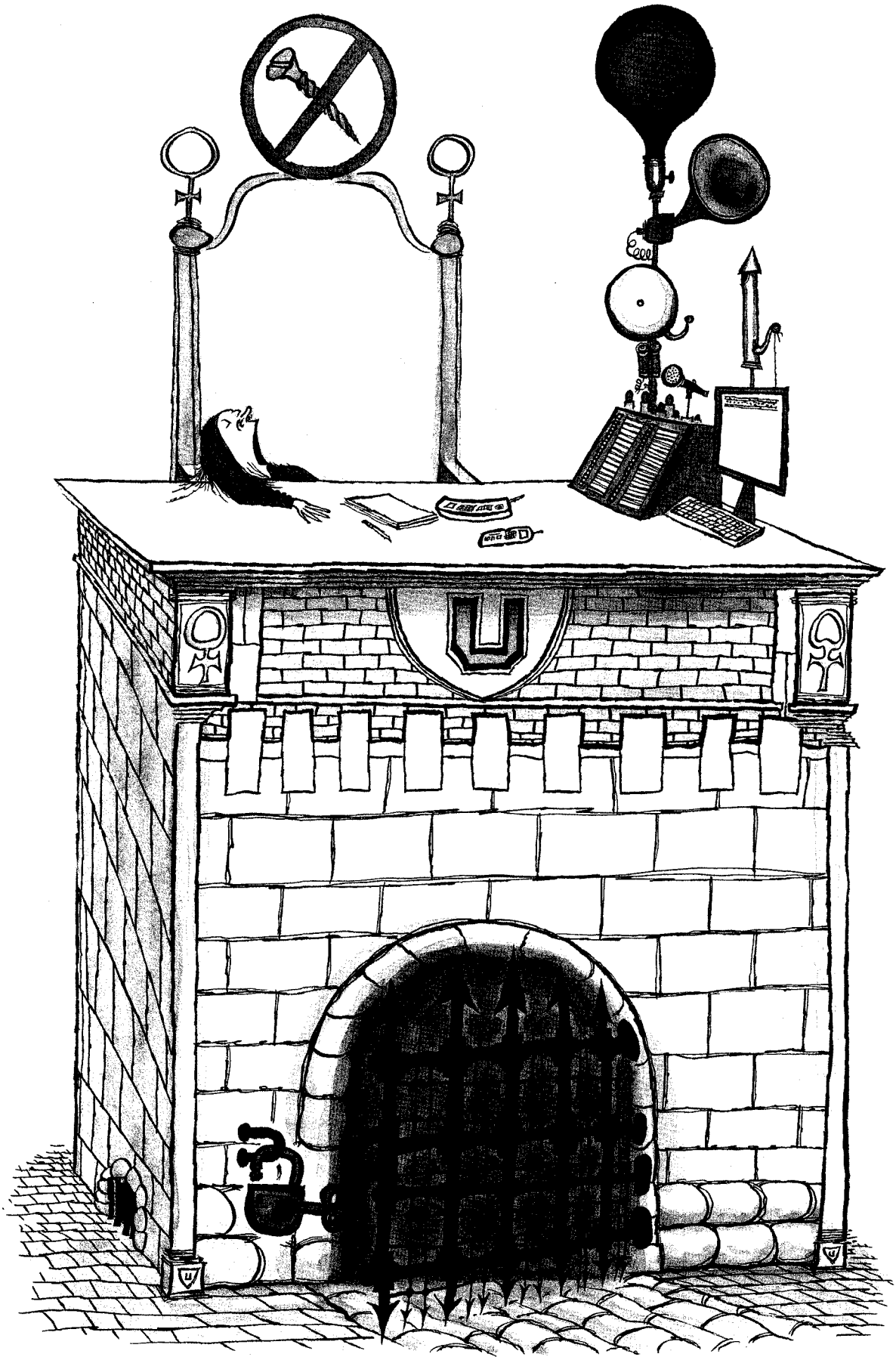

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If the one-in-four statistic is correct—it is sometimes modified to "one-in-five to one-in-four"—campus rape represents a crime wave of unprecedented proportions. No crime, much less one as serious as rape, has a victimization rate remotely approaching 20 or 25 percent, even over many years. The 2006 violent crime rate in Detroit, one of the most violent cities in America, was 2,400 murders, rapes, robberies, *and* aggravated assaults per 100,000 inhabitants—a rate of 2.4 percent. The one-in-four statistic would mean that every year, millions of young women graduate who have suffered the most terrifying assault, short of murder, that a woman can experience. Such a crime wave would require nothing less than a state of emergency—Take Back the Night rallies and 24-hour hotlines would hardly be adequate to counter this tsunami of sexual violence. Admissions policies letting in tens of thousands of vicious criminals would require a complete revision, perhaps banning boys entirely. The nation's nearly 10 million female undergrads would need to take the most stringent safety precautions. Certainly, they would have to alter their sexual behavior radically to avoid falling prey to the rape epidemic.

None of this crisis response occurs, of course—because the crisis doesn't exist. During the 1980s, feminist researchers committed to the rape-culture theory had discovered that asking women directly if they had been raped yielded disappointing results—very few women said that they had been. So *Ms.* commissioned University of Arizona public health professor Mary Koss to develop a different way of measuring the prevalence of rape. Rather than asking female students about rape per se, Koss asked them if they had experienced actions that she then classified as rape. Koss's method produced the 25 percent rate, which *Ms.* then published.

Koss's study had serious flaws. Her survey instrument was highly ambiguous, as University of California at Berkeley social-welfare professor Neil Gilbert has pointed out. But the most powerful refutation of Koss's research came from her own subjects: 73 percent of the women whom she characterized as rape victims said that they hadn't been raped. Further—though it is inconceivable that a raped woman would voluntarily have sex again with the fiend who attacked her—42 percent of Koss's supposed victims had intercourse again with their alleged assailants.

All subsequent feminist rape studies have resulted in this discrepancy between the researchers' conclusions and the subjects' own views. A survey of sorority girls at the University of Virginia found that only 23 percent of the subjects whom the survey characterized as rape victims felt that they had been raped—a result that the university's director of Sexual and Domestic Violence Services calls "discouraging." Equally damning was a 2000 campus rape study conducted under the aegis of the Department of Justice. Sixty-five percent of what the feminist researchers called "completed rape" victims and three-quarters of "attempted rape" victims said that they did not think that their experiences were "serious enough to report." The "victims" in the study, moreover, "generally did not state that their victimization resulted in physical or emotional injuries," report the researchers.

Just as a reality check, consider an actual student-related rape: in 2006, Labrente Robinson and Jacoby Robinson broke into the Philadelphia home of a Temple University student and a Temple graduate, and anally, vaginally, and orally penetrated the women, including with a gun. The chance that the victims would not consider this event "serious enough to report," or physically and emotionally injurious, is exactly nil. In short, believing in the campus rape epidemic depends on ignoring women's own interpretations of their experiences—supposedly the most grievous sin in the feminist political code.

None of the obvious weaknesses in the research has had the slightest drag on the campus rape movement, because the movement is political, not empirical. In a rape culture, which "condones physical and emotional terrorism against women as a norm," sexual assault will wind up underreported, argued the director of Yale's Sexual Harassment and Assault Resources and Education Center in a March

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2007 newsletter. You don't need evidence for the rape culture; you simply know that it exists. But if you do need evidence, the underreporting of rape is the best proof there is.

Campus rape researchers may feel that they know better than female students themselves about the students' sexual experiences, but the students are voting with their feet and staying away in droves from the massive rape apparatus built up since the *Ms.* article. Referring to rape hotlines, rape consultant Brett Sokolow laments: "The problem is, on so many of our campuses, very few people ever call. And mostly, we've resigned ourselves to the underutilization of these resources."

"Believing in the campus rape epidemic depends on ignoring women's interpretations of their experiences."

Federal law requires colleges to publish reported crimes affecting their students. The numbers of reported sexual assaults—the law does not require their confirmation—usually run under half a dozen a year on private campuses and maybe two to three times that at large public universities. You might think that having so few reports of sexual assault a year would be a point of pride; in fact, it's a source of gall for students and administrators alike. Yale's associate general counsel and vice president were clearly on the defensive when asked by the Yale alumni magazine in 2004 about Harvard's higher numbers of reported assaults; the reporter might as well have been needling them about a Harvard-Yale football rout. "Harvard must have double-counted or included incidents not required by federal law," groused the officials. The University of Virginia does not publish the number of its sexual-assault hearings because it is so low. "We're reticent to publicize it when we have such a small 'n' number," says Nicole Eramu, Virginia's associate dean of students.

Campuses do everything they can to get their numbers of reported and adjudicated sexual assaults up—adding new categories of lesser offenses, lowering the burden of proof, and devising hearing procedures that will elicit more assault charges. At Yale, it is the accuser who decides whether the accused may confront her—a sacrifice of one of the great Anglo-Saxon truth-finding procedures. "You don't want them to not come to the board and report, do you?" asks physics professor Peter Parker, convener of the university's Sexual Harassment Grievance Board.

The scarcity of reported sexual assaults means that the women who do report them must be treated like rare treasures. New York University's Wellness Exchange counsels people to "believe unconditionally" in sexual-assault charges because "only 2 percent of reported rapes are false reports" (a ubiquitous claim that dates from radical feminist Susan Brownmiller's 1975 tract *Against Our Will*). As Stuart Taylor and K. C. Johnson point out in their book *Until Proven Innocent*, however, the rate of false reports is at least 9 percent and probably closer to 50 percent. Just how powerful is the "believe unconditionally" credo? David Lisak, a University of Massachusetts psychology professor who lectures constantly on the anti-rape college circuit, acknowledged to a hall of Rutgers students this November that the "Duke case," in which a black stripper falsely accused three white Duke lacrosse players of rape in 2006, "has raised the issue of false allegations." But Lisak didn't want to talk about the Duke case, he said. "I don't know what happened at Duke. No one knows." Actually, we do know what happened at Duke: the prosecutor ignored clearly exculpatory evidence and alibis that cleared the defendants, and was later disbarred for his misconduct. But to the campus rape industry, a lying plaintiff remains a victim of the patriarchy, and the accused remain forever under suspicion.

So what reality does lie behind the campus rape industry? A booze-fueled hookup culture of one-night, or sometimes just partial-night, stands. Students in the sixties demanded that

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college administrators stop setting rules for fraternization. "We're adults," the students shouted. "We can manage our own lives. If we want to have members of the opposite sex in our rooms at any hour of the day or night, that's our right." The colleges meekly complied and opened a Pandora's box of boorish, sluttish behavior that gets cruder each year. Do the boys, riding the testosterone wave, act thuggishly toward the girls? You bet! Do the girls try to match their insensitivity? Indisputably.

College girls drink themselves into near or actual oblivion before and during parties. That drinking is often goal-oriented, suggests University of Virginia graduate Karin Agness: it frees the drinker from responsibility and "provides an excuse for engaging in behavior that she ordinarily wouldn't." A Columbia University security official marvels at the scene at homecomings: "The women are shit-faced, saying, 'Let's get as drunk as we can,' while the men are hovering over them." As anticipated, the night can include a meaningless sexual encounter with a guy whom the girl may not even know. This less-than-romantic denouement produces the "roll and scream: you roll over the next morning so horrified at what you find next to you that you scream," a Duke coed reports in Laura Sessions Stepp's recent book *Unhooked*. To the extent that they're remembered at all, these are the couplings that are occasionally transformed into "rape"—though far less often than the campus rape industry wishes.

The magazine *Saturday Night: Untold Stories of Sexual Assault at Harvard*, produced by Harvard's Office of Sexual Assault Prevention and Response, provides a first-person account of such a coupling:

> What can I tell you about being raped? Very little. I remember drinking with some girlfriends and then heading to a party in the house that some seniors were throwing. I'm told that I walked in and within 5 minutes was making out with one of the guys who lived there, who I'd talked to some in the dining hall but never really hung out with. I may have initiated it. I don't remember arriving at the party; I dimly remember waking up at some point in the early morning in this guy's room. I remember him walking me back to my room. I couldn't have made it alone; I still had too much alcohol in my system to even stand up straight. I made myself vulnerable and even now it's hard to think that someone here who I have talked and laughed with could be cold-hearted enough to take advantage of that vulnerability. I'd rather, sometimes, take half the blame than believe that a profound evil can exist in mankind. But it's easy for me to say, that, of the two of us, I'm the only one who still has nightmares, found myself panicking and detaching during sex for many months afterwards, and spent more time looking into the abyss than any one person should.
>
> The inequalities of the consequences of the night, the actions taken unintentionally or not, have changed the course of only one of our lives, irrevocably and profoundly.

Now perhaps the male willfully exploited the narrator's self-inflicted incapacitation; if so, he deserves censure for taking advantage of a female in distress. But to hold the narrator completely without responsibility requires stripping women of volition and moral agency. Though the Harvard victim does not remember her actions, it's highly unlikely that she passed out upon arriving at the party and was dragged away like roadkill while other students looked on. Rather, she probably participated voluntarily in the usual prelude to intercourse, and probably even in intercourse itself, however woozily.

Even if the Harvard victim's drunkenness cancels any responsibility that she might share for the interaction's finale, is she equally without responsibility for all of her behavior up to that point, including getting so drunk that she can't remember anything? Campus rape ideology holds that inebriation strips women of responsibility for their actions but preserves male responsibility not only for their own actions but for their partners' as well. Thus do men again become the guardians of female well-being.

As for the story's maudlin melodrama, perhaps the narrator's life really has been "irrevocably" changed, for which one sympathizes.

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One can't help observing, however, that the effect of this "profound evil" on at least her sex life appears to have been minimal—she "detached" during sex for "many months afterwards," but sex she most certainly had. Real rape victims, however, can fear physical intimacy for years, along with suffering a host of other terrors. We don't know if the narrator's "look into the abyss" led her to reconsider getting plastered before parties and initiating sexual contact with casual acquaintances. But if a Harvard student doesn't understand that getting very drunk and becoming physically involved with a boy at a hookup party carries a serious probability of intercourse, she's at the wrong university, if she should be at college at all.

A large number of complicating factors make the *Saturday Night* story a far more problematic case than the term "rape" usually implies. Unlike the campus rape industry, most students are well aware of those complicating factors, which is why there are so few rape charges brought for college sex. But if the rape industrialists are so sure that foreseeable and seemingly cooperative drunken sex amounts to rape, there are some obvious steps that they could take to prevent it. Above all, they could persuade girls not to put themselves into situations whose likely outcome is intercourse. Specifically: don't get drunk, don't get into bed with a guy, and don't take off your clothes or allow them to be removed. Once you're in that situation, the rape activists could say, it's going to be hard to halt the proceedings, for lots of complex emotional reasons. Were this advice heeded, the campus "rape" epidemic would be wiped out overnight.

But suggest to a rape bureaucrat that female students should behave with greater sexual restraint as a preventive measure, and you might as well be saying that the girls should enter a convent or don the burka. "I am uncomfortable with the idea," e-mailed Hillary Wing-Richards, the associate director of the Office of Sexual Assault Prevention and Women's Resource Center at James Madison University in Virginia. "This indicates that if [female students] are raped it could be their fault—it is never their fault—and how one dresses does not invite rape or violence. . . . I would never allow my staff or myself to send the message it is the victim's fault due to their dress or lack of restraint in any way." Putting on a tight tank top doesn't, of course, lead to what the bureaucrats call "rape." But taking *off* that tank top does increase the risk of sexual intercourse that will be later regretted, especially when the tank-topper has been intently mainlining rum and Cokes all evening.

The baby boomers who demanded the dismantling of all campus rules governing the relations between the sexes now sit in dean's offices and student-counseling services. They cannot turn around and argue for reregulating sex, even on pragmatic grounds. Instead, they have responded to the fallout of the college sexual revolution with bizarre and anachronistic legalism. Campuses have created a judicial infrastructure for responding to postcoital second thoughts more complex than that required to adjudicate maritime commerce claims in Renaissance Venice.

University of Virginia students, for example, have at least three different procedural channels open to them following carnal knowledge: they may demand a formal adjudication before the Sexual Assault Board; they can request a "Structured Meeting" with the Office of the Dean of Students by filing a formal complaint; or they can seek voluntary mediation. The Structured Meetings are presided over by the chair of the Sexual Assault Board, with assistance from another board member or senior staff of the Office of the Dean of Students. The Structured Meeting, according to the university, is an "opportunity for the complainant to confront the accused and communicate their feelings and perceptions regarding the incident, the impact of the incident and their wishes and expectations regarding protection in the future." Mediation, on the other hand, "allows both you and the accused to discuss your respective understandings of the assault with the guidance of a trained professional," says the school's sexual-assault center.

Rarely have primal lust and carousing been more weirdly paired with their opposites. Out in

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the real world, people who regret a sexual coupling must work it out on their own; no counterpart exists outside academia for this superstructure of hearings, mediations, and negotiated settlements. If you've actually been raped, you go to criminal court—but the overwhelming majority of campus "rape" cases that take up administration time and resources would get thrown out of court in a twinkling, which is why they're almost never prosecuted. Indeed, if the campus rape industry really believes that these hookup encounters are rape, it is unconscionable to leave them to flimsy academic procedures. "Universities are equipped to handle plagiarism, not rape," observes University of Pennsylvania history professor Alan Charles Kors. "Sexual-assault charges, if true, are so serious as to belong only in the criminal system."

"A campus sex industry sends the message that students should have recreational sex at every opportunity."

Risk-management consultants travel the country to help colleges craft legal rules for student sexual congress. These rules presume that an activity originating in inchoate desire, whose nuances have taxed the expressive powers of poets, artists, and philosophers for centuries, can be reduced to a species of commercial code. The process of crafting these rules combines a voyeuristic prurience and a seeming cluelessness about sex. "It is fun," writes Alan D. Berkowitz, a popular campus rape lecturer and consultant, "to ask students how they know if someone is sexually interested in them." (Fun for whom? one must ask.) Continues Berkowitz: "Many of the responses rely on guesswork and inference to determine sexual intent." Such signaling mechanisms, dating from the dawn of the human race, are no longer acceptable on the rape-sensitized campus. "In fact," explains our consultant, "sexual intent can only be determined by clear and unambiguous communication about what is desired." So much for seduction and romance; bring in the MBAs and lawyers.

The campus sex-management industry locks in its livelihood by introducing a specious clarity to what is inherently mysterious and an equally specious complexity to what is straightforward. Both the pseudo-clarity and pseudo-complexity work in a woman's favor, of course. "If one partner puts a condom on the other, does that signify that they are consenting to intercourse?" asks Berkowitz. Short of guiding the thus-sheathed instrumentality to port, it's hard to imagine a clearer signal of consent. But perhaps a girl who has just so outfitted her partner will decide after the fact that she has been "raped"—so better to declare the action, as Berkowitz does, "inherently ambiguous." He recommends instead that colleges require "clear verbal consent" for sex, a policy that the recently disbanded Antioch College introduced in the early 1990s to universal derision.

The university is sneaking back in its *in loco parentis* oversight of student sexual relations, but it has replaced the moral content of that regulation with supposedly neutral legal procedure. The generation that got rid of parietal rules has re-created a form of bedroom oversight as pervasive as Bentham's Panopticon.

But the post-1960s university is nothing if not capacious. It has institutionalized every strand of adolescent-inspired rebellion familiar since student sit-in days. The campus rape industry may decry ubiquitous male predation, but a campus sex industry puts bureaucratic clout behind the message that students should have recreational sex at every opportunity.

In late October, for example, New York University's professional "sexpert" set up her wares in the light-filled atrium of the Kimmel Student Center. Along with the usual baskets of lubricated condoms, female condoms, and dental dams (a lesbian-inspired latex innovation for "safe" oral sex), Alyssa La Fosse, looking thoroughly professional in a neatly coiffed bun, also provided

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brightly colored instructional sheets on such important topics as "How to Female Ejaculate" ("First take some time to get aroused. Lube up your fingers and let them do the walking") and "Masturbation Tips for Girls" ("Draw a circle around your clitoris with your index finger"). In a heroic effort at inclusiveness, she also provided a pamphlet called "Exploring Your Options: Abstinence," but a reader could be forgiven for thinking that he had mistakenly grabbed the menu of activities at a West Village bathhouse. NYU's officially approved "abstinence options" include "outercourse, mutual masturbation, pornography, and sex toys such as vibrators, dildos, and a paddle." Ever the responsible parent-surrogate, NYU recommends that "abstinence" practitioners cover their sex toys "with a condom if they are to be inserted in the mouth, anus, or vagina."

The students passing La Fosse's table showed a greater interest in the free Hershey's Kisses than in the latex accessories and informational sheets; very occasionally, someone would grab a condom. No one brought "questions about sexuality or sexual health" to La Fosse, despite the university's official invitation to do so. NYU is not about to be daunted in its mission of promoting better sex, however. So it also offers workshops on orgasms—"how to achieve that (sometimes elusive) state"—and "Sex Toys for Safer Sex" ("an evening with rubber, silicone, and vibrating toys") in residence halls and various student clubs.

Similarly, Brown University's Student Services helps students answer the compelling question: "How can I bring sex toys into my relationship?" Brown categorizes sex toys by function ("Some sex toys are meant to be used more gently, while others are used for sexual acts involving dominance and submission . . . such as restraints, blindfolds, and whips") and offers the usual safe-sex caveats ("If sharing sex toys, such as dildos, butt plugs, or vibrators, use condoms and dental dams"). UCLA's Arthur Ashe Student Health

Strange Bedfellows at William and Mary

Anyone who still thinks of sorority girls as cashmere-clad innocents, giggling as they wait by the phone for that special someone to call, won't understand much of the campus "date rape" scene. A few incidents at the College of William and Mary, a pioneer in sexual-assault awareness, may correct lingering misconceptions.

In October 2005, at a Delta Delta Delta formal, drunken sorority girls careened through the host's house, vomiting, falling, and breaking furnishings. One girl ran naked through a hallway; another was found half-naked with a male on the bed in the master suite. A third had intercourse with her escort in a different bedroom. On the bus back from the formal, she was seen kissing her escort; once she arrived home, she had sex with a different male. Later, she accused her escort of rape. The district attorney declined to prosecute the girl's rape charges. William and Mary, however, had already forced the defendant to leave school and, even after the D.A.'s decision, wouldn't let him return until his accuser graduated. The defendant sued his accuser for $5.5 million for defamation; the parties settled out of court.

The incident wasn't as unusual as it sounds. A year earlier, a William and Mary student had charged rape after having provided a condom to her partner for intercourse. The boy had cofounded the national antirape organization One in Four; the school suspended him for a year, anyway. In an earlier incident, a drunken sorority girl was filmed giving oral sex to seven men. She cried rape when her boyfriend found out. William and Mary found one of the recipients, who had taped the event, guilty of assault and suspended him.

But in the fall semester of 2005, rape charges spread through William and Mary like witchcraft accusations in a medieval village. In short succession after the Delta Delta Delta bacchanal, three more students accused acquaintances of rape. Only one of these three additional victims pressed charges in court, however, and she quickly dropped the case.

A fifth rape incident around the same time followed a different pattern. In November 2005, a William and Mary student woke up in the middle of the night with a knife at her throat. A

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and Wellness Center advises on how a man might "increase the amount of time before he ejaculates"; Tufts University's 2006 Sex Fair featured a "Dildo Ring Toss" and dental-dam slingshots; and Barnard College suggests that participants in sadomasochistic sex, "where 'no, please don't' . . . can be a part of the fun," agree on a "safeword" that "will stop all play immediately." A Princeton student who thinks that a "docking sleeve" may be some kind of maritime hardware, or a "suction device" something used for plumbing, had better bone up, so to speak, before playing the school's official "Safer Sex Jeopardy" game, because these objects are in the "grab bag" categories of penile toys and nipple toys, respectively. Encyclopedic knowledge is advisable: game developers list six types of vibrators, including the "rabbit vibrator," and eight kinds of penile toys, including the "pocket pussy."

By now, universities have traveled so far from their original task of immersing students in the greatest intellectual and artistic creations of humanity that criticizing any particular detour seems arbitrary. Still, the question presents itself: Why, exactly, are the schools offering workshops on orgasms and sex toys instead of on Michelangelo's Campidoglio or Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*? Are students already so saturated with knowledge of Renaissance humanism or the evolution of constitutional democracy, say, that colleges can happily reroute resources to matters readily available on porn websites?

Columbia University's Go Ask Alice website illustrates the dilemma posed by a college's simultaneous advocacy of "healthy sexuality" and of the "rape is everywhere" ideology. Go Ask Alice is run by Columbia's Health Services; it answers both nonsexual health queries and such burning questions as: "Sex with four friends—Mutual?" and "Will it ever be good for

23-year-old stranger with a prior conviction for peeping at her apartment complex had broken into her apartment; he raped her, threatened her roommate at knifepoint, and left with two stolen cell phones and cash. The rapist was caught, convicted, and sentenced to 57 years in prison.

Guess which incident got the most attention at William and Mary? The Delta Delta Delta formal "rape." Like many *stranger* rapists on campus, the knifepoint assailant was black, and thus an unattractive target for politically correct protest. (The 2006 Duke stripper case, by contrast, seemingly provided the ideal and, for the industry, sadly rare configuration: white rapists and a black victim.)

Stranger rapes also provide less opportunity for bureaucratic expansion. After the spate of "date rapes," William and Mary's vice president for student affairs announced that the school would hire a full-time sexual-assault educator, in addition to its existing sexual-assault services and counseling staff and numerous sexual-assault awareness organizations. Freshmen would now have to attend a gender-specific sexual-assault awareness program. None of this new apparatus—for instance, the "Equality Wheel," which explains the "dynamics of a healthy relationship"—has the slightest relevance to stranger rapes.

However, the cross-currents of campus political correctness are so intense that they produce some surprising twists. William and Mary's sexual-assault resources webpage invites visitors to "listen to what people affected by sexual assault are sharing." It then offers ten audio accounts of sexual assaults, exactly half of which are male. "My experience came very close to killing me," one man reports. One would need the skills of a Kremlinologist to interpret this gender lineup, and the site doesn't explain who exactly these voices are—but it's hard to escape the impression that William and Mary has admitted either a *huge* gay community or some very beefy women. Diversity politics, gay politics, and the sexual-assault movement produce strange bedfellows.

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me?" (from a virgin). In one post, titled "I'm sure I was drunk, but I'm not sure if I had sex," Alice takes up the classic hookup scenario: a girl who has no recollection of whether she had intercourse during a drunken encounter and now wonders if she's pregnant. Alice's initial reaction is pure hip-to-free-love toleration: "Depending upon your relationship with your partner, you may want to ask what happened. Understandably, this might feel awkward and embarrassing, but the conversation might . . . help you to understand what happened and what steps you might decide to take." Absent that pesky worry about insemination, there would presumably be no compelling reason to engage in something as "awkward and embarrassing" as a post-roll-in-the-hay conversation.

But then a shadow passes over the horizon: the date-rape threat. "On a darker note," continues Alice, "it's possible your experience may have been non-consensual, considering that you were drunk and don't remember exactly what happened." Alice recommends a call to Columbia's Rape Crisis/Anti-Violence Support Center (officially dedicated to "speaking our truths about sexual violence"). Alice's advice shows the incoherence of the contemporary university's multiple stances toward college sex. It's hard to speak your truths about sexual violence when your involvement with your potential date-rapist is so tenuous that it's awkward to speak to *him*. And the support center can't know whether the encounter was consensual. But Alice declines to condemn the behavior that both got the girl into her predicament and erased her memory of it.

The only lesson that Alice offers is that the girl might—purely as an optional matter—want to think about how alcohol affected her. As for rethinking whether she should be getting into bed with someone whom, Alice presumes, she would be reluctant to contact the next day, well, that never comes up. Members of the multifaceted campus sex bureaucracy never seem to consider the possibility that the libertinism that one administrative branch champions, and the sex that another branch portrays as rape, may be inextricably linked.

Modern feminists defined the right to be promiscuous as a cornerstone of female equality. Understandably, they now hesitate to acknowledge that sex is a more complicated force than was foreseen. Rather than recognizing that no-consequences sex may be a contradiction in terms, however, the campus rape industry claims that what it calls campus rape is about not sex but rather politics—the male desire to subordinate women. The University of Virginia Women's Center intones that "rape or sexual assault is not an act of sex or lust—it's about aggression, power, and humiliation, using sex as the weapon. The rapist's goal is domination."

This characterization may or may not describe the psychopathic violence of stranger rape. But it is an absurd description of the barnyard rutting that undergraduate men, happily released from older constraints, seek. The guys who push themselves on women at keggers are after one thing only, and it's not a reinstatement of the patriarchy. Each would be perfectly content if his partner for the evening becomes president of the United States one day, so long as she lets him take off her panties tonight.

One group on campus isn't buying the politics of the campus "rape" movement, however: students. To the despair of rape industrialists everywhere, students have held on to the view that women usually have considerable power to determine whether a campus social event ends with intercourse.

Rutgers University Sexual Assault Services surveyed student athletes about violence against women in the 2001–02 academic year. The female teams were more "direct," the survey reported, in "expressing the idea that women who are raped sometimes put themselves in those situations." A female athlete told interviewers: "When we go out to parties, and I see girls and the way they dress and the way they act . . . and just the way they are, under the influence and um, then they like accuse them of like, oh yeah, my boyfriend did this to me or whatever, I honestly always think it's their fault." Another brainwashed victim of the rape culture.

Equally maddening must be the reaction that sometimes greets performers in *Sex Signals*, an improvisational show on date rape whose venues

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include Harvard, Yale, and schools throughout the Midwest. "Sometimes we get women who are advocates for men," the show's founders told a Chicago public radio station this October, barely concealing their disbelief. "They blame the victim and try to find out what the victim did so they won't do it." Such worrisome self-help efforts could shut down the campus rape industry.

"Promiscuity" is a word that you will never see in the pages of a campus rape center publication; it is equally repugnant to the sexual liberationist strand of feminism and to the Catherine MacKinnonite "all-sex-is-rape" strand. But it's an idea that won't go away among the student Lumpenproletariat. Students refer to "sororistutes"—those wild and crazy Greek women so often featured in *Girls Gone Wild* videos. And they persist in seeing a connection between promiscuity and the alleged campus rape epidemic. A Rutgers University freshman says that he knows women who claim to have been sexually assaulted, but adds: "They don't have the best reputation. Sometimes it's hard to believe that kind of stuff."

Rape consultant David Lisak faced a similar problem this November: an auditorium of Rutgers students who kept treating women as moral agents. He might have sensed the trouble ahead when in response to a photo array of what Lisak calls "undetected rapists," a girl asked: "Why are there only white men? Am I blind?" It went downhill from there. Lisak did his best to send a tremor of fear through the audience with the news that "rape happens with terrifying frequency. I'm not talking of someone who comes onto campus but students, Rutgers students, who prowl for victims in bars, parties, wherever alcohol is being consumed." He then played a dramatized interview with a student "rapist" at a fraternity that had deliberately set aside a room for raping girls during parties, according to Lisak. The students weren't buying it. "I don't understand why these parties don't become infamous among girls," wondered one. Another asked: "Are you saying that the frat brothers decided that this room would be used for committing sexual assault, or was it just: 'Maybe I'll get lucky, and if I do, I'll go there'?" And then someone asked the most dangerous question of all: "Shouldn't the victim have had a little bit of education beforehand? We all know the dangers of parties. The victim had miscalculations on her part; alcohol can lead to things."

In a column this November in the University of Virginia's student newspaper, third-year student Katelyn Kiley gave the real scoop on frat parties: They're filled with boys hoping to have sex. She did not call these boys "rapists." She did not demonize their sex drive. She merely offered some practical wisdom to the "scantily clad" freshman girls trooping off to Virginia's fraternity row: "That frat boy really is just trying to get into your pants." Most disturbingly, she advised the girls to exercise sexual control: "So dance with that good-looking guy. If he offers, you can even go up to his room to get a mixed drink. . . . Flirt. But it's probably a good idea to keep your clothes on, and at the end of the night, to go home to your own bed. Interestingly enough, that's how you get them to keep asking you back."

You can read thousands of pages of rape crisis center hysteria without coming across such bracing common sense. Amazingly, Kiley hasn't received any of the millions of dollars that feminists in the federal government have showered on campuses to prevent what they call rape.

Some student rebels are going one step further: organizing in favor of sexual restraint. Such newly created campus groups as the Love and Fidelity Network and the True Love Revolution advocate an alternative to the rampant regret sex of the hookup scene: wait until marriage. Their message would do more to return a modicum of manners to campus male—and female—behavior than endless harangues about the rape culture ever could.

Maybe these young iconoclasts can take up another discredited idea: college is for learning. The adults in charge have gone deaf to the siren call of beauty that for centuries lured people to the classics. But fighting male dominance or catering to the libidinal impulses released in the 1960s are sorry substitutes for the pursuit of knowledge. The campus rape and sex industries are signs of how hollow the university has become.

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The Rainbow Coalition Evaporates

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DAVID BUTOW/CORBIS SABA

Black anger grows as illegal immigrants transform urban neighborhoods.

Steven Malanga

Terry Anderson is angry. From his KRLA-AM radio perch in Los Angeles, the black talk-show host thunders, "I have gone on the streets and talked to people at random here in the black community, and they all ask me the same question: 'Why are our politicians and leaders letting this happen?' " What's got Anderson—motto: "If You Ain't Mad, You Ain't Payin' Attention"—so worked up isn't the Jena Six or nooses on Columbia University doorknobs; it's the illegal immigrants who allegedly murdered three Newark college students last August. And when he excoriates politicians for "letting this happen," he's directing his fire at Congressional Black Caucus members who support open borders and amnesty for illegal aliens. "Massive illegal immigration has been devastating to my community," Anderson, a former auto mechanic and longtime South Central Los Angeles resident, tells listeners. "Black Americans are hit the hardest."

Though blacks have long worried that the country's growing foreign-born population, especially its swelling rolls of illegal immigrants, harmed their economic prospects, they have also followed their political leadership in backing liberal immigration policies. Now, however, as new waves of immigration inundate historically African-American neighborhoods, black opinion

Beginning in the civil rights era, black leaders, led by Martin Luther King, sought a political alliance with immigrants—to little avail.

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is hardening against the influx. "We will not lay down and take this any longer," says Anderson. If he's right, it could upend the political calculus on immigration.

Black unease about immigration goes back a long way. In the 1870s, former slave Frederick Douglass warned that immigrants were displacing free blacks in the labor market. Twenty-five years later, Booker T. Washington exhorted America's industrialists to "cast down your bucket" not among new immigrants but "among the eight million Negros . . . who have without strikes and labor wars tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities." Blacks supported federal legislation in 1882 that restricted Chinese immigration to the United States. They favored the immigration reform acts of the 1920s, which limited European immigration, and also urged restrictions on Mexican workers: "If the million Mexicans who have entered the country have not displaced Negro workers, whom have they displaced?" asked black journalist George Schuyler in 1928.

But the 1960s brought a big change in the views of black political leaders, especially after President Lyndon B. Johnson and congressional supporters of liberalizing immigration claimed the mantle of the civil rights movement for their reforms, which became law in 1965 and resulted in a 60 percent increase in legal immigration over the subsequent decade. Martin Luther King, Jr. believed that blacks and poor immigrants had much in common and could become political allies, which was why, in the run-up to the immigration bill's passage, he endorsed the idea of letting Cubans fleeing Castro settle in Miami. Jesse Jackson would later herald the imminent arrival of a mighty "black-brown" or "rainbow" coalition that would—or so he claimed—propel him to the 1984 Democratic presidential nomination. As it turned out, Jackson failed to win much Hispanic support, which mostly lined up behind Walter Mondale. But Jackson's dream continued to spread among black politicians, including those in the Congressional Black Caucus, which became one of Washington's most vocal groups opposing immigration restrictions.

Black leaders' liberal views clearly helped soften anti-immigration attitudes within the African-American community. A 1986 *New York Times* poll found that a larger percentage of blacks than of whites believed that immigrants took jobs from Americans—but it also found blacks less likely than whites to favor immigration restrictions. In the California vote on Proposition 187, a 1994 ballot initiative that banned government benefits for illegals, blacks split nearly in half on the measure, while whites heavily supported it and Latinos opposed it. "Even confronted with evidence that immigrants are taking jobs from them, some blacks would say, 'These are people who are fighting for their rights like us,'" says Carol Swain, a Vanderbilt University political scientist and editor of the recently published *Debating Immigration*.

But as immigration reignited as a national issue in 2006, ambivalence has increasingly given way to opposition to current policies—and even to anger. When Earl Ofari Hutchinson, a columnist for BlackNews.com, wrote a series of pieces sympathizing with illegal aliens, the volume of hostile mail that poured in from other blacks shocked him. Illegal immigration has sizzled as a topic on African-American stations like satellite radio XM's "The Power," with most callers demanding more immigration restrictions. African-American bloggers have excoriated black politicians who favor liberal immigration policies. "In the realm of pandering black elites, there is no more notorious public figure than [Texas] Congresswoman Sheila Jackson-Lee," wrote Elizabeth Wright in the online newsletter Issues & Views. "According to Jackson-Lee, those blacks who forcefully oppose mass immigration are simply naive and are being 'baited' [by white opponents of immigration] into taking such negative positions."

Recent polling data reveal the shift. Though a 2006 Pew Center national survey showed some of the same ambivalence among blacks toward immigrants, it also found that in several urban areas where blacks and Latinos were living together, blacks were more likely to say that immigrants were taking jobs from Americans, and also more likely to favor cutting America's current immigration levels.

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What's behind the anger, as the Pew data hint, is the rapid change that legal and illegal Hispanic immigration is bringing to longtime black locales. Places like South Los Angeles and Compton, California, have transformed, virtually overnight, into majority-Latino communities. Huge numbers of new immigrants have also surged beyond newcomer magnets California and New York to reach fast-growing southern states like North Carolina and Georgia, bringing change to communities where blacks had gained economic and political power after years of struggle against Jim Crow laws. Since 1990, North Carolina's Hispanic population has exploded from 76,726 people to nearly 600,000, the majority of them ethnically Mexican. In Georgia, the Hispanic population grew nearly sevenfold, to almost 700,000, from 1990 to 2006.

"The Latino 'tsunami' has intensified the feeling among blacks that they're losing economic ground to immigrants."

This Latino "tsunami," as Los Angeles–based Hispanic-American writer Nicolás Vaca calls it, has intensified the well-founded feeling among blacks that they're losing economic ground to immigrants. True, early research, conducted in the wake of the big immigration reforms of the 1960s, suggested that the arrival of newcomers had little adverse impact on blacks—one study found that every 10 percent increase in immigration cut black wages by only 0.3 percent. But as the immigrant population has in some places grown six or seven times larger over the last four decades, the downward pull has become a vortex. A recent study by Harvard economist George Borjas and colleagues from the University of Chicago and the University of California estimates that immigration accounted for a 7.4 percentage-point decline in the employment rate of unskilled black males between 1980 and 2000. Even for black males with high school diplomas, immigration shrank employment by nearly 3 percentage points. While immigration hurts black and white low-wage workers, the authors note, the effect is three times as large on blacks because immigrants are more likely to compete directly with them for jobs.

A case study of Los Angeles janitorial services cited in a Government Accounting Office report captures the enormity of the shift. It began in the late 1970s, as several small firms began hiring Mexican janitors at low pay, prompting building owners to drop contracts with the companies that employed blacks in favor of the cheaper upstarts. As the immigrant-dominated firms grabbed more business, industry wages slipped from a peak of $6.58 an hour in 1983 to $5.63 an hour in 1985. The number of black janitors in L.A. plummeted from about 2,500 in the late 1970s to only 600 by 1985. Today, the city's janitorial industry, like apparel manufacturing and hotel services, is almost entirely immigrant.

Former mechanic Anderson felt the effects of low-wage immigrant competition in his old line of work. "I used to sell parts to body shops, and I knew Americans who were making $20 an hour repairing dented fenders," he says. "Now, 95 percent of South Central L.A. body-shop jobs are held by recent immigrants making $7 or $8 an hour." Says Joe Hicks, former chair of Los Angeles's Human Relations Commission and now head of the nonprofit Community Advocates: "It's hard to find a black face on a construction site or in a fast-food restaurant around here any more. People from the black community have noticed."

As the Hispanic population has expanded in formerly black areas, Latinos have also vied more intensely with blacks for affirmative-action slots, public-sector jobs, and political power. In one notable late-1990s case that presaged future confrontations, Hispanic leaders in South L.A. launched an official complaint that blacks made up the overwhelming majority of the county hospital's staff. A federal agency then forced the

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hospital to hire more Latinos, provoking bitterness among local blacks. More recently, in Compton—where Hispanics have replaced blacks as the largest ethnic group, but where blacks continue to dominate local politics—Latinos have been grumbling that they don't hold as many jobs in the public schools as they should, given their numbers.

This battle over quotas for public-sector jobs is a glaring example of how immigration is turning the race-based policies of the last 40 years, originally designed to help blacks, against them. For African-American leaders like Claud Anderson, head of the Harvest Institute, the turnabout represents a betrayal of the civil rights movement: only blacks deserve quotas. "When did our government ever exclude immigrants or deny them their constitutional rights, as they did African-Americans?" he asks. But for other blacks, the demands of Latinos and Asians that government set-aside programs include them are further evidence that racial preferences were misguided in the first place. "Blacks who support skin color privileges now will be singing a different tune later once government starts discriminating against them once again, this time in favor of Hispanics," writes columnist and blogger La Shawn Barber.

The Latino influx into formerly black-majority urban neighborhoods has sparked deadlier kinds of conflict. While most violent crime in these areas is still black-on-black or Latino-on-Latino, interethnic violence is mounting, and in some locales, much of it—perhaps surprisingly, given high overall black crime rates—is Hispanic-on-black. In the heavily mixed-race community of Harbor Gateway in Los Angeles, for example, Latinos now commit five times more violent crimes against blacks than vice versa. Countywide numbers are just as startling. Though blacks make up just 9 percent of L.A. County's population, they were the victims of 59 percent of all racially motivated attacks in 2006, while Latinos committed 52 percent of all racially motivated attacks.

Gangbanging is responsible for much of the carnage. Greater Los Angeles is now home to some 500 Mexican gangs—compared with some 200 black ones—and they've aggressively tried to push blacks out of mixed-race neighborhoods. More than just turf wars, the Latinos' violence has included attacks against law-abiding African-Americans with no gang involvement; a horrifying example was the December 2006 murder of 14-year-old Cheryl Green by Mexican gang members in Harbor Gateway, a brutal crime designed to terrorize local blacks. Three years earlier, the same gang had killed a black man because he dared to patronize a local store that they considered "For Hispanics Only." Meantime, federal authorities have indicted members of another Los Angeles–based Latino gang, Florencia 13, for random shootings of blacks in South L.A. The indictment chillingly accuses a gang leader of giving members instructions on how to find blacks to shoot.

JOSEPH RODRIGUEZ/BLACK STAR

"This all began in local high schools back in the early 1990s, but it wasn't noticed by many people then," says sociologist Alex Alonso, an expert in Los Angeles gangs. "When blacks and Latinos started sharing high schools, they fought, at first because they refused to celebrate each other's ethnic holidays. Since then, the fighting has made its way into the streets and the gangs." Alonso,

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Mexican gangs in Los Angeles, like Florencia 13, are waging a bloody campaign to drive blacks from neighborhoods.

who runs an online forum where gang members can vent, says that Latino-black relations are one of the hottest topics. Typical is this remark from a forum member: "Black folks in L.A. better wake up and realize that the 'myth' of the brown minority brother and sister, being black folks' latent brothers and sisters in the struggle . . . is a wet dream. If black folks don't

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soon realize this in L.A., unite and come together for their own survival—then it will be blacks walking around with their heads up their asses . . . asking: 'What happened???'"

The violent neighborhood confrontations initially received little media attention outside Southern California. But the murder last summer of three black, college-bound students in Newark, New Jersey—allegedly by several illegal Hispanic immigrants, including a Peruvian with a criminal record named Jose Carranza—sparked widespread national coverage and a heated debate within the black community. The Reverend Jesse Lee Peterson, a conservative radio host and columnist, called the Newark killings and the California violence "a wake-up call" for blacks. Reflecting the new mood, Terry Anderson, the Los Angeles talk-show host, challenged black leaders like Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton to speak out. "If you make one simple change, and change Jose Carranza to a white man," said Anderson, "I will guarantee you that [Sharpton and Jackson] would be screaming and marching in the streets."

Many blacks are also uncomfortable with the more prosaic cultural changes that accompany rapid immigration. Akbar Shabazz, a telecommunications consultant, moved out of Gwinnett County, a middle-class Atlanta suburb with a large African-American population, after a huge influx of foreign-born Spanish speakers suddenly created a bilingual culture in the public schools, as well as such overcrowding that some schools had to hold classes in trailers. Since 1990, Gwinnett's foreign-born population has increased tenfold, to about 185,000—now making up about 25 percent of the total population. "There were so many students speaking Spanish in my daughter's kindergarten class that she felt isolated," says Shabazz, who has joined a group of blacks supporting immigration restrictions.

Some observers, aware of the historical irony, have even begun talking about "black flight" from Latino migration. In Los Angeles, for instance, the black population has declined by some 123,000 in the last 15 years, while the Hispanic population has increased by more than 450,000. "Black communities are being transformed, and it isn't going down so well," says Joe Hicks.

Blacks may also be starting to realize that many Latinos hold intensely negative stereotypes about them. In a 2006 study that ten academic researchers conducted of various racial groups' attitudes in Durham, North Carolina, 59 percent of Latino immigrants said that few or no blacks were hardworking, and 57 percent said that few or no blacks could be trusted. By contrast, only 9 percent of whites said that blacks weren't hardworking, and only 10 percent said that they couldn't be trusted. Interestingly, the survey found that blacks were broadly well-disposed toward Hispanics, though how long that will be true remains to be seen.

The rising tensions between African-Americans and Hispanics render the old hopes of a black-brown coalition chimerical. "In studies," says Frank Morris, former dean of graduate studies at Morgan State University, "immigrants actually tend to say they think of themselves more like whites in America than like blacks, which is one reason why a black-brown political coalition has never existed anywhere except in the minds of black political leaders." Morris, the former head of the Congressional Black Caucus Foundation, says that elected black leaders have sought to join forces with Hispanics not out of true common concerns but out of fear that demographic changes will leave them vulnerable to challenges from Latino pols. A research paper published by Morris and University of Maryland professor James Gimpel estimates that Hispanic candidates could win as many as six seats that blacks currently hold in the U.S. House of Representatives. Latino politicians understand that their own gains will come largely at the expense of black candidates. When black California congresswoman Juanita Millender-McDonald died suddenly last year, the Congressional Hispanic Caucus targeted her seat, realizing that her district was 57 percent Latino. The effort, which angered members of the Congressional Black Caucus, failed. But Hispanic congressman Joe Baca justified it: "It's time we have one of our own that speaks on our behalf," he said.

Nicolás Vaca, the writer, dismisses the notion that African-Americans and Latinos are natural

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allies. "A divide exists between Blacks and Latinos that no amount of camouflage can hide," he writes in his book *The Presumed Alliance*. Vaca says that the split has been evident for years, though largely ignored by the media and political leaders. He contends, for instance, that the 1992 Los Angeles riots, sparked by the LAPD's beating of Rodney King, became on the ground a black-brown confrontation in which the majority of businesses destroyed were Latino. At the same time, Vaca argues, Latinos believe that, since they had nothing to do with black oppression in America, they owe blacks nothing and "come to the table with a clear conscience."

"Some observers, aware of the historical irony, have even begun talking about 'black flight' from Latino migration."

Such talk portends problems for the Democratic Party, where Hispanics and African-Americans are two crucial constituencies. Courting the growing Hispanic vote, virtually all the top Democratic leaders in Washington support liberal immigration policies, including some form of amnesty. So far, the party has been able to embrace amnesty without threatening its traditional lock on black votes. Republicans are missing an opportunity, thinks Vanderbilt's Swain. "Some Republicans have positions on immigration that would resonate in the black community, but only a few have tried to take advantage of black anger on immigration," she says.

For Swain, white members of Congress who favor restrictions on low-wage immigration may be representing black interests better than the Congressional Black Caucus does. Many blacks, she believes, now recognize that former political allies like the Democratic Party, white liberals, and unions have abandoned them in favor of immigrants, who represent the newest Left cause—and that the black political leadership isn't doing anything about it.

Black politicians, noticing the growing anger within their communities, have started to shun the immigration debate. Major civil rights organizations didn't participate in the Latino marches and protests in favor of amnesty last spring. At the Congressional Black Caucus's annual legislative conference last September, no sessions tackled immigration, despite the issue's national prominence. And when Sheila Jackson-Lee proposed her liberal immigration-reform bill in 2006, only nine of the CBC's 43 members cosponsored it.

Black politicians would influence the direction of future immigration debates merely by sitting them out. Back in 1994, when initial polls showed that 65 percent of California blacks backed Proposition 187, African-American politicians and civil rights leaders began an intense campaign to change their minds, ultimately cutting black support for the proposition by 15 to 20 percentage points. But in the current environment, with discontent growing among many black voters, it's unlikely that many African-American politicians would be as willing to undertake a similar campaign. As Earl Ofari Hutchinson recently acknowledged, "Black leaders are looking over their shoulders."

Blacks could play a far more decisive role, though, if their political leaders felt threatened enough to pursue tougher immigration policies actively. Such a move wouldn't be unprecedented. In the late 1980s, blacks reacted bitterly when Congress proposed an amnesty for illegals. The pressure that they put on black representatives prompted the Congressional Black Caucus to ensure that the immigration bill that eventually passed included tough sanctions against employers who knowingly hired undocumented workers, though court challenges eventually watered them down. Today, black America appears to be in the throes of a more profound shift in attitudes—one that could make the African-American voter a crucial part of the immigration debate.

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Child-Man in the Promised Land

Today's single young men hang out in a hormonal limbo between adolescence and adulthood.

ROMILLY LOCKYER/GETTY IMAGES

Kay S. Hymowitz

It's 1965 and you're a 26-year-old white guy. You have a factory job, or maybe you work for an insurance broker. Either way, you're married, probably have been for a few years now; you met your wife in high school, where she was in your sister's class. You've already got one kid, with another on the way. For now, you're renting an apartment in your parents' two-family house, but you're saving up for a three-bedroom ranch house in the next town. Yup, you're an adult!

Now meet the twenty-first-century you, also 26. You've finished college and work in a cubicle in a large Chicago financial-services firm. You live in an apartment with a few single guy friends. In your spare time, you play basketball with your buddies, download the latest indie songs from iTunes, have some fun with the Xbox 360, take a leisurely shower, massage some product into your hair and face—and then it's off to bars and parties, where you meet, and often bed, girls of widely varied hues and sizes. They come from everywhere: California, Tokyo, Alaska, Australia. Wife? Kids? House? Are you *kidding*?

Almost half of American males aged 18 to 34 play video games—and do so for over two hours a day.

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Not so long ago, the average mid-twentysomething had achieved most of adulthood's milestones—high school degree, financial independence, marriage, and children. These days, he lingers—happily—in a new hybrid state of semi-hormonal adolescence and responsible self-reliance. Decades in unfolding, this limbo may not seem like news to many, but in fact it is to the early twenty-first century what adolescence was to the early twentieth: a momentous sociological development of profound economic and cultural import. Some call this new period "emerging adulthood," others "extended adolescence"; David Brooks recently took a stab with the "Odyssey Years," a "decade of wandering."

But while we grapple with the name, it's time to state what is now obvious to legions of frustrated young women: the limbo doesn't bring out the best in young men. With women, you could argue that adulthood is in fact emergent. Single women in their twenties and early thirties are joining an international New Girl Order, hyperachieving in both school and an increasingly female-friendly workplace, while packing leisure hours with shopping, traveling, and dining with friends [see "The New Girl Order," Autumn 2007]. Single Young Males, or SYMs, by contrast, often seem to hang out in a playground of drinking, hooking up, playing *Halo 3*, and, in many cases, underachieving. With them, adulthood looks as though it's receding.

Freud famously asked: "What do women want?" Notice that he didn't ask what *men* wanted—perhaps he thought that he'd figured that one out. But that's a question that ad people, media execs, and cultural entrepreneurs have pondered a lot in recent years. They're particularly interested in single young men, for two reasons: there are a lot more of them than before; and they tend to have some extra change. Consider: in 1970, 69 percent of 25-year-old and 85 percent of 30-year-old white men were married; in 2000, only 33 percent and 58 percent were, respectively. And the percentage of young guys tying the knot is declining as you read this. Census Bureau data show that the median age of marriage among men rose from 26.8 in 2000 to 27.5 in 2006—a dramatic demographic shift for such a short time period.

That adds up to tens of millions more young men blissfully free of mortgages, wives, and child-care bills. Historically, marketers have found this group an "elusive audience"—the phrase is permanently affixed to "men between 18 and 34" in adspeak—largely immune to the pleasures of magazines and television, as well as to shopping expeditions for the products advertised there. But by the mid-1990s, as SYM ranks swelled, marketers began to get their number. One signal moment came in April 1997, when *Maxim*, a popular British "lad magazine," hit American shores. *Maxim* strove to be the anti-*Playboy*-and-*Esquire*; bad-boy owner Felix Dennis sniffed at celebrity publishers with their tired formulas. Instead, he later observed, the magazine's creators adopted the "astonishing methodology of asking our readers what they wanted . . . and then supplying it."

And what did those readers—male, unmarried, median age 26, median household income $60,000 or so—want? As the philosophers would say, *duh*. *Maxim* plastered covers and features with pouty-lipped, tousled-haired pinups in lacy underwear and, in case that didn't do the trick, block-lettered promises of SEX! LUST! NAUGHTY! And it worked. More than any men's magazine before or since, *Maxim* grabbed that elusive 18- to 34-year-old single-college-educated-guy market, and soon boasted about 2.5 million readers—more than *GQ*, *Esquire*, and *Men's Journal* combined.

Victoria's Secret cover art doesn't fully explain the SYM's attraction to *Maxim*. After all, plenty of down-market venues had the sort of bodacious covers bound to trigger the young male's reptilian brain. No, what set *Maxim* apart from other men's mags was its voice. It was the sound of guys hanging around the Animal House living room—where put-downs are high-fived; gadgets are cool; rock stars, sports heroes, and cyborg battles are awesome; jobs and Joni Mitchell suck; and babes are simply hot—or not. "Are there any cool jobs related to beer?" a reader's letter asks in a recent

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issue. Answer: brand manager, beer tester, and brewmaster.

Maxim asked the SYM what he wanted and learned that he didn't want to grow up. Whatever else you might say about *Playboy* or *Esquire*, they tried to project the image of a cultured and *au courant* fellow; as Hefner famously—and from today's cultural vantage point, risibly—wrote in an early *Playboy*, his ideal reader enjoyed "inviting a female acquaintance in for a quiet discussion of Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex." Hearing this, the *Maxim* dude would want to hurl. He'd like to forget that he ever went to school.

Maxim happily obliges. The editors try to keep readers' minds from wandering with articles like "Confessions of a Strip Club Bouncer." But they rely heavily on picture-laden features promoting the latest skateboards, video games, camcorders, and other tech products, along with an occasional Q-and-A with, say, Kid Rock—all with the bare minimum of print required to distinguish a magazine from a shopping catalog or pinup calendar. *Playboy*'s philosophy may not have been Aristotle, but it was an attempt, of sorts, to define the good life. The *Maxim* reader prefers lists, which make up in brevity what they lose in thought: "Ten Greatest Video Game Heroes of All Time," "The Five Unsexiest Women Alive," "Sixteen People Who Look Like They Absolutely Reek," and so on.

Still, *Maxim* is far from dumb, as its self-mockery proves. The *Maxim* child-man prides himself on his lack of pretense, his unapologetic guyness. The magazine's subtext seems to be: "We're just a bunch of horny, insensitive guys—so what?" What else to make of an article entitled "How to Make Your Girlfriend Think Her Cat's Death Was an Accident"? "The only thing worse than a show about doctors is a show about sappy chick doctors we're forced to watch or else our girlfriends won't have sex with us," the editors grumble about the popular (with women) *Grey's Anatomy*.

"Television has plenty of stupid fun, gross-out humor, and even low-level sadism for child-man viewers."

The *Maxim* child-man voice has gone mainstream, which may explain why the magazine's sales were flat enough for Dennis to sell it last summer. You're that 26-year-old who wants sophomoric fun and macho action? Now the culture has a groaning table of entertainment with your name on it. Start with the many movies available in every guy-friendly genre: sci-fi flicks like *Transformers*, action and crime movies like *American Gangster*, comedies like *Superbad*, and the seemingly endless line of films starring Adam Sandler, Jim Carrey, and the "Frat Pack," as *USA Today* dubbed the group of young male comedians that includes Will Ferrell, Ben Stiller, Vince Vaughn, Owen and Luke Wilson, Jack Black, and Steve Carell.

With a talent for crude physical comedy, gleeful juvenility, and self-humiliation, the Frat Packers are the child-man counterparts to the more conventional leads, like George Clooney and Brad Pitt, whom women and *Esquire* editors love. In *Old School* (2003), three guys in their thirties decide to start a college fraternity. Frank the Tank (the moniker refers to his capacity for alcohol), played by Ferrell, flashes his saggy white derriere streaking through the college town; the scene is a child-man classic. In 2005's *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, Carell plays a middle-aged nerd with a large action-figure collection but no action. In one guy-favorite scene, a beautician painfully waxes Carell's hirsute chest; as Carell pointed out later, this was a "guy thing, this sadistic nature that men have to see other men in non-life-threatening pain."

Even though the networks must be more restrained, television also has plenty of "stupid fun" (as *Maxim* calls a regular feature), gross-out humor, and even low-level sadism for child-man viewers. This state of affairs is newer than you might think. Apart from sports programming and *The Simpsons*, which came along in the early 1990s, there wasn't a lot to make young men

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Another feature of the single young male lifestyle: binge drinking

pick up the remote. Most prime-time television appealed to women and families, whose sensibilities were as alien to dudes as finger bowls.

Today, the child-man can find entire networks devoted to his interests: Spike TV runs wrestling matches, *Star Trek* reruns, and the high-tech detective drama *CSI*; Blackbelt TV broadcasts martial arts around the clock; sci-fi is everywhere. Several years ago, the Cartoon Network spied the potential in the child-man market, too, and introduced Adult Swim, late-night programming with "adult" cartoons like *Family Guy* and *Futurama*, a cult favorite co-created by Matt Groening of *The Simpsons* fame. Adult Swim has cut into the male Letterman and Leno audience, luring gold-plated advertisers Saab, Apple, and Taco Bell; child-men, it should come as no surprise, eat lots of fast food.

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One can also lay the success of cable giant Comedy Central at the child-man's sneakered foot. In its early-nineties infancy, Comedy Central had old movie comedies, some stand-up acts, and few viewers. The next several years brought some buzz with shows like *Politically Incorrect*. But it was in 1997—the same year that *Maxim* arrived in America—that the network struck gold with a cartoon series starring a group of foul-mouthed eight-year-old boys. With its cutting subversion of all that's sacred and polite, *South Park* was like a dog whistle that only SYMs could hear; the show became the highest-rated cable series in that age group.

In 1999, the network followed up with *The Man Show*, famous for its "Juggies" (half-naked women with exceptionally large, well, juggies), interviews with porn stars, drinking songs, and a jingle that advised, "Quit your job and light a fart / Yank your favorite private part." It was "like *Maxim* for TV," one network executive told *Media Life*. Comedy Central's viewers, almost two-thirds of them male, have made both *The Daily Show* and *The Colbert Report* cultural touchstones and launched the careers of stars like Bill Maher, Jimmy Kimmel, Dave Chapelle, and, most notably, *Daily Show* anchor Jon Stewart—who has already hosted the Academy Awards and is set to do so again, a perfect symbol of the mainstreaming of the SYM sensibility.

"Websites like AskMen.com, which gets 5 million visitors a month, post articles like 'How to Score a Green Chick.'"

Nothing attests more to the SYM's growing economic and cultural might than video games do. Once upon a time, video games were for little boys and girls—well, mostly little boys—who loved their Nintendos so much, the lament went, that they no longer played ball outside. Those boys have grown up to become child-man gamers, turning a niche industry into a $12 billion powerhouse. Men between the ages of 18 and 34 are now the biggest gamers; according to Nielsen Media, almost half—48.2 percent—of American males in that age bracket had used a console during the last quarter of 2006, and did so, on average, *two hours and 43 minutes per day*. (That's 13 minutes longer than 12- to 17-year-olds, who evidently have more responsibilities than today's twentysomethings.) Gaming—online games, as well as news and information about games—often registers as the top category in monthly surveys of Internet usage.

And the child-man's home sweet media home is the Internet, where no meddling censors or nervous advertisers deflect his desires. Some sites, like MensNewsDaily.com, are edgy news providers. Others, like AskMen.com, which claims 5 million visitors a month, post articles like "How to Score a Green Chick" in the best spirit of *Maxim*-style self-parody. "How is an SUV-driving, to-go-cup-using, walking environmental catastrophe like yourself supposed to hook up with them?" the article asks. Answer: Go to environmental meetings, yoga, or progressive bookstores ("but watch out for lesbians").

Other sites, like MenAreBetterThanWomen.com, TuckerMax.com, TheBestPageInTheUniverse.com, and DrunkasaurusRex.com, walk *Maxim*'s goofiness and good-natured woman-teasing over the line into nastiness. The men hanging out on these sites take pride in being "badasses" and view the other half bitterly. A misogynist is a "man who hates women as much as women hate each other," writes one poster at MenAreBetterThanWomen. Another rails about "classic woman 'trap' questions—Does this make me look fat? Which one of my friends would you sleep with if you had to? Do you really enjoy strip clubs?" The Fifth Amendment was created because its architects' wives "drove them ape-shit asking questions that they'd be better off simply refusing to answer."

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That sound you hear is women not laughing. Oh, some women get a kick out of child-men and their frat/fart jokes; about 20 percent of *Maxim* readers are female, for instance, and presumably not all are doing research for the dating scene. But for many of the fairer sex, the child-man is either an irritating mystery or a source of heartbreak. In Internet chat rooms, in advice columns, at female water-cooler confabs, and in the pages of chick lit, the words "immature" and "men" seem united in perpetuity. Women complain about the "Peter Pan syndrome"—the phrase has been around since the early 1980s but it is resurgent—the "Mr. Not Readys," and the "Mr. Maybes." *Sex and the City* chronicled the frustrations of four thirtysomething women with immature, loutish, and uncommitted men for six popular seasons.

Naturally, women wonder: How did this perverse creature come to be? The most prevalent theory comes from feminist-influenced academics and cultural critics, who view dude media as symptoms of backlash, a masculinity crisis. Men feel threatened by female empowerment, these thinkers argue, and in their anxiety, they cling to outdated roles. The hyper-masculinity of *Maxim* et al. doesn't reflect any genuine male proclivities; rather, retrograde media "construct" it.

The fact that guys cheer on female heroines like Buffy the Vampire Slayer as much as they do Chuck Norris tells against this theory somewhat. But there's an ounce of truth to it. The men of the new media are in backlash mode, largely because they believe that feminists have stood in their way as media gatekeepers—that is, agents, editors, producers, and the like—who don't understand or accept "men acting like men." They gleefully stick their thumbs in the eyes of politically correct tsk-tskers. In one *South Park* episode, the Sexual Harassment Panda, a mascot who teaches schoolkids the evils of sexual harassment, is fired after his little talks provoke a flood of inane lawsuits. In *Maxim*, readers can find articles like "How to Cure a Feminist," one of whose recommendations is to "pretend you share her beliefs" by asking questions like, "Has Gloria Steinem's marriage hurt the feminist agenda?"

Insofar as the new guy media reflect a backlash against feminism, they're part of the much larger story of men's long, uneasy relationship with bourgeois order. The SYM with a taste for *Maxim* or *South Park* may not like Gloria Steinem, but neither does he care for anyone who tells him to behave—teachers, nutritionists, prohibitionists, vegetarians, librarians, church ladies, counselors, and moralists of all stripes. In fact, men have always sought out an antisocial, even anarchic, edge in their popular culture. In a renowned essay, the critic Barbara Ehrenreich argued that the arrival of *Playboy* in 1953 represented the beginning of a male rebellion against the conformity of mid-century family life and of middle-class virtues like duty and self-discipline. "All woman wants is security," she quotes an early *Playboy* article complaining. "And she is perfectly willing to crush man's adventurous freedom-loving spirit to get it." Even the name of the magazine, Ehrenreich observed, "defied the convention of hard-won maturity."

Ehrenreich was right about the seditious impulse behind *Playboy*, but wrong about its novelty. Male resistance to bourgeois domesticity had been going on since the bourgeoisie went domestic. In *A Man's Place*, historian John Tosh locates the rebellion's roots in the early nineteenth century, when middle-class expectations for men began to shift away from the patriarchal aloofness of the bad old days. Under the newer bourgeois regime, the home was to be a haven in a heartless world, in which affection and intimacy were guiding virtues. But in Tosh's telling, it didn't take long before men vented frustrations with bourgeois domestication: they went looking for excitement and male camaraderie in empire building, in adventure novels by authors like Robert Louis Stevenson, and in going to "the club."

By the early twentieth century, the emerging mass market in the U.S. offered new outlets for the virile urges that sat awkwardly in the bourgeois parlor; hence titles like *Field and Stream* and *Man's Adventure*, as well as steamier fare like *Escapade* and *Caper*. When television sets came on the market in the late 1940s, it was the airing of heavyweight fights and football games that led Dad to make the big purchase; to this

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day, sports events—the battlefield made civilized—glue him to the Barcalounger when he should be folding the laundry.

But this history suggests an uncomfortable fact about the new SYM: he's immature because he can be. We can argue endlessly about whether "masculinity" is natural or constructed—whether men are innately promiscuous, restless, and slobby, or socialized to be that way—but there's no denying the lesson of today's media marketplace: give young men a choice between serious drama on the one hand, and Victoria's Secret models, battling cyborgs, exploding toilets, and the NFL on the other, and it's the models, cyborgs, toilets, and football by a mile. For whatever reason, adolescence appears to be the young man's default state, proving what anthropologists have discovered in cultures everywhere: it is marriage and children that turn boys into men. Now that the SYM can put off family into the hazily distant future, he can—and will—try to stay a child-man. Yesterday's paterfamilias or Levittown dad may have sought to escape the duties of manhood through fantasies of adventures at sea, pinups, or sublimated war on the football field, but there was considerable social pressure for him to be a mensch. Not only is no one asking that today's twenty- or thirtysomething become a responsible husband and father—that is, grow up—but a freewheeling marketplace gives him everything that he needs to settle down in pig's heaven indefinitely.

"Adolescence appears to be the young man's default state; it is marriage and children that turn boys into men."

And that heaven can get pretty piggish. Take Tucker Max, whose eponymous website is a great favorite among his peers. In a previous age, Max would have been what was known as a "catch." Good-looking, ambitious, he graduated from the University of Chicago and Duke Law. But in a universe where child-men can thrive, he has found it more to his liking—and remarkably easy—to pursue a different career path: professional "asshole." Max writes what he claims are "true stories about my nights out acting like an average twentysomething"—binge drinking (UrbanDictionary.com lists Tucker Max Drunk, or TMD, as a synonym for "falling down drunk"), fighting, leaving vomit and fecal detritus for others to clean up, and, above all, hooking up with "random" girls galore—sorority sisters, Vegas waitresses, Dallas lap dancers, and Junior Leaguers who're into erotic asphyxiation.

Throughout his adventures, Max—like a toddler stuck somewhere around the oedipal stage—remains fixated on his penis and his "dumps." He is utterly without conscience—"Female insecurity: it's the gift that keeps on giving," he writes about his efforts to undermine his prey's self-esteem in order to seduce them more easily. Think of Max as the final spawn of an aging and chromosomally challenged Hugh Hefner, and his website and best-selling book, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, as evidence of a male culture in profound decline. *Playboy*'s aspirations toward refinement still hinted at the call of the ego and a culture with limits on male restiveness; Max, the child-man who answers to no one except his fellow "assholes," is all id—and proud of it.

Now, you could argue that the motley crew of *Maxim*, Comedy Central, *Halo 3*, and even the noxious Tucker Max aren't much to worry about, and that extended adolescence is what the word implies: a temporary stage. Most guys have lots of other things going on, and even those who spend too much time on TuckerMax.com will eventually settle down. Men know the difference between entertainment and real life. At any rate, like gravity, growing up happens; nature has rules.

That's certainly a hope driving the sharpest of recent child-man entertainments, Judd Apatow's

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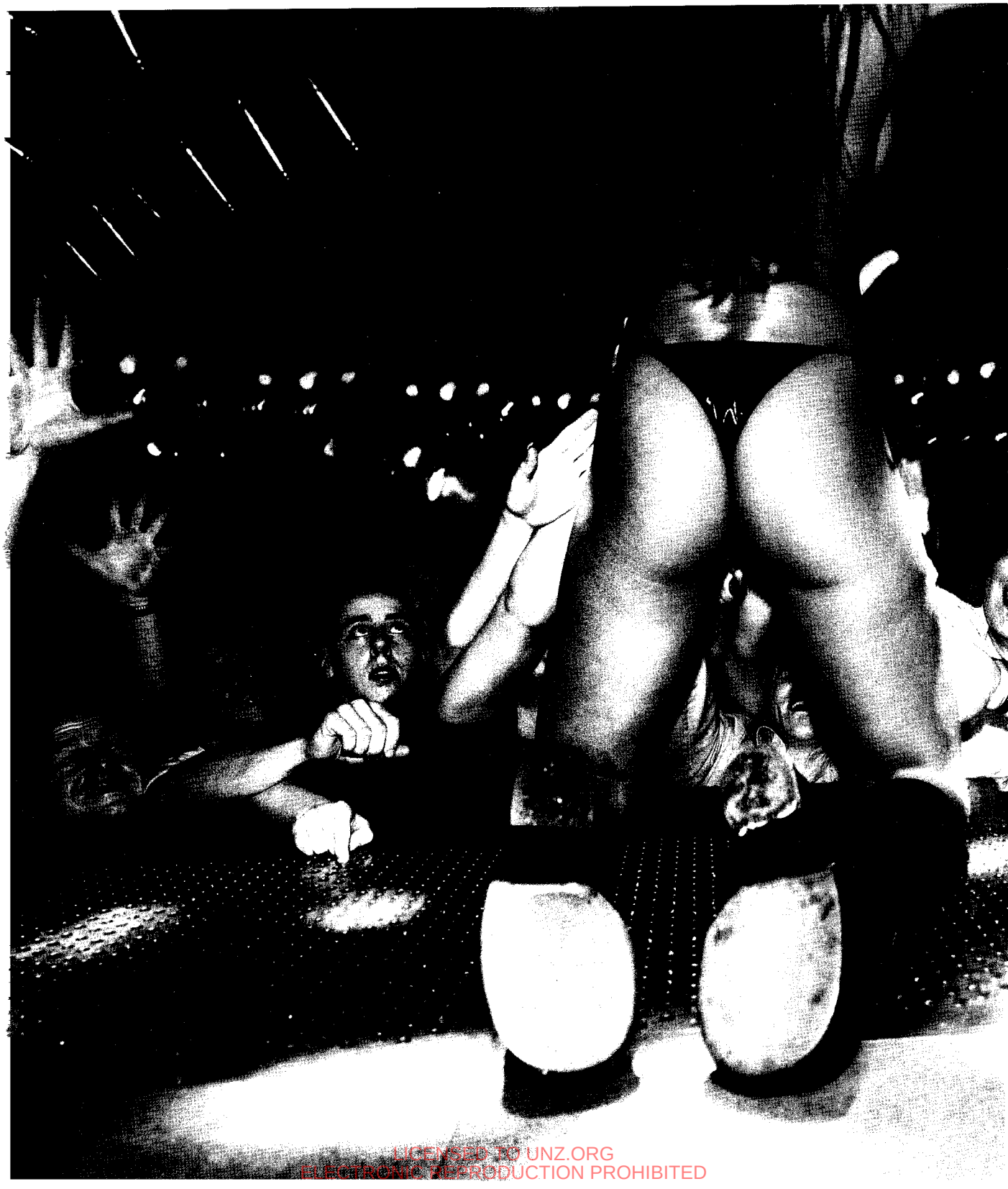
Child-Man in the Promised Land



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BROCKHOFF/METTE/LAIF/AURORA PHOTOS

hit movie *Knocked Up*. What sets *Knocked Up* apart from, say, *Old School*, is that it invites the audience to enjoy the SYM's immaturity—his T-and-A obsessions, his slobby indolence—even while insisting on its feebleness. The potheaded 23-year-old Ben Stone accidentally impregnates Alison, a gorgeous stranger he was lucky enough to score at a bar. He is clueless about what to do when she decides to have the baby, not because he's a "badass"—actually, he has a big heart—but because he dwells among social retards. His roommates spend their time squabbling about who farted on whose pillow and when to launch their porn website. His father is useless, too: "I've been divorced three times," he tells Ben when his son asks for advice about his predicament. "Why are you asking me?" In the end, though, Ben understands that he needs to grow up. He gets a job and an apartment, and learns to love Alison and the baby. This is a comedy, after all.

It is also a fairy tale for guys. You wouldn't know how to become an adult even if you wanted to? Maybe a beautiful princess will come along and show you. But the important question that Apatow's comedy deals with only obliquely is what extended living as a child-man does to a guy—and to the women he collides with along the way.

For the problem with child-men is that they're not very promising husbands and fathers. They suffer from a proverbial "fear of commitment," another way of saying that they can't stand to think of themselves as permanently attached to one woman. Sure, they have girlfriends; many are even willing to move in with them. But cohabiting can be just another Peter Pan delaying tactic. Women tend to see cohabiting as a potential path to marriage; men view it as another place to hang out or, as Barbara Dafoe Whitehead observes in *Why There Are No Good Men Left*, a way to "get the benefits of a wife without shouldering the reciprocal obligations of a husband."

Lad magazine *Maxim* asked its readers what they wanted. Answer: *Duh*.

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Even men who do marry don't easily overcome child-manhood. Neal Pollack speaks for some of them in his 2007 memoir *Alternadad*. Pollack struggles with how to stay "hip"—smoking pot and going to rock concerts—once he becomes a father to Elijah, "the new roommate," as he calls him. Pollack makes peace with fatherhood because he finds that he can introduce his toddler to the best alternative bands, and also because he has so many opportunities to exercise the child-man's fascination with "poop." He is affectingly mad for his little boy. Yet his efforts to turn his son into a hip little Neal Pollack—"My son and I were moshing! Awesome!"—reflect the self-involvement of the child-man who resists others' claims on him.

Knocked Up evokes a more destructive self-involvement in a subplot involving Alison's miserably married sister Debbie and her husband, Pete, the father of her two little girls. Pete, who frequently disappears to play fantasy baseball, get high in Las Vegas, or just go to the movies on his own, chronically wields irony to distance himself from his family. "Care more!" his wife yells at him. "You're cool because you don't give a shit."

And that "coolness" points to what may be the deepest existential problem with the child-man—a tendency to avoid not just marriage but any deep attachments. This is British writer Nick Hornby's central insight in his novel *About a Boy*. The book's antihero, Will, is an SYM whose life is as empty of passion as of responsibility. He has no self apart from pop-culture effluvia, a fact that the author symbolizes by having the jobless 36-year-old live off the residuals of a popular Christmas song written by his late father. Hornby shows how the media-saturated limbo of contemporary guyhood makes it easy to fill your days without actually doing anything. "Sixty years ago, all the things Will relied on to get him through the day simply didn't exist," Hornby writes. "There was no daytime TV, there were no videos, there were no glossy magazines. . . . Now, though, it was easy [to do nothing]. There was almost too much to do."

Will's unemployment is part of a more general passionlessness. To pick up women, for instance, he pretends to have a son and joins a single-parent organization; the plight of the single mothers means nothing to him. For Will, women are simply fleshy devices that dispense sex, and sex is just another form of entertainment, a "fantastic carnal alternative to drink, drugs, and a great night out, but nothing much more than that."

As the title of his 2005 novel *Indecision* suggests, Benjamin Kunkel also shows how apathy infects the new SYM world. His hero, 28-year-old Dwight Wilmerding, suffers from "abulia"—chronic indecisiveness—so severe that he finds himself paralyzed by the Thanksgiving choices of turkey, cranberry sauce, and dressing. His parents are divorced, his most recent girlfriend has faded away, and he has lost his job. Like Will, Dwight is a quintessential slacker, unable to commit and unwilling to feel. The only woman he has loved is his sister, who explains the attraction: "I'm the one girl you actually got to know in the right way. It was gradual, it was inevitable." Like Hornby, Kunkel sees the easy availability of sex as a source of slacker apathy. In a world of serial relationships, SYMs "fail to sublimate their libidinal energies in the way that actually makes men attractive," Kunkel told a dismayed female interviewer in *Salon*. With no one to challenge them to deeper connections, they swim across life's surfaces.

The superficiality, indolence, and passionlessness evoked in Hornby's and Kunkel's novels haven't triggered any kind of cultural transformation. Kunkel's book briefly made a few regional bestseller lists, and Hornby sells well enough. But sales of "lad lit," as some call books with SYM heroes, can't hold a candle to those of its chick-lit counterpart. The SYM doesn't read much, remember, and he certainly doesn't read anything prescribing personal transformation. The child-man may be into self-mockery; self-reflection is something else entirely.

That's too bad. Men are "more unfinished as people," Kunkel has neatly observed. Young men especially need a culture that can help them define worthy aspirations. Adults don't emerge. They're made.

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School Choice Isn't Enough

Instructional reform is the key to better schools.

Sol Stern

I began writing about school choice in *City Journal* more than a decade ago. I believed then (as I still believe) that giving tuition vouchers to poor inner-city students stuck in lousy public schools was a civil rights imperative. Starting in the 1980s, major empirical studies by sociologist James Coleman and other scholars showed that urban Catholic schools were better than public schools at educating the poor, despite spending far less per student. Among the reasons for this superiority: most Catholic educators still believed in a coherent, content-based curriculum, and they enforced order in the classroom. It seemed immoral to keep disadvantaged kids locked up in dismal, future-darkening public schools when vouchers could send them to high-performing Catholic ones—especially when middle-class parents enjoyed education options galore for *their* children.

But like other reformers, I also believed that vouchers would force the public schools to improve or lose their student "customers." Since competition worked in other areas, wouldn't it lead to progress in education, too? Maybe Catholic schools' success with voucher students would even encourage public schools to exchange the failed "progressive education" approaches used in most classrooms for the pedagogy that made the Catholic institutions so effective.

"Choice *is* a panacea," argued education scholars John Chubb and Terry Moe in their influential 1990 book *Politics, Markets and America's Schools*. For a time, I thought so, too. Looking back from today's vantage point, it is clear that the school choice movement has been very good for the disadvantaged. Public and privately funded voucher programs have liberated hundreds of thousands of poor minority children from failing public schools. The movement has also reshaped the education debate. Not only vouchers, but also charter schools, tuition tax credits, mayoral control, and other reforms are now on the table as alternatives to bureaucratic, special-interest-choked big-city school systems.

Yet social-change movements need to be attentive to the facts on the ground. Recent developments in both public and Catholic schools suggest that markets in education may not be a panacea—and that we should reexamine the direction of school reform.

One such development: taxpayer-funded voucher programs for poor children, long considered by many of us to be the most promising of education reforms, have hit a wall. In 2002, after a decade of organizing by school choice activists, only two programs existed: one in Milwaukee, the other in Cleveland, allowing 17,000 poor students to attend private (mostly Catholic) schools. That year, in *Zelman* v. *Simmons-Harris*, the Supreme Court ruled that limited voucher programs involving religious

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schools were compatible with the First Amendment's establishment clause. The 5–4 decision seemed like school choice's Magna Carta. But the legal victory has led to few real gains. Today, fewer than 25,000 students—compared with a nationwide public school enrollment of 50 million—receive tax-funded vouchers, with a tiny Washington, D.C., program joining those of the other two cities.

Proposals for voucher programs have suffered five straight crushing defeats in state referenda—most recently in Utah, by a margin of 62 percent to 38 percent. After each loss, school choice groups blamed the lobbying money poured into the states by teachers' unions, the deceptive ads run by voucher foes, and sometimes even voters' commitment to their children. When the Utah results came in, the principal funder of the pro-voucher side, businessman Patrick Byrne, opined that the voters failed "a statewide IQ test" and that they "don't care enough about their kids." If vouchers can't pass voter scrutiny in conservative Utah, though, how probable is it that they will do so anywhere else? And denouncing voters doesn't seem like a smart way to revive the voucher cause.

Voucher prospects have also dimmed because of the Catholic schools' deepening financial crisis. Without an abundant supply of good, low-cost urban Catholic schools to receive voucher students, voucher programs will have a hard time getting off the ground, let alone succeeding. But cash-strapped Catholic Church officials are closing the Church's inner-city schools at an accelerating rate [see "Save the Catholic Schools!," Spring 2007]. With just one Catholic high school left in all of Detroit, for instance, where would the city's disadvantaged students use vouchers even if they had them?

Even more discouraging, vouchers may not be enough to save the Catholic schools that are voucher students' main destination. Archbishop Donald Wuerl of Washington, D.C., recently announced plans to close seven of the district's 28 remaining Catholic schools, all of which are receiving aid from federally funded tuition vouchers, unless the D.C. public school system agreed to take them over and convert them into charter schools. In Milwaukee, several Catholic schools have also closed, or face the threat of closing, despite boosting enrollments with voucher kids.

During the 15 years since the first voucher program got under way in Milwaukee, university researchers have extensively scrutinized the dynamics of school choice and the effect of competition on public schools. The preponderance of studies have shown clear benefits, both academically and otherwise, for the voucher kids. It's gratifying that the research confirms the moral and civil rights argument for vouchers.

But sadly—and this is a second development that reformers must face up to—the evidence is pretty meager that competition from vouchers is making public schools better. When I reported on the Milwaukee voucher experiment in 1999, some early indicators suggested that competition was having just that effect. Members of Milwaukee's school board, for example, said that voucher schools had prompted new reforms in the public school system, including modifying the seniority provisions of the teachers' contract and allowing principals more discretion in hiring. A few public schools began offering phonics-based reading instruction in the early grades, the method used in neighboring Catholic schools. Milwaukee public schools' test scores also improved—and did so most dramatically in those schools under the greatest threat of losing students to vouchers, according to a study by Harvard economist Caroline Hoxby.

Unfortunately, the gains fizzled. Fifteen years into the most expansive school choice program tried in any urban school district in the country, Milwaukee's public schools still suffer from low achievement and miserable graduation rates, with test scores flattening in recent years. Violence and disorder throughout the system seem as serious as ever. Most voucher students are still benefiting, true; but no "Milwaukee miracle," no transformation of the public schools, has taken place. One of the Milwaukee voucher program's founders, African-American educator Howard Fuller, recently told the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, "I think that any honest assessment would have to say that there hasn't been the deep, wholesale improvement in MPS [Milwaukee Public Schools]

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Instructionists like historian Diane Ravitch say that good pedagogy and good teaching make for good schools.

that we would have thought." And the lead author of one of the Milwaukee voucher studies, Harvard political scientist Paul Peterson, told me "The research on school choice programs clearly shows that low-income students benefit academically It's less clear that the presence of choice in a community motivates public schools to improve"

What should we do about these new realities? Obviously, private scholarship programs ought to keep helping poor families find alternatives to failing public schools. And we can still hope that some legislature, somewhere in America, will vote for another voucher plan, or generous tuition tax credits, before more Catholic schools close. But does the school choice movement have a realistic Plan B for the millions of urban students who will remain stuck in terrible public schools?

According to Hoxby and Peterson, perhaps the two most respected school choice scholars in the country, no such plan is necessary. In their

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view, the best hope for education improvement continues to be a maximum degree of parental choice—vouchers if possible, but also charter schools and tuition tax credits—plus merit-pay schemes for teachers and accountability systems that distinguish productive from unproductive school principals.

That "incentivist" outlook remains dominant within school reform circles. But a challenge from what one could call "instructionists"—those who believe that curriculum change and good teaching are essential to improving schools—is growing, as a unique public debate sponsored by the Koret Task Force on K–12 Education revealed. Founded in 1999, the Koret Task Force represents a national all-star team of education reform scholars. Permanent fellows include not only Hoxby and Peterson but also Chubb, Moe, education historian Diane Ravitch, Thomas B. Fordham Foundation president Chester Finn, Stanford University economics prof Eric Hanushek, and the guru of "cultural literacy," E. D. Hirsch, Jr. (recently retired). Almost from the start, the Koret scholars divided into incentivist and instructionist camps. "We have had eight years and we haven't been able to agree," says Hoxby. But in early 2007, members did agree to hold a debate at the group's home, the Hoover Institution at Stanford University: "Resolved: True School Reform Demands More Attention to Curriculum and Instruction than to Markets and Choice." Hirsch and Ravitch argued the affirmative, Hoxby and Peterson the negative.

Hirsch and Ravitch opened by saying that while they had no opposition to charter schools or other forms of choice, charter schools had produced "disappointing results." Try a thought experiment, urged Ravitch. Say that one school system features market incentives and unlimited choices for parents and students, but no standard curriculum. Then posit another system, with no choice allowed, but in which the educational leadership enforces a rich curriculum and favors effective instructional approaches. In the market system, Ravitch predicted, "most schools will reflect the dominant ideas of the schools of education, where most teachers get their training, so most schools will adopt programs of whole language and fuzzy math. . . . Most students under a pure choice regime will know very little about history or literature or science." The system with the first-rate curriculum and effective pedagogy, Ravitch argued, would produce better education outcomes.

Responding, Peterson and Hoxby paid respects to good curricula and instructional methods. But the key question, in their view, was who would *decide* which curricula and instructional methods were best. Here, the pro-choice debaters made no bones about it: the market's "invisible hand" was the way to go. As Hoxby put it, educational choice would erect a "bulwark against special-interest groups hijacking the curriculum."

I had supported the competition argument for school choice as a working hypothesis, but my doubts about it grew after recent results from the Milwaukee experiment, and nothing said in the Koret debate restored my confidence. And something else caught my attention: Ravitch's comment about "the dominant ideas of the schools of education, where most teachers get their training." The statement slipped by, unchallenged by the incentivist side.

While the arguments about school choice and markets swirled during the past 15 years, both Ravitch and Hirsch wrote landmark books (*Left Back* and *The Schools We Need and Why We Don't Have Them*, respectively) on how the nation's education schools have built an "impregnable fortress" (Hirsch's words) of wrong ideas and ineffective classroom practices that teachers then carry into America's schools, almost guaranteeing failure, especially for poor minority children. Hirsch's book didn't just argue this; it proved it conclusively, to my mind, offering an extraordinary *tour d'horizon* of all the evidence about instructional methods that cognitive neuroscience had discovered.

If Hoxby and Peterson were right in asserting that markets were enough to fix our education woes, then the ed schools wouldn't be the disasters that Hirsch, Ravitch, and others have exposed. Unlike the government-run K–12 schools, the country's 1,500 ed schools represent an almost perfect system of choice, markets, and competition. Anyone interested in becoming a

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For Harvard prof Paul Peterson, parental choice is the best hope for improving education.

teacher is completely free to apply to any ed school that he or she wants. The ed schools, in turn, compete for students by offering competitive prices and—theoretically—attractive educational "products" (curricula and courses). Yet the schools are uniformly awful, the products the same dreary progressive claptrap. A few years ago, the National Council on Teacher Quality, a mainstream public education advocacy group, surveyed the nation's ed schools and found that almost all elementary education classes disdained phonics and scientific reading. If the invisible hand is a surefire way to improve curriculum and instruction, as the incentivists insist, why does almost every teacher-in-training have to read the works of leftists Paolo Freire, Jonathan Kozol, and William Ayers—but usually nothing by, say, Hirsch or Ravitch?

For a good explanation, look to the concept of ideological hegemony, usually associated with the sociological Left. Instead of competition and diversity in the education schools, we confront what Hirsch calls the "thoughtworld" of teacher training, which operates like a Soviet-style regime suppressing alternative perspectives. Professors who dare to break with the ideological monopoly—who look to reading science or, say, embrace a core knowledge approach—won't

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get tenure, or get hired in the first place. The teachers they train thus wind up indoctrinated with the same pedagogical dogma whether they attend New York University's school of education or Humboldt State's. Those who put their faith in the power of markets to improve schools must at least show how their theory can account for the stubborn persistence of the thoughtworld.

Instead, we increasingly find the theory of educational competition detaching itself from its original school choice moorings and taking a new form. Vouchers may have stalled, but it's possible—or so many school reformers and education officials now assure us—to create the conditions for vigorous market competition *within* public school systems, with the same beneficent effects that were supposed to flow from a pure choice program.

Nowhere has this new philosophy of reform been more enthusiastically embraced than in the New York City school district under the control of Mayor Michael Bloomberg and schools chancellor Joel Klein. Gotham's schools are surging ahead with a host of market incentives, including models derived from the business world. Many of the country's major education foundations and philanthropies have boosted New York as the flagship school system for such market innovations, helping to spread the incentivist gospel nationally. Disciples of Klein have taken over the school systems in Baltimore and Washington, D.C., and Bloomberg's fellow billionaires Eli Broad and Bill Gates are about to launch a $60 million ad campaign to push the market approach during the presidential election season.

Don't get me wrong: market-style reforms are sometimes just what's necessary in the public schools. Over the past decade, for instance, I often called attention in *City Journal* to the destructively restrictive provisions in the New York City teachers' contract, which forced principals to hire teachers based solely on seniority, and I felt vindicated when negotiations between the Bloomberg administration and the United Federation of Teachers eliminated the seniority clause and created an open-market hiring system. Similarly, the teachers' lockstep salary schedule, based on seniority and accumulating useless additional education credits, is a counterproductive way to compensate the system's most important employees. The schools need a flexible salary structure that realistically reflects supply and demand in the teacher labor market.

Unfortunately, the Bloomberg administration and its supporters are pushing markets and competition in the public schools far beyond where the evidence leads. Everything in the system now has a price. Principals can get cash bonuses of as much as $50,000 by raising their schools' test scores; teachers in a few hundred schools now (and hundreds more later) can take home an extra $3,000 if the student scores in their schools improve; parents get money for showing up at parent-teacher conferences; their kids get money or—just what they need—cell phones for passing tests.

Much of this scaffolding of cash incentives (and career-ending penalties) rests on a rather shaky base: the state's highly unreliable reading and math tests in grades three through eight, plus the even more unreliable high school Regents exams, which have been dumbed down so that schools will avoid federal sanctions under the No Child Left Behind act. In the past, the tests have also been prone to cheating scandals. Expect more cheating as the stakes for success and failure rise.

While confidently putting their seal of approval on this market system, the mayor and chancellor appear to be agnostic on what actually works in the classroom. They've shown no interest, for example, in two decades' worth of scientific research sponsored by the National Institutes of Health that proves that teaching phonics and phonemic awareness is crucial to getting kids to read in the early grades. They have blithely retained a fuzzy math program, Everyday Math, despite a consensus of university math professors judging it inadequate. Indeed, Bloomberg and Klein have abjured all responsibility for curriculum and instruction and placed their bets entirely on choice, markets, and accountability.

But the new reliance on markets hasn't prevented special interests from hijacking the

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curriculum. One such interest is the Teachers College Reading and Writing Project—led by Lucy Calkins, the doyenne of the whole-language reading approach, which postulates that all children can learn to read and write naturally, with just some guidance from teachers, and that direct phonics instruction is a form of child abuse. Calkins's enterprise has more than $10 million in Department of Education contracts to guide reading and writing instruction in most of the city's elementary schools, even though no solid evidence supports her methodology. This may explain why, on the recent National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) tests—widely regarded as a gold standard for educational assessment—Gotham students showed no improvement in fourth- and eighth-grade reading from 2003 to 2007, while the city of Atlanta, which hasn't staked everything on market incentives, has shown significant reading improvement.

One wonders why so many in the school reform movement and in the business community celebrate New York City's recent record on education. Is it merely because they hear the words "choice," "markets," and "competition" and think that all is well? If so, they're mistaken. The primal scene of all education reform is the classroom. If the teacher isn't doing the right thing, all the cash incentives in the world won't make a difference.

"Reformers ought to resist elegant-sounding theories that don't produce verifiable results in the classroom."

Those in the school reform movement seeking a case of truly spectacular academic improvement should look to Massachusetts, where something close to an education miracle has occurred. In the past several years, Massachusetts has improved more than almost every other state on the NAEP tests. In 2007, it scored first in the nation in fourth- and eighth-grade math and reading. The state's average scale scores on all four tests have also improved at far higher rates than most other states have seen over the past 15 years.

The improvement had nothing to do with market incentives. Massachusetts has no vouchers, no tuition tax credits, very few charter schools, and no market incentives for principals and teachers. The state owes its amazing improvement in student performance to a few key former education leaders, including state education commissioner John Silber, assistant commissioner Sandra Stotsky, and state education board member (and Manhattan Institute fellow) Abigail Thernstrom. Starting a decade ago, these instructionists pushed the state's board of education to mandate a rigorous curriculum for all grades, created demanding tests linked to the curriculum standards, and insisted that all high school graduates pass a comprehensive exit exam. In its English Language Arts curriculum framework, the board even dared to say that reading instruction in the early grades should include systematic and explicit phonics. Now a professor of education reform at the University of Arkansas, Stotsky sums up: "The lesson from Massachusetts is that a strong content–based curriculum, together with upgraded certification regulations and teacher licensure tests that require teacher preparation programs to address that content, can be the best recipe for improving students' academic achievement."

The Massachusetts miracle doesn't prove that a standard curriculum and a focus on effective instruction will always produce academic progress. Nor does the flawed New York City experiment in competition mean that we should cast aside all market incentives in education. But what has transpired in these two places provides an important lesson: education reformers ought to resist unreflective support for elegant-sounding theories, derived from the study of economic activity, that don't produce verifiable results in the classroom. After all, children's lives are at stake. ▪

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Criminalizing Capitalism

Six years after Enron, executives face greater risks—but investors are no safer.

Nicole Gelinas

Another asset bubble has burst, this one in American real estate and its financing. Precariously structured mortgage investments teeter and fall, bringing corporate titans down and crushing investor confidence. Financial firms, led by Citigroup and Merrill Lynch, have miscalculated and mismanaged key risks and seen more than $60 billion in shareholder assets vanish. Mortgage-related turmoil has roiled markets, with economists and ordinary Americans fearing that lending woes and a protracted home-price decline could trigger a recession.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. After Enron imploded six years ago, Congress and President Bush enacted the Sarbanes-Oxley law, which aimed to reform corporate practices and prevent future market surprises. The law imposed new regulations on corporations and their executives, as well as new criminal sanctions for corporate wrongdoing under both the new law and existing ones. "How can you measure the value of knowing that company books are sounder than they were before?" asked sponsor Michael Oxley, defending the law. "Of no more overnight bankruptcies with the employees and retirees left holding the bag? No more disruption to entire sectors of the economy?"

Investors started deserting Enron even before regulators swooped down on it, proving that the market effectively weeds out bad companies.

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But in the end, Sarbanes-Oxley has just made it easier for ambitious government attorneys to criminalize bad business judgment and complex accounting in hindsight. Further, in their focus on strengthening legal enforcement, the feds have passed up opportunities to create commonsense protections for investors. Worse still, the government has instilled investors with false confidence by implying that they can rely on prosecutors, not prudence, to protect their market holdings. Now the housing and mortgage meltdown—which could hurt the economy far more than Enron did—is reminding investors that no law or regulation can protect them from economic disruption.

Politicians and business pundits saw Enron's collapse as an unprecedented market failure that cried out for a new remedy. Hadn't the country's best stock analysts believed the Enron "story"—permanently high growth through dazzling innovation? Hadn't the nation's bond-rating agencies awarded Enron a rating implying that prudent investors could lend to the doomed company? Hadn't Enron's "independent" auditors and outside counsel signed off on its crazy financial statements? And hadn't Enron employees who had invested heavily in company stock seen their life savings evaporate?

Yet Enron was actually an example of how markets work—messily, sometimes tardily, but in the end with ruthless efficiency. Even as most Wall Street analysts bought Enron's sales pitch and accepted its financial statements, investors slashed the value of the company's shares in half—far surpassing declines in the broader market—during the year *before* the accounting scandal broke. Investors had begun to withhold money *before* the government launched investigations. When Enron declared bankruptcy in December 2001, the regulators were left only to certify the market's verdict. Those investors and lenders who hadn't scrutinized the company lost money, as they should have.

Though Enron didn't signal a market failure, it was a business failure, of course. The company overvalued its assets while undervaluing its liabilities—the oldest trick in the fraud book but also sometimes an honest mistake. In the 1930s, Samuel Insull, a utility entrepreneur who created the modern power grid, did the same thing; so did savings and loan banks in the 1980s. Enron's chief financial officer, Andy Fastow, did it by vastly overstating the company's assets and hiding liabilities, such as off-the-books sums owed to outside "investment partnerships" (he stole cash on the side, too). It was easy for Enron to perform accounting hocus-pocus because many of its assets, such as a one-of-a-kind power plant in India and speculative broadband ventures, were difficult to value. Enron's assets were worth what Enron said they were—until the market decided otherwise. By booking future profits right away, Enron worsened its predicament; a mistake or a lie compounded over 20 years is far greater than one that covers only one year. What's more, the company didn't disclose clearly enough, in hindsight, that it was funding those precarious investment partnerships with its own stock—which it might have to replace with cash if the stock price fell.

Less than a year after Enron's collapse, President Bush signed Sarbanes-Oxley, which, among other things, gave white-collar prosecutors a powerful new weapon. But SarbOx was an unnecessary step at best, because America had been the world's most robustly regulated securities market for decades. After the 1929 stock-market crash, voters demanded government protection, and FDR and Congress responded with the Securities Acts of 1933 and 1934. The first, a "truth in securities" law, mandated that companies with public investors register with the federal government, prohibited them from using "fraud or deceit" in selling securities, and required them to disclose financial and other significant information publicly. The second founded the Securities and Exchange Commission, with sweeping authority to regulate brokerage firms, investment banks, and securities exchanges, and specified that publicly traded companies release regular reports of their business and financial activities.

As the Great Depression was unfolding, distrust of finance was widespread. In 1932 and

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Senate counsel Ferdinand Pecora attacked the Goliaths of world finance for their alleged role in the stock-market crash of 1929.

1933, to take a famous example, a Senate committee's chief counsel, Ferdinand Pecora, had riveted the press with his withering questioning of banking titans for their role in the stock-market crash. But the Securities Acts didn't create an environment of close, constant government supervision of companies. While they gave the SEC sharp teeth to pursue civil enforcement and to recommend criminal prosecution to the Department of Justice in egregious cases, they mostly encouraged free disclosure. This philosophy helped propel American capital markets to dominance after World War II, formed the backbone of securities regulation for seven decades, and continues to work well. One reason Enron collapsed was that,

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under these very laws, it disclosed enough information for enterprising market participants to smell a rat eventually.

Wall Street prosecutions weren't born with Sarbanes-Oxley. As prominent white-collar defense attorney Stan Arkin says, prestigious law firms regarded criminal-defense practices as unsavory 40 years ago, but the increased threat of white-collar prosecutions eventually led almost all of them to offer such services. Many in the financial world first understood the acute risks in the 1980s, when Rudy Giuliani—then the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, which includes Wall Street—ordered three investment bankers arrested in their offices or homes, one of them in handcuffs, on suspicion of insider trading, though two of the three cases against them were later dropped.

Also during the 1980s, financial firms realized that if they didn't cooperate quickly with government investigators, their investors and assets could disappear just as quickly, and even cooperation wasn't a guarantee of survival. In what observers hailed as a far-reaching agreement, Drexel Burnham Lambert, junk-bond king Michael Milken's investment company, cooperated with the feds, waiving some attorney-client privileges and agreeing to dismiss Milken in order to fend off securities-fraud charges. (Drexel, reeling from both the government investigation and the loss of Milken's business, soon sold off its best assets anyway.) To get dirt on Milken, the feds also charged five principals at investment firm Princeton/Newport, a Milken trading partner, with racketeering, tax fraud, and other crimes. Even before the principals' convictions—the most serious among them later overturned—the investigation and the threat to seize assets under antiracketeering law terrified investors and spelled the firm's demise.

After the tech bubble burst in 2000, New York attorney general Eliot Spitzer pursued investment banks, mutual-fund companies, and insurance companies with headline-grabbing intensity—cratering their stock prices, exacting expensive settlements merely by threatening to prosecute, and reminding CEOs how much power an ambitious AG wields. For instance, in 2002, Spitzer went after Merrill Lynch for pushing its customers to buy wildly overvalued stock in companies that were paying Merrill hefty investment-banking fees at the same time. Hemorrhaging market value, Merrill cowered when Spitzer announced that its actions were "corrupt" and "maybe criminal." The firm swiftly settled, agreeing to pay a $100 million fine—to the government, not to investors—and to change its business practices. Spitzer employed similar tactics and made even more egregious public statements in order to pressure other firms—notably AIG, forcing the insurance giant to fire longtime CEO and chairman Hank Greenberg, even though, as Spitzer biographer Brooke Masters writes, zero evidence had linked him to the company's alleged accounting misdeeds.

Prosecutors have eagerly adopted all these techniques. Princeton/Newport, for example, was a direct precursor to Arthur Andersen, Enron's auditor, which failed in 2002 because it couldn't withstand an obstruction-of-justice indictment; the Supreme Court eventually overturned Andersen's subsequent conviction, but the storied firm's doors stay shuttered. Last fall, a health-care company, WellCare, watched three-quarters of its market value vaporize after government investigators invaded its offices without saying why. And today, firms routinely waive attorney-client privilege and turn over evidence against their workers in order to protect themselves from even the threat of indictment.

White-collar prosecutors have, moreover, long enjoyed two advantages over defense attorneys. The first is what lawyers call the "white-collar rationale," under which courts are reluctant to impose limitations on prosecutors' tactics, particularly before indictment, in everything from gathering physical evidence to interviewing witnesses. The white-collar rationale exists because courts see prosecuting white-collar crimes as unusually difficult. For other kinds of crime—homicide, for example—it's obvious that something illegal has occurred, and the question is straightforward: Who did it? But for

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white-collar crime, while it's often clear who acted—a CEO tells the public that his company's prospects are good, but the company later fails; a debt underwriter tells a short-term investor that a piece of debt is worth $50 million, but later can't find a price for more than $20 million; a trader chats with a company's officer and then sells shares of the company's stock just before the price plummets—it's unclear whether the action is a crime or not.

Wayne State law professor Peter Henning writes in the *University of Pittsburgh Law Review* that "the acceptance of the white-collar rationale . . . to permit the government to seek incriminating statements from participants, and to limit the privilege against self-incrimination, means that the cases will continue to be decided generally in favor of the government." Baker Botts defense lawyer J. Bradley Bennett says that "while the most obvious result of federal law enforcement's aggressive pursuit of white-collar prosecutions has been the criminalization of conduct" formerly treated as civil violations, a subtler shift is that "the government has dramatically changed the way in which it investigates and prosecutes business crime"—using search warrants that effectively shut down small securities firms, for example, before those firms can hire criminal lawyers.

"'For many judges and jurors, what goes on in an executive suite may just as well be happening on Mars.'"

Another reason for the white-collar rationale is that judges often consider wealthy defendants fully able to take care of themselves. This points to prosecutors' second advantage: predisposition against executives during the trial itself. "For many judges and jurors, what goes on in an executive suite may just as well be happening on Mars," says University of Illinois law professor Larry Ribstein. "Newspapers, films, and other media sources . . . portray corporate executives as selfish, greedy, and irresponsible." So if a trial reveals, say, that a firm's chief accountant questioned a particular valuation method and that the CEO then directed other employees to challenge the accountant, a jury may see the CEO's defiance as criminal conspiracy, not normal corporate give-and-take.

The Enron trials are object lessons in how prosecutors can use their advantages to devastating effect. Business leaders may think that what happened to the Enron defendants will never happen to them, since they don't do what Enron did. But there's no guarantee that they won't someday confront the same strategies and tactics that the government used during the Enron cases.

Contrary to popular perception and despite millions of documents, the feds had no smoking-gun evidence against Enron chiefs Jeff Skilling and Ken Lay. The two men, each of whom served as CEO at times during the company's final two years, faced charges that included conspiring to conceal Enron's true financial state before it collapsed and, in Skilling's case, selling company shares using information about that conspiracy. Fastow, the CFO, had already pled guilty to misrepresenting Enron's precarious condition to investors, among other things. Even so, the prosecutors' problem was twofold. First, no proof existed that Skilling or Lay had directed Fastow's actions. Second, even if jurors, who heard the Skilling and Lay cases together, decided that the two men knew about Fastow's deals, that just meant that the execs had participated in "a complex issue requiring application of contract, accounting, and SEC disclosure rules," as Skilling's attorney, Daniel Petrocelli, writes in his client's now-pending appeal. It didn't mean that they had approved Fastow's strategy, or that they knew that it was criminal, or that they had conspired with others to commit the offense.

But in court, any complex accounting is suspect. "They were accountants," said juror Freddy

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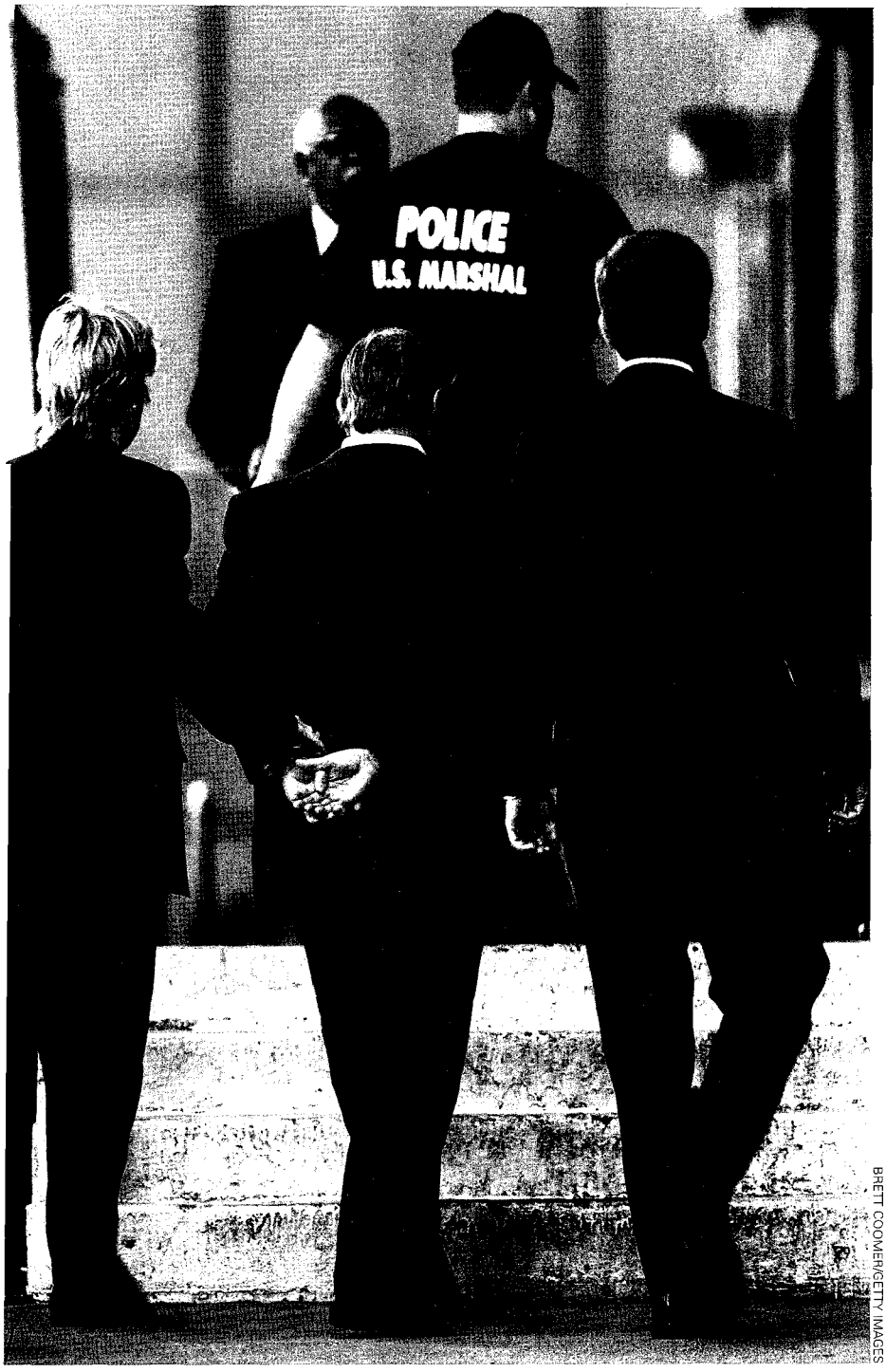

BRETT COOMER/GETTY IMAGES

Former Enron CEO Jeff Skilling on his way to court, where jurors would convict him on charges that they didn't understand

Delgado of some witnesses. "They mumbled, and I didn't know anything about what they talked about." Further, prosecutors pressed companies and people to cooperate who might otherwise have cleared up what Skilling and Lay knew about that accounting. Banks like CIBC and Merrill Lynch, which participated in Enron's financing, reached deals with the government that kept employees from testifying for the defense. Of course, free-speech protections *theoretically meant that the* employees were free to talk, but they knew that if they did, reprisals from their bosses or prosecutors were likely. Such conditions proved devastating to Skilling's and Lay's defense. Before his firm agreed to cooperate, one CIBC worker "emphatically denied the allegation that Fastow had ever made a guarantee" of profit on certain side deals, according to Skilling's appeal. After CIBC secured its deal, the worker refused to testify.

From an honest businessman's perspective, the most worrisome thing about the Enron case was the jurors' unconcealed prejudice and the court's lack of concern about it. One juror wrote on a pretrial questionnaire: "I think [Skilling and Lay] probably knew they were breaking the law." Another wrote that the "collapse was due to greed and mismanagement." A third said that "pure greed" motivated all CEOs and that "some get caught and some don't," adding: "Anyone that

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takes home the salaries and bonuses and the stuff they have, they got to be greedy." These prejudices somehow didn't bother the court, which had already refused the defense's request to move the trial from Houston, where Enron-related emotions ran high.

After the trial, it became clear that some jurors didn't even understand what they had convicted the two defendants of doing. Describing how he had reached the guilty verdict, Delgado said: "To say you didn't know what was going on in your own company was not the right thing." Another juror, Dana Fernandez, said that if Lay and Skilling "didn't know, they should have found out somehow what was going on." But the burden of the government's case was to prove beyond reasonable doubt that Lay and Skilling had engineered a conspiratorial fraud. If they didn't know about the conspiracy—regardless of whether they should have known about it—the jury should have found them not guilty. (To be fair, the judge may have improperly instructed the jury on this point.)

"In the mortgage debacle, sophisticated financiers seemed to think that housing prices would keep going up."

Enron's precedent is scary enough for today's executives, but Sarbanes-Oxley makes things scarier still. When Congress passed SarbOx in 2002, it intended the new law to keep future defendants from arguing, as Lay and Skilling had, that they didn't understand their own companies' accounting and financing methods. Sarbanes-Oxley requires that top executives of publicly traded companies and their outside auditors carefully analyze and report on their "internal controls"—their formal checks and balances—to ensure that a new Enron doesn't happen on their watch. Another requirement calls on CEOs and CFOs to attest to their financial disclosures' veracity.

While most critics focus on the new regulatory burden that the act imposes—requiring executives to approve thousands of pages of "internal control" documents prepared by thousands of employees—the more frightening aspect is its criminal sanctions. The potential criminal penalty for "willfully" signing off on statements that are less than "fairly representative," notes UCLA law professor Stephen Bainbridge, is a 20-year prison sentence. Since devising and supervising internal controls and preparing accurate financial statements are tasks that top execs must delegate to others—otherwise, a CEO could spend all year on them—SarbOx could criminalize what Arkin calls a lack of "ability to read minds." Given such penalties, and the attitudes of jurors, small wonder the government rarely has to prosecute to force companies to adhere to new business practices and management changes. It only has to threaten.

Criminalizing bad internal controls ignores another big problem. As the *Wall Street Journal*'s George Anders wrote recently of the mortgage blowup, paraphrasing John Reed, Citicorp's CEO for much of the 1980s and '90s, "Everyone in banking points to risk management as a top priority . . . but that is often just lip service. Risk analysis can easily become a series of routine chores that offer little protection from the unexpected." Sarbanes-Oxley, a burdensome risk-management tool, isn't free of this weakness.

The most recent round of spectacular business misjudgments raises the question of what happens, in this new era, when a CEO misses a warning sign in his company that later becomes painfully obvious. In the mortgage debacle, the world's most sophisticated financiers, as well as ratings agents who signaled that it was prudent to invest in ever-riskier mortgage-backed securities, seemed to believe that housing prices would keep going up, in large part thanks to cheap and easy credit. Bankers and executives

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also thought that careful engineering—and, yes, complex accounting and financing—would insulate these securities from precipitous losses even if the housing market did tank eventually. Were their huge and unexpected losses the results of poor internal controls? After all, didn't CEOs, who signed off on such controls, know that their employees, pursuing big bonuses, had an incentive to take bigger risks than shareholders might have recognized? And didn't the CEOs realize that their opaque models for structuring and valuing these securities were disastrously vulnerable to error? Or did the losses simply result from spectacular misjudgments—unavoidable from time to time in a free-market economy?

With foreclosures piling up because borrowers and lenders both made overoptimistic assumptions about the housing market, the government is already using its implicit prosecutorial power to bully banks with a role in the crisis. When treasury secretary Henry Paulson, with President Bush's backing, "encourages" mortgage lenders to freeze interest rates on subprime mortgages so that some borrowers won't face foreclosure, those banks understand that they'd better take his words to heart: the next government caller may not be so encouraging.

It would be no surprise if an ambitious state attorney general or U.S. attorney seized on citizen and media anger and hauled some executives into the courtroom, not only over internal controls but over possible conflicts of interest. In fact, New York AG Andrew Cuomo, Spitzer's successor, has already subpoenaed Wall Street banks, including Merrill Lynch and Bear Stearns, to find out what was going on when they structured and sold mortgage-backed securities; his counterparts in other states aren't far behind. For example, did bankers ever discuss the risks of such securities among themselves but neglect to mention those risks to potential investors?

There's also the issue of public statements and omissions. Countrywide Financial CEO Angelo Mozilo recently told investors that he expected his firm to turn a quarterly profit despite the mortgage meltdown—the worst crisis that his company, until recently the nation's largest mortgage lender, has ever faced. Is this just optimism, however irrational? Or is it a fraudulent lie, meriting prison, if it turns out to be wrong? Similarly, many observers say that banks should have disclosed clearly to shareholders that they might have multibillion-dollar obligations, in certain market conditions, to outside investment partnerships holding subprime securities. But no company can clearly disclose every potential obligation in every conceivable market condition; the resulting paperwork would be too voluminous for any investor to digest. Showing how easy it is to paint gray areas of disclosure black, however, *New York Times* business columnist Floyd Norris recently mentioned "signs that banks were either lying about their results or were taking large risks that were not fully disclosed." The CEOs were lying . . . or they were lying. Not a tough choice for a jury.

It's important to note that in the mortgage debacle, just as in previous meltdowns, the market noticed problems before the government did. Four years ago, *Wall Street Journal* columnist Herb Greenberg points out, PMI, a company that insures mortgages for lenders, began hiking its prices and pulling back from the subprime market, likely considering it too risky. By last summer, short-term lenders balked at providing new debt to investment partnerships whose assets were in subprime mortgages and similar securities. That action sent a message to the government, to ratings agencies, and to executives that something was wrong.

The worst thing about criminalizing what should often be civil regulatory matters is that it creates a false sense of security for investors, who may think that aggressive prosecutions protect them from losses. Disclosure—even if it's slow and imperfect—is still their best protection. "We find little evidence that public enforcement benefits stock markets, but strong evidence that laws mandating disclosure and facilitating private enforcement through liability rules benefit stock markets," observed Dartmouth business professor Rafael La Porta, University of Amsterdam professor Florencio Lopez-de-Silanes, and Harvard professor Andrei Shleifer in a recent *Journal of Finance* study.

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Adequate disclosure is no easy feat, however, in a world where even the Federal Reserve chairman says of banks' outside investment partnerships that he wishes he "knew what the damn things are worth." Part of the government's job is to see that the public understands the *limitations* of disclosure. "There's no such thing as accounting transparency," says the American Enterprise Institute's Alex Pollock, former president and CEO of Chicago's Federal Home Loan Bank. Accounting, he says, is the result of hundreds of decisions, guesses, and estimates. History shows, too, that disclosure works slowly and imperfectly. Investors often ignore a disclosed and obvious risk for years, until, for reasons best known to themselves, they decide not to ignore it any longer.

"Investors may think that aggressive prosecutions protect them, but disclosure is still their best protection."

Accounting's immutable imperfections are apparent in today's mortgage mess. After Enron, the feds set up a new quasi-governmental agency, the Public Company Accounting Oversight Board, to compel firms to make more pertinent and timely disclosures to investors. But the agency didn't force perfect disclosure of banks' subprime-related obligations. Nor could it force a perfect market reaction to the disclosures that were available. Investors lost money again. So did homeowners, of course, who—seduced by a rising market—would probably have undertaken their dubious mortgages even if the risks had been clearly disclosed.

Because perfect knowledge and disclosure of risk, and perfectly rational responses to available disclosure, aren't attainable, what might be done to mitigate personal losses in future crises? One partial solution is for the government to put checks on a normally beneficial force: natural optimism. For retirement savings, the feds should use the tax code to discourage investors from putting all their eggs into one basket. Though investors should be free to speculate on the next big thing, they shouldn't be free to do so in retirement accounts like 401(k)s and IRAs, accorded favorable tax treatment by the government. Perhaps Enron's worst sin was what a human-resources director said at a 1999 company assembly, when an employee asked, "Should we invest all of our 401(k) in Enron stock?" "Absolutely!" the director responded. "Don't you guys agree?" she added to the enthusiastic Lay and Skilling, who stood nearby. The result: many workers lost not only their jobs but much of their retirement savings.

The feds should thus revive a failed Enron-era proposal banning companies from allowing employees to invest more than 10 percent of in-house retirement savings in their companies' stock. Congress should also prohibit the owner of any independent 401(k) or IRA from investing more than 15 percent of retirement assets in one company or 20 percent in one industry. (Investors could still do so elsewhere, of course.) And Congress should continue to prevent people from using their 401(k) accounts to invest in their homes, despite suggestions that lifting the ban would prop up the housing market. Housing assets, just as vulnerable to market bubbles as stocks are, already make up too large a percentage of Americans' savings.

As the economy heads into a possible downturn, calls will grow for someone to pay for the pain of another burst bubble—and for yet more onerous rules, regulations, and prosecutions of businesses to prevent future crises. But no government mandate or punishment, however harsh, will stop companies and markets from being imperfect collections of fallible human beings. At the end of a decade of financial surprises, that may be the most enduring lesson of all.

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Abu Dhabi: East Leans West

While radical Islamists fight to restore the Dark Ages, a modernizing sheikhdom invests in Western culture.

Judith Miller

Each month, 25,000 people from around the globe arrive in the United Arab Emirates, seeking jobs, contracts, and political stability. Walk past the gleaming new skyscrapers, government buildings, fountains, and shopping malls that line the immaculate tree-lined corniche in Abu Dhabi—or those in neighboring Dubai, only a 90-minute drive away—and you'll hear dozens of languages. Most people wear Western clothes; you see relatively few *dishdashas*, the flowing white robes usually worn by Arab men in the Persian Gulf. There are no bearded mullahs on the streets or on the far more crowded highways. There are lots of women drivers, though, some with headscarves, some without.

Only two decades ago, few foreigners would have viewed this loose federation of seven independent sheikhdoms, strung out along the southeastern corner of the Persian Gulf, as a land of opportunity. But thanks to the world's fifth-largest reserves of crude oil and natural gas, an estimated $1 trillion of investment abroad, and plans to spend at least $200 billion over the next decade on infrastructure and other grandiose projects in Abu Dhabi and Dubai, the two most dynamic emirates, the UAE has burst into the world's—and belatedly, America's—consciousness.

Most Americans had heard of Dubai, the most frantic of the seven emirates—and especially of

JON HICKS/CORBIS

Modern skyscrapers loom over a mosque in prosperous Abu Dhabi.

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its over-the-top city of the same name: Disneyland on steroids, or "Donald Trump on acid," as one writer called it. But far fewer knew much about either the emirate of Abu Dhabi or its eponymous capital city (also the capital of the federation as a whole). Recently, however, Abu Dhabi—with 95 percent of the UAE's oil, 85 percent of its land, and over half of its gross domestic product—has emerged from the shadow of its more flamboyant neighboring sheikhdom and friendly rival. In late November, the normally risk-averse emirate's Abu Dhabi Investment Authority, the world's largest and most secretive sovereign wealth fund, bought a 4.9 percent share of troubled Citigroup. That was just one of hundreds of American and other foreign companies in which the diversifying emirate has invested in recent years.

While the Citigroup purchase highlights its growing financial clout, Abu Dhabi's most remarkable investment is in human development. The emirate is determined to modernize its young, traditionally conservative, underskilled population—to mold future citizens secure in their Islamic heritage but able to flourish in an increasingly globalized and diverse world. Radical Islamists want to drag Muslims back to the Dark Ages; Muslim Abu Dhabi is racing into the future. True, Abu Dhabi, like the UAE as a whole, has a system of government that is tribal and undemocratic, blending family, business, and administrative interests in inseparable and impenetrable ways. But the emirate's commitment to the education and cultural advancement of its people makes it a relatively bright spot in the Arab Middle East, where oil wealth has too often brought conflict and misery.

Talk with Abu Dhabi's Crown Prince Mohammed bin Zayed al-Nahyan and members of his brain trust of young advisors, and you'll hear a lot about cultural transformation. "We're in a war with those who have hijacked our religion," the 46-year-old crown prince tells me. "To succeed, we must also eradicate concepts like *wasta* and *baksheesh*—family influence and bribes," both widespread Middle Eastern traditions. "And we are succeeding."

To make itself the region's true cultural hub, the emirate has forged surprising partnerships, and is negotiating others, with some of the world's leading cultural and academic institutions, several based in New York. In 2006, for instance, Abu Dhabi commissioned the Guggenheim Museum to construct a vast, 450,000-square-foot branch in the emirate. (Abu Dhabi shares Dubai's obsession with gigantism: having the world's "tallest" skyscrapers, the "best" hotels, the "largest" shopping malls, and so on.) This past November came the announcement for New York University–Abu Dhabi (NYUAD), which will be the first comprehensive liberal arts campus that any major American research university establishes abroad. The emirate has also recruited the Sorbonne to create a French-language university and inked a whopping $1.3 billion deal with the Louvre to use its name, build a classical art museum, and share and jointly acquire art. Further, Abu Dhabi is talking with the New York Public Library and several other great libraries about opening branches, and it has approached New York's Metropolitan Opera and Lincoln Center about a partnership, though executives say that no deal is imminent.

The home for these projects will be a spectacular 640-acre cultural complex on Saadiyat ("happiness" in Arabic) Island, just off the coast of the capital. Abu Dhabi is investing $27 billion in the development, with some of the world's most influential architects, including Frank Gehry, designing its landmark museums and other new buildings. "This is a hugely exciting project on so many levels," says Mubarak Hamad al-Muhairi, the 38-year-old director general of the Abu Dhabi Tourism Authority, which oversees the complex.

This ambitious venture raises difficult questions. Did Dubai's unsuccessful 2006 effort to buy a company that operated six U.S. ports, which infuriated many American politicians, increase Abu Dhabi's emphasis on cultural outreach? Further, culture has always followed money—where would Florence have been without the Medicis?—but can money really buy culture? That is, will the museums and campuses and theaters edify and enlighten not only the 3 million yearly "cultural tourists" whom Abu Dhabi hopes to attract by 2015, but also

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Oil-rich Abu Dhabi hopes to attract millions of "cultural tourists," while friendly rival emirate Dubai positions itself as a shopping and finance mecca.

the UAE's 825,000 citizens? The government promoters have no doubt. The complex, they feel, is essential to closing what one advisor calls the "knowledge gap" between Abu Dhabi and the West and countering Islamist extremism. "We want an impact on our society, not just on visitors," says the American-educated al-Muhairi over cappuccinos topped with chocolate and gold flakes at the majestic Emirates Palace Hotel. "We are younger than Cairo, Beirut, or Baghdad. We can take a new vision forward and hope that what our people see in these museums will inspire them to produce their own art. So we are not 'buying culture.'"

"It's better for all of us that Saadiyat be a cultural complex than a naval base," agrees Bassem Kudsi, who went to college in Oregon before returning to Abu Dhabi to work for its Authority for Culture and Heritage. "My jihad is culture: let's let a thousand festivals bloom! What our region needs is more culture and less conflict."

Abu Dhabi's rise—and the UAE's transformation from one of the world's poorest, most forlorn strips of desert to the supercharged society it is today—has to do with oil, of course. Yet while oil was a necessary condition, it wasn't sufficient. Many other oil-rich societies, after all, have failed to achieve such staggering prosperity.

Historian and businessman Mohammed al-Fahim remembers a time only 40 years ago when Abu Dhabians were dirt-poor, though oil had begun to flow and the ruler's coffers were filling. In his book, *From Rags to Riches: A Story of Abu Dhabi*, al-Fahim recounts living hand to mouth, working in pearl fishing and the declining Bedouin livestock trade. As recently as 1962, Abu Dhabians resided in palm-frond huts that lacked clean water, toilets, and electricity. There was one paved road. Few could read or write. Al-Fahim's younger sister died of burns sustained in a fire, and his 30-year-old mother died in childbirth, because his town had no doctors or nurses.

Abu Dhabi's turning point, al-Fahim observes, was August 1966, when Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahyan came to power with British support. Two years later, when the British, largely for financial reasons, announced plans to withdraw from the Trucial States—the Persian Gulf sheikhdoms, including Abu Dhabi, that they'd

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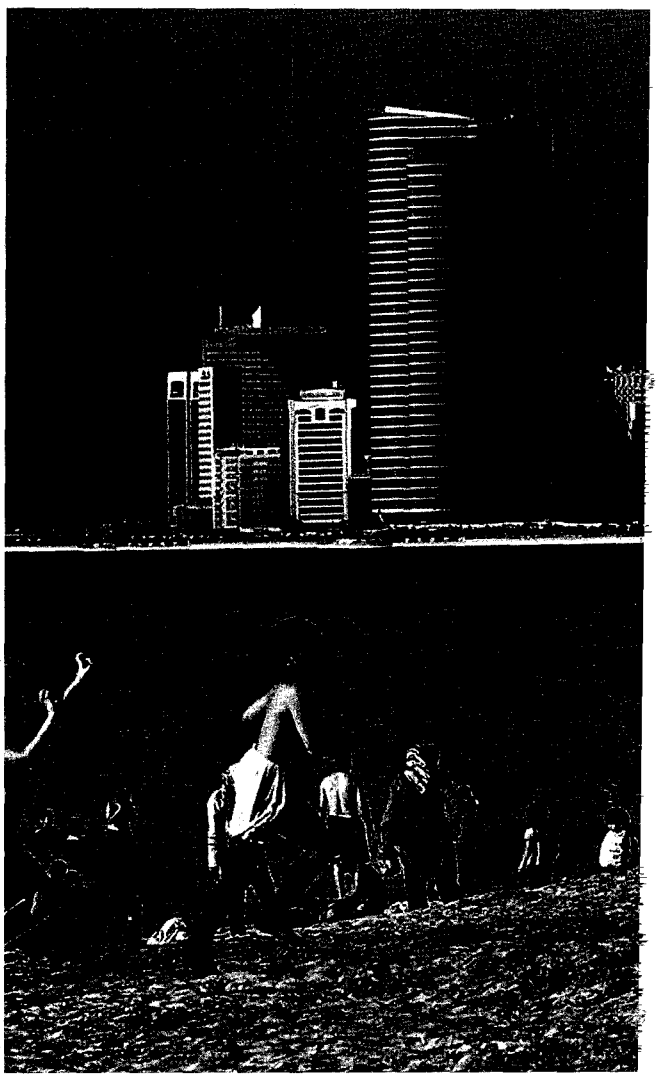
controlled for 170 years—Zayed doggedly sought an alliance with the other sheikhs. Bahrain and Qatar opted for independence, but Zayed wooed the others into a federation by promising to share oil with the five emirates that had none, by granting their ruling families considerable autonomy, and by promising to divide key federal posts among the families. So while his clan, the al-Nahyans, continues to rule Abu Dhabi (the sheikh himself died in 2004), the Maktoums have long presided over Dubai, free to pursue their own economic vision (which has been to turn their emirate, producing fewer than 100,000 barrels of oil per day to Abu Dhabi's 2.7 million, into a world-class financial hub). Zayed's commitment to his pledges gave the UAE political stability; Emiratis today revere him as their George Washington. And that stability in turn helped Abu Dhabi and the rest of the UAE make effective use of the area's abundant oil and grow very, very wealthy.

The tiny native population—Emiratis are just under 20 percent of the UAE's 4.5 million people, with the rest of the population made up of guest workers—has fully shared in the prosperity. Per-capita income for the 420,000 or so Abu Dhabians, for instance, is a healthy $52,500. And until the 1980s, when land finally ran out, Abu Dhabi gave each citizen free property to develop as he saw fit. "For Emiratis, there is free education, free health care, and many other benefits," notes Yousef al-Otaiba, 34, the director of international affairs for the crown prince's office.



STR/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

Not that there aren't problems, including a bloated state sector. But Abu Dhabi's "Policy Agenda, 2007–2009," prepared by the emirate's executive council, would on paper please Milton Friedman. Privatization, for example, is one of the agenda's major "pillars" of reform—a sensible priority, since the private sector today accounts for only 17.8 percent of GDP. Competitive bids are now flooding in to provide the goods and services that have been the government's responsibility, though foreigners still need Emirati partners to do business here. Even the fire department is up for outsourcing. The emirate wants to slash public-sector employment from 65,000 to 18,000 by the end of 2008, while helping ignite an explosion of private-sector jobs, especially for women and younger nationals, among whom unemployment rates are high. (Paul Dyer, of the Dubai School of Government, a partner of Harvard's John F. Kennedy School, puts unemployment among young UAE citizens at 60 percent.)

In all its joint ventures, Abu Dhabi has been exacting in its choice of partners. "We've learned from watching others," said Ahmed Ali al-Sayegh, a crown prince confidant who founded

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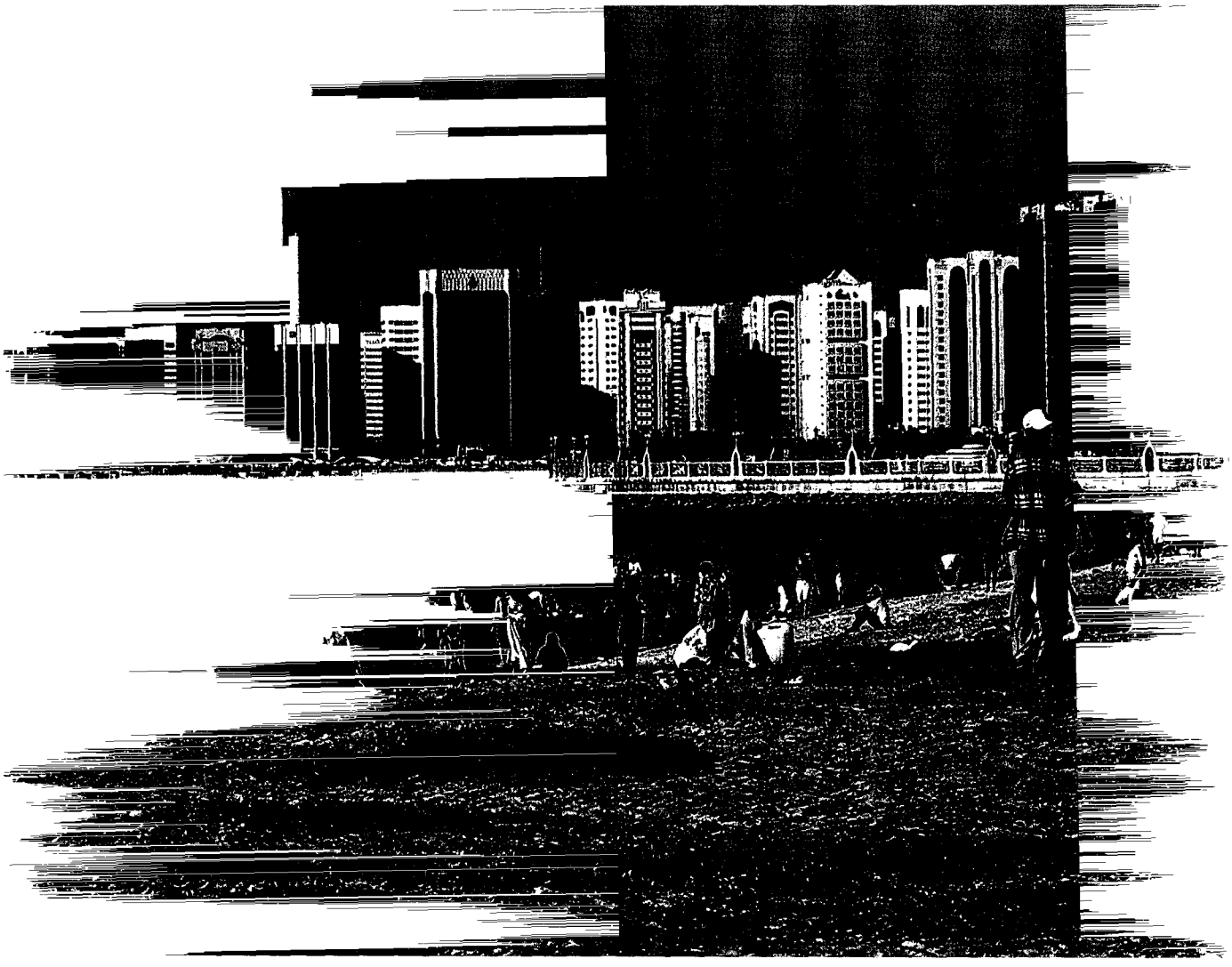

Abu Dhabians enjoy a day at the beach along the emirate's corniche.

Abu Dhabi's largest land-development company, Aldar Properties He doesn't mention (though he clearly has in mind) Dubai, with its sinister underbelly of Russian mafia, drug lords, militant Islamists, and other trouble seekers who call that city-state home "We don't want to tie up with the wrong people," he says

Improving health care is a second reform pillar It may be free for Emiratis, but the UAE's health-care system remains substandard By 2004, for instance, Abu Dhabi was spending a quarter of its total health-care dirham (the UAE's dollar-pegged currency) on subsidizing advanced medical treatment abroad for citizens who couldn't get it at home. Nearly 85 percent of breast-cancer cases are diagnosed and treated "at a very late stage when the chance for a cure is low, compared to only 20 percent in the USA and 30 percent in Europe," the policy agenda states. Rates of Type II diabetes in adults and of obesity and asthma in children are among the world's highest. To help improve the level of care, Abu Dhabi is paying renowned Western health-care providers Johns Hopkins and the

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Cleveland Clinic to build new hospitals and to manage its existing medical institutions, as well as to train more Abu Dhabian doctors and nurses: at present, only 10 percent of Abu Dhabi's doctors are nationals.

Abu Dhabi also faces a housing shortage, which is driving up rents—some 20 to 30 percent last year alone. Foreign workers and even some Emiratis are feeling the squeeze. Last October, the emirate capped rent hikes at 7 percent per year, but as more units come on the market, it expects inflationary pressure to ease. Last year, Abu Dhabi also began to permit foreigners essentially to own apartments within certain zones, and so escape the skyrocketing rents. But the vagueness of property titles and transfer provisions has made buyers wary, reports the *Financial Times*.

The UAE's importation of millions of foreign workers, the majority from India and Pakistan, is generating tensions, too. Human Rights Watch accuses both Dubai and Abu Dhabi of looking the other way when some employers confiscate workers' passports (technically against UAE law) or force potential hires to hand over exorbitant fees to land jobs paying only $150 to $200 a month. In its latest report, Human Rights Watch suggests an even more troubling possibility: unreported worker deaths at Dubai construction sites.

Hadi Ghaemi, a human rights advocate who helped write the report, attributes the labor problems to conflict of interest. When the UAE's current minister of labor ruled that none of his employees could have an interest in more than *ten* companies, Ghaemi points out, the decision provoked mass resignations. "The ministries responsible for [workers'] well-being should not also be owners of the companies that employ them," Ghaemi says. Since Abu Dhabi and the rest of the UAE are marketing themselves as enlightened modern societies, he concludes, "it's time they recognized that workers' rights are part of such a culture."

There are signs, however, that quiet prodding from Abu Dhabi's Western cultural partners is having a beneficial effect. In his discussions with government officials, Frank Gehry, the architect building the gigantic Guggenheim Abu Dhabi, has insisted on the need to respect workers' rights, Human Rights Watch reports. "While nothing we do guarantees that workers will be well treated, Sheikh Sultan has said he agrees with us," Gehry tells me, referring to Sultan bin Tahnoon al-Nahyan, who chairs the tourism authority overseeing the project. A "gentlemen's agreement" is now in place on workers' rights, Gehry says. And since human rights monitors are now "on the ground" in Abu Dhabi, he adds, "if rights are violated, I assume we'll know about it."

The labor problems have complicated Abu Dhabi's outreach to Western institutions, despite its seductively deep pockets. Cultural and political differences have raised obstacles, too. Earlier this year, for example, more than 4,600 French academics, archaeologists, art historians, and others signed a petition opposing the Louvre partnership, saying that France's cultural patrimony was "not for sale." Ultimately, the $1.3 billion package proved irresistible to the cash-strapped Louvre. To assuage concerns about artistic censorship, the French government created a special advisory panel to ensure that the Louvre Abu Dhabi observes its Parisian parent's artistic standards. Still, the UAE has reserved the right to refuse art that offends local sensibilities and religious or cultural norms.

American critics have usually been more discreet. But then, Abu Dhabi's American partners have also been less transparent than their French counterparts about the size, value, and precise content of their deals. Guggenheim director Thomas Krens, who has promoted his museum as a brand and spearheaded the creation of four more Guggenheim museums at home and abroad, was recently quoted as saying that Abu Dhabi had agreed to give the museum $600 million over the next ten years to acquire art. But neither he nor Gehry would comment on the size of the entire package, rumored to be well over $1 billion if the cost of the new museum on Saadiyat is included.

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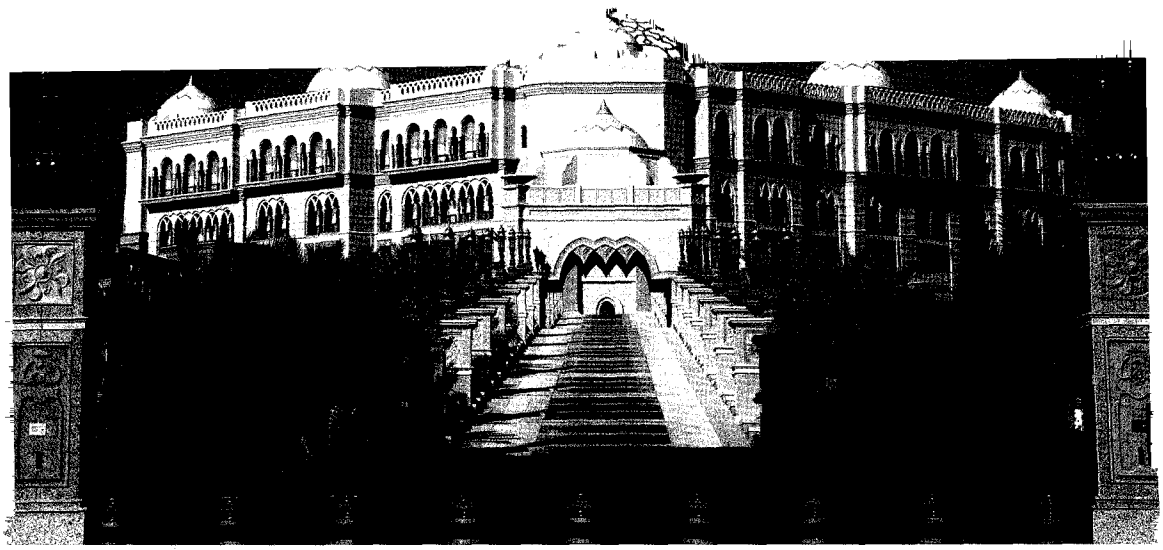

Abu Dhabi's Emirates Palace Hotel, the most expensive ever built, boasts 2,000 employees, 13 types of marble, 1,000 chandeliers of Swarovski crystal, and $15,000 cognacs.

New York University has refused to disclose how much Abu Dhabi will pay it to build, staff, and operate NYU–Abu Dhabi, which will serve at least 2,000 undergraduates and 800 graduate students. Nor will it disclose the nature of the ill-defined "investment in faculty and programming" that Abu Dhabi will give to NYU's main campus at Washington Square. We do know that classes at NYUAD, which plans to open in 2010, will be coeducational and in English. Mariet Westermann, the campus's new vice chancellor, says that the agreement gives NYU "full control" over student affairs, academic standards and content, and faculty and student recruitment. "But entry regulations and visa policies are set by the foreign government, not by us," she adds.

Those policies may prove controversial. And there may be cultural and legal challenges as well. In early November, the international press covered the alleged rape of a 15-year-old French male student in Dubai by three men. Press accounts said that local officials tried to discourage the boy from pressing charges and pressured him to say that he was homosexual. In 2006, again in Dubai, 12 gay Arab men were arrested at a secret gay wedding, imprisoned, and threatened with forced hormone treatments. Such incidents led several gay students to challenge NYU president John Sexton about the partnership in November.

Of greater concern to some Jewish NYU students and faculty is the UAE's behavior toward Israel. According to the *Forward*, recent U.S. Commerce Department figures show that in 2006, American companies reported 486 requests from UAE-based companies to comply with the Arab League's boycott of Israel—more than three times the number reported from any other Arab state. But when one NYU trustee reportedly objected that the Abu Dhabi deal would appear to condone the policies of a state that boycotts Israel, Sexton produced a letter of support from Abraham Foxman, the national director of the Anti-Defamation League, a leading Jewish organization. "Abu Dhabi and Dubai are moving towards greater openness and tolerance," says Foxman. "While they haven't come far enough, bringing American institutions into close contact with them can only strengthen that trend."

American Jewish groups have generally been reluctant to criticize the UAE, convinced, like Foxman, that this wealthy young country, unlike

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some of its neighbors, is trying to promote greater tolerance and pluralism. They were silent when Israeli delegations of baggage handlers and dentists were not permitted to attend their associations' annual meetings, held in October in Dubai. Nor did they or the Israeli government protest when, after Egyptian filmmakers complained, an Israeli film invited to be shown in Abu Dhabi's first international film festival in October was disinvited. After two delegations of Jewish organizations traveled to the UAE in 2007—in a tour that also included Qatar, Kuwait, and Bahrain—the American Jewish Committee's Jason Isaacson praised Abu Dhabi and Dubai. "We feel we have a good line of communications with the UAE on a range of issues and can express our views to policy makers," he said.

Some experts think that Abu Dhabi is pushing its outreach campaign so hard because the need for educational reform is so urgent—as it is throughout the UAE. "The UAE has the best indicators for economic growth, and some of the worst for educational growth," says Christopher Davidson, a UAE expert at Durham University in Britain. Budgets for teachers and campuses have been frozen for years, he asserts; expatriate teachers have been paid 10 to 50 percent less than their counterparts elsewhere in the region. And teaching, he says, is not a high-status job within the UAE.

The government apparently agrees with at least part of his assessment. The new federal budget unveiled in late November, says the Economist Intelligence Unit's David Butter, provides a 70 percent salary increase for civil servants, including many teachers. And at the college level, Abu Dhabi is pouring money not only into its partnerships, but also into its existing colleges, where women greatly outnumber men. A visit to the women's college at the Higher Colleges of Technology, a largely British-staffed technical school with separate campuses for men and women, shows how progressive Abu Dhabi is compared with Saudi Arabia and some other neighbors. Though the young women wear traditional dress—black fitted *abayas* (cloaks) and jewel-encrusted *shaylahs* (black silk scarves)—all say that they want and expect to work alongside men after graduation. All speak good English, the college's teaching language. All drive cars. All are outspoken about their political views—strongly opposing the U.S. invasion of Iraq, for instance, but often adding that they have visited America or want to. And most feel that they will be able to fulfill their professional and personal dreams. "There is nothing to stop us here, except our own limitations," says Souad al-Housari, a business major.

For all Dubai's glitz and Abu Dhabi's more controlled frenzy, this is a tough neighborhood. With Wahhabi-dominated Saudi Arabia to the west and Iran just across the Persian Gulf to the north, the UAE's prosperity, and even its survival, are by no means guaranteed. Despite close trading ties between Iran and the UAE, many Emiratis have not forgotten that Iran occupies three islands that both countries have claimed since Iran first grabbed them in 1971, on the eve of the UAE's independence.

The United States, which has replaced Britain as the federation's unofficial guardian, has adopted a low profile at the UAE's insistence. While America does not station troops in the emirates (as it does in neighboring Qatar) or base ships there (as it does in Bahrain, long the home of the Sixth Fleet), American nuclear carriers routinely berth at the Dubai port of Jebel Ali, since they are too large for Bahrain. The U.S. Navy puts more sailors ashore for more liberty days a year at Jebel Ali than at any other foreign port. The White House is selling the UAE $9.4 billion worth of state-of-the-art air defense systems and components, including the Patriot missile, E-2C aircraft upgrades, and support equipment. The federation already owns and flies the world's most advanced versions of the F-16.

Internal threats loom as well. "They know they are just one bomb away from seeing a lot of death and capital flight," says Greg Gause III, an expert on the Persian Gulf who teaches at the University of Vermont. Two of the 19 men who staged the 9/11 attacks were UAE nationals, after all. As a result, the UAE has invested heavily in border control and quiet internal security.

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Nationals flying back home slide smart ID cards through readers, punch in a PIN, have their irises scanned, and are through security in less than a minute—if there's no problem. Last year, former White House counterterrorism coordinator Richard Clarke reports in a soon-to-be-published book on how to improve American security, this system helped the UAE catch more than 20,000 people trying to enter under assumed identities.

Rifts within the federation could also threaten stability. So far, the competition between Abu Dhabi and Dubai has at worst produced some overlapping or duplicative projects that both emirates can easily afford. For instance, after Abu Dhabi invited 16 Nobel laureates and 150-odd intellectuals and journalists—including me—for a three-day Festival of Thinkers at the government's expense, Dubai responded with its own Knowledge Conference to promote education.

"A visit to a women's college shows how progressive Abu Dhabi is compared with Saudi Arabia."

But some analysts fear that this friendly rivalry could turn ugly. In a forthcoming book, Davidson suggests that because Abu Dhabi and Dubai have adopted different visions of their future, the UAE may break apart. "Dubai is positioning itself to be a truly global entrepôt state and feels constrained by Abu Dhabi's caution," he says. "Dubai is run as a business that doesn't need or want a military and other trappings of a traditional state, whereas Abu Dhabi sees itself as an enlightened but still traditional Arab country and the region's cultural and educational hub—a modern Arab Manhattan with Islam at its center and where Arabic is still spoken."

Eckart Woertz, of the Gulf Research Center, a Dubai-based think tank, doubts that the federation will dissolve anytime soon. But he argues that neither Abu Dhabi nor Dubai is likely to produce a truly open, innovative society. "The liberal lifestyle needed for that to develop organically does not exist here, given the strong conservative traditions and the UAE's proximity to Saudi Arabia, where fundamentalist mindsets are widespread," he says. Moreover, he argues, the UAE's obsessive materialism will trump its devotion to culture. "They are more about Ferrari, Gucci, and Prada than about Einstein, Plato, or Nietzsche."

Further, while the print press, broadcasters, and blogosphere are freer here than in other Arab countries—Sheikh Mohammed of Dubai recently announced that no journalists would be jailed for what they wrote—films are still heavily censored. "*Borat* never made it to the UAE," Woertz notes. But self-censorship, critics agree, is by far the greater challenge. One scholar summed up the unofficial taboos as "the three *I*s"—Islam, Israel, and internal affairs. "How can you have an open, dynamic society when none of these can be debated?" he said.

To their supporters, however, Abu Dhabi and the rest of the UAE offer the only plausible antidote to the spread of the Islamists' grim destructive militancy. "Who is more spectacular: Osama bin Laden, who destroyed two towers? Or the UAE, which has built over a thousand?" asked Jamil Mroue, a Lebanese journalist and a newcomer to Abu Dhabi, as we gazed out at the tranquil gulf from his garden over Coke and shish kebab one night last fall. "Whose road will the Arabs travel: the one paved by MBZ"—Crown Prince Mohammed bin Zayed—"to conquer time? Or Osama's that seeks to reverse it?"

The UAE, he continues, is "not imposing anything on anyone else. It has been plowing money into education and culture to nurture its own organic flowering of ideas and possibilities. Okay, this is not a democracy. There are no political parties, and its first election last year was only for advisory posts. But there is plenty of time for democracy—later. I would rather take my chances here than in the wealthiest of Islamic republics."

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Hearts of Darkness

Trendy paternalism is keeping Africa in chains.

Michael Knox Beran

Paternalism was supposed to be finished. The belief that grown men and women are childlike creatures who can thrive in the world only if they submit to the guardianship of benevolent mandarins underlay more than a century's worth of welfare-state social policy, beginning with Otto von Bismarck's first *Wohlfahrtsstaat* experiments in nineteenth-century Germany. But paternalism's centrally directed systems of subsidies failed to raise up submerged classes, and by the end of the twentieth century even many liberals, surveying the cultural wreckage left behind by the Great Society, had abandoned their faith in the welfare state.

Yet in one area, foreign aid, the paternalist spirit is far from dead. A new generation of economists and activists is calling for a "big push" in Africa to expand programs that in practice institutionalize poverty rather than end it. The Africrats' enthusiasm for the failed policies of the past threatens to turn a struggling continent into a permanent ghetto—and to block the progress of ideas that really can liberate Africa's oppressed populations.

The intellectual cover for the new paternalism comes from economists like Columbia's Jeffrey Sachs, who in his recent bestseller *The End of Poverty* argues that prosperous nations can dramatically reduce African poverty, if not eliminate it, by increasing their foreign-aid spending and expanding smaller assistance programs into much larger social welfare regimes. "The basic truth," Sachs says, "is that for less than a percent of the income of the rich world"—0.7 percent of its GNP for the next 20 years—"nobody has to die of poverty on the planet."

Sachs headed the United Nations' Millennium Project, created in 2002 by Secretary-General Kofi Annan to figure out how to reverse poverty, hunger, and disease in poor countries. After three years of expensive lucubration, the project's ten task forces concluded that prosperous nations can indeed defeat African poverty by 2025—if only they spend more money. "The world

Celebrity Africrats like Madonna, who's "kind of adopting an entire country of children," . . .

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already has the technology and know-how to solve most of the problems faced in the poor countries," a Millennium report asserted. "As of 2006, however, these solutions have still not been implemented at the needed scale." Translation: the developed nations have been too stingy.

We've heard this before. The "response of the West to Africa's tragedy has been constant throughout the years," observes NYU economist William Easterly. From Walt Rostow and John F. Kennedy in 1960 to Sachs and Tony Blair today, the message, Easterly says, has been the same: "Give more aid." Assistance to Africa, he notes, "did indeed rise steadily throughout this period (tripling as a percent of African GDP from the 1970s to the 1990s)," yet African growth "remained stuck at zero percent per capita."

All told, the West has given some $568 billion in foreign aid to Africa over the last four decades, with little to show for it. Between 1990 and 2001, the number of people in sub-Saharan Africa below what the UN calls the "extreme poverty line"—that is, living on less than $1 a day—increased from 227 million to 313 million, while their inflation-adjusted average daily income actually fell, from 62 cents to 60. At the same time, nearly half the continent's population—46 percent—languishes in what the UN defines as ordinary poverty.

Yet notwithstanding this record of failure, the prosperous nations' heads of state have sanctioned Sachs's plan to throw more money at Africa's woes. In July 2005, G-8 leaders meeting in Gleneagles, Scotland, endorsed Sachs's Millennium thesis and promised to double their annual foreign aid from $25 billion to $50 billion, with at least half the money earmarked for Africa. This increased spending, the Gleneagles principals proclaimed, will "lift tens of millions of people out of poverty every year." No doubt, too, Africans will soon be extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.

It is doubtful whether the G-8 leaders themselves believe all the gaseous rhetoric that emanates from their meetings. But a sort of fifth estate, composed of actors and aging rock stars, has emerged, determined to hold the prodigal statesmen to their word. The new Africrats include pop empress Madonna, actress Angelina Jolie, and U2 singer Paul Hewson, better known as Bono, who has emerged as Sachs's leading promoter and enforcer. After attending this year's G-8 summit at Heiligendamm, Germany, Bono pronounced himself "skeptical" of the pledges made at Gleneagles. The skepticism was reasonable, given that the document in question was not intended to be credible. But Bono, who wrote the foreword to Sachs's *The End of Poverty*, has made it his life's work to force the G-8 to take its oratory seriously. At Heiligendamm, he got into what he called a "huge row" with the Germans, whom he accused of "playing a numbers game" with their aid contributions.

Bono has had better luck with U.S. leaders. In 2002, he and then–treasury secretary Paul O'Neill traveled together to Africa on a widely publicized 12-day "fact-finding" mission to study the AIDS epidemic. This year President Bush, who reportedly discussed increasing American aid to Africa with Bono at Heiligendamm, announced that he would expand the centerpiece of his Africa policy, the President's Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief. Bush launched the initiative in 2003 with a five-year, $15 billion commitment; in May, he asked Congress to approve an additional $30 billion.

Like earlier practitioners of paternalist charity, today's Africrats propose policies that treat the material effects of Africa's problems—disease, dirty water, hunger—not their underlying causes, which the West, too, once struggled with. For thousands of years, high rates of death from infectious diseases were the norm throughout the world. Before the twentieth century, Western parents expected to lose at least one of their children to illnesses that are preventable today. Not until late in the nineteenth century did the White House itself have clean water; in 1862, Abraham Lincoln's son Willie died of typhoid, likely contracted from the mansion's tainted plumbing. Hunger, too, once darkened what is now the prosperous world, though so effectively has the problem

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been solved that countries like the United States face a looming obesity crisis.

How did today's prosperous nations create the embarrassment of riches that they now enjoy? No benign magician descended, *à la* Jeffrey Sachs, on London or Washington to shower its inhabitants with money. Instead, the rich nations developed laws and freedoms that enabled people to take their futures into their own hands. As Peruvian economist Hernando de Soto has argued in *The Mystery of Capital: Why Capitalism Triumphs in the West and Fails Everywhere Else*, the world's poorest countries remain poor in part because they lack legal protections—property rights foremost among them—that enable people in the West to tap the potential of "dead" capital and invest it in wealth-generating enterprises.

"Handouts thwart the emergence of a culture of self-reliant problem solving and breed corruption to boot."

Kenyan economist James Shikwati agrees that handouts thwart the emergence of a culture of self-reliant problem solving and that they breed corruption to boot. When a drought afflicts Kenya, he says, Kenyan politicians "reflexively cry out for more help." Their calls reach the United Nations World Food Program, a "massive agency of apparatchiks who are in the absurd situation of, on the one hand, being dedicated to the fight against hunger while, on the other hand, being faced with unemployment were hunger actually eliminated." When the requested grain reaches Africa, a portion of it "often goes directly into the hands of unscrupulous politicians who then pass it on to their own tribe to boost their next election campaign." Much of the rest of the grain gets dumped at less than fair market value. "Local farmers may as well put down their hoes right away," Shikwati says. "No one can compete with the UN's World Food Program."

Care, one of the world's largest charities, would agree. In August, it rejected some $45 million in U.S. government financing to distribute subsidized food in Africa, saying that the subsidies hurt African farmers. "If someone wants to help you, they shouldn't do it by destroying the very thing that they're trying to promote," George Odo, a Care official, told the *New York Times*. The American government, however, has no plans to scrap the practice.

Shikwati's observations have been borne out most recently in Ethiopia, where the government's collectivist agriculture policies have unsurprisingly resulted in famine. Foreign nations duly sent aid, which, according to a July 2007 report in the *New York Times*, government soldiers duly squandered: "Soldiers skim sacks of grain, tins of vegetable oil and bricks of high-energy biscuits from food warehouses to sell at local markets. The cash is distributed among security officers and regional officers. . . . Then the remaining food is hauled out to rural areas where the soldiers divert part of it to local gunmen and informers as a reward for helping them fight the rebels . . . . To cover their tracks, the soldiers and government administrators who work with them tell the aid agencies that the food has spoiled, or has been stolen or hijacked by rebels."

The cycle is vicious. The aid that ends up in corrupt rulers' bank accounts enables them to stifle both free markets and the political and legal reforms that free markets need to operate efficiently. A recent Heritage Foundation study found that, of the 70 least-free countries on earth, nearly half have received U.S. foreign aid for more than three decades. The result is more poverty, more aid money, and more corruption. In Zimbabwe, for example, foreign aid enabled strongman Robert Mugabe to destroy property rights, introduce a command economy, and create a kleptocracy where the inflation rate recently reached 11,000 percent. Once southern Africa's breadbasket, Zimbabwe now depends on subsidies to feed its people.

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Sachs points to his "Millennium Village clusters"—12 sites located in Ethiopia, Ghana, Kenya, Malawi, Mali, Nigeria, Rwanda, Senegal, Tanzania, and Uganda—as evidence that he will succeed where earlier centrally directed efforts failed. The Millennium Village initiative, its apologists claim, does what "has never been done before." It "addresses an *integrated* and *scaled-up* set of interventions covering food production, nutrition, education, health services, roads, energy, communications, water, sanitation, enterprise diversification and environmental management."

If this doesn't sound like a conceptual breakthrough, it's because it isn't. The Millennium Project, like earlier paternalist programs, is a collectivist enterprise run by bureaucrats and subject to—or as the apparatchiks prefer to say, "scaled up" by—central governments abroad. These "colossally expensive, non-replicable" villages, contends Bunker Roy, founding director of India's Barefoot College, have been imposed on locals by governments and academics seeking "installations that are friendly to globe-trotting celebrities."

Sachs boasts that the village of Sauri, in Kenya, recently "celebrated its first harvest as a 'Millennium Village'" with a bumper crop. Yes, with sufficient money and attention, it is possible to produce a Potemkin village. But no centrally directed program has yet been able to create and sustain a sprawling network of prosperous villages, towns, and cities, such as we take for granted in the United States.

Why? One reason is that the amount of information required to administer so extensive a prosperity will baffle even the most careful plan and the most thoughtful administrator. "We know little of the particular facts to which the whole of social activity continuously adjusts itself in order to provide what we have learned to expect," Friedrich Hayek wrote in *The Constitution of Liberty*. Only by renouncing bureaucratic control, Hayek maintained, can a country make the most efficient use of the knowledge that its citizens collectively possess. It is for this reason that a free society can employ "so much more knowledge than the mind of the wisest ruler could comprehend."

Another reason that Millennium Villages won't succeed is that they fail to foster a climate of innovation. Four centuries ago, Francis Bacon, analyzing the emergence of problem-solving cultures, observed that the solutions that they lighted upon were often "altogether different in kind and as remote as possible from anything that was known before; so that no preconceived notion could possibly have led to the discovery of them." But the preconceived notions imposed by large, bureaucratic programs too often thwart the unforeseeable breakthroughs that result when people are free to pursue their own destinies. According to a candid report issued in July by a group of nongovernmental organizations, aid initiatives in the Sahel region, along the southern perimeter of the Sahara, "are almost always driven by externally imposed ideas for development" intended to make donors look good; the architects of the programs approach problems in "narrow and inflexible ways" that ignore the ideas of locals.

Shouldn't the prosperous nations, at the very least, underwrite African health care to stem the tide of death? Perhaps; but the real question is whether subsidized medicine is the best way to raise life expectancy—or whether political and legal reforms that promote the creation of wealth do more. Nor is it clear that, even if subsidized health programs do work in some circumstances, they are likely to be effective in Africa, given the corruption that so often prevents aid from reaching its intended recipients.

Not only do the Africrats' policies fail to address the real causes of Africa's troubles; they treat the people whom they are trying to help as children. *Vanity Fair*'s recent Africa issue described how Sachs, in a southwestern Ugandan village last January, addressed the inhabitants as though they were slightly dim kindergartners: "And we have seen the bed nets in your houses. Do you have bed nets in your houses?"

"Yes!"

. . . infantilize a whole continent, just as their colonial forebears did.

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"We are happy to see that. And are they working? Do they help?"

"Yes!"

"We are happy to see that."

Yes, Kimosabe! Sachs is not the only *sahib* who invites us to view Africa through the prism of childhood. In 2004, Prince Harry of England visited Lesotho, a small, landlocked country in southern Africa, to befriend children with AIDS; in front of cameras, the prince gave a four-year-old boy a pair of Wellington boots and cradled a six-month-old girl in his arms. When Madonna traveled to Malawi in 2006, dripping dollars and sentiment, her publicist spoke candidly of her paternalist (or maternalist) aspirations: "She's kind of adopting an entire country of children."

Rotimi Sankore, a journalist who has written widely on Africa, points out that the Africrats' favorite poster child is "a skeletal looking two- or three-year-old brown-skinned girl in a dirty torn dress, too weak to chase off dozens of flies settling on her wasted and diseased body, her big round eyes pleading for help." Sankore calls such images "development pornography." The "subliminal message, unintended or not," he argues, "is that people in the developing world require indefinite and increasing amounts of help and that without aid charities and donor support, these poor incapable people in Africa or Asia will soon be extinct through disease and starvation."

Kenyan writer Binyavanga Wainaina maintains that the relentless focus of the Africrats on the image of the pitiable, childish African distorts Africans' idea of themselves and their potential. "There must be a change in mentality," agrees Kenya's Shikwati. "We have to stop perceiving ourselves as beggars." At the same time, Africrat rhetoric that depicts the continent as "one giant crisis" (Wainaina's phrase) obscures the progress that many Africans are making on their own. The African entrepreneurs who make up what Wainaina calls the "equity generation"—stock exchanges now thrive in Uganda, Kenya, Nigeria, and Ghana—are, by pursuing their own private interests, doing more to assure a prosperous African future than all the Africrats' programs put together. President Bush has made subsidized medicine the centerpiece of his Africa policy; he might do better to invest in Africa's rising entrepreneurs.

If paternalism doesn't work, why does the paternalist mentality persist? Joseph Conrad suggested an answer in his 1902 novella *Heart of Darkness*. Conrad's antihero, Kurtz, is a man of benevolent intention who goes to Africa with grandiose dreams of saving people but who ends by slaughtering those natives who resist his hunt for ivory. The story's narrator, Marlow, finds a report that Kurtz prepared for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs. Kurtz, Marlow says, "began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, 'must necessarily appear to them [savages] in the nature of supernatural beings—we approach them with the might of a deity,' and so on, and so on. 'By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded.'" The thesis of Sachs's *The End of Poverty* is not essentially different. He, too, believes that Westerners "can exert a power for good practically unbounded" over people who have not reached our "point of development."

The patina of benevolence, Conrad suggests, often conceals a messianic narcissism, an incipient megalomania: Kurtz spent his days in Africa "getting himself adored." Egotism and the desire for adoration are useful stimulants when they spur people to produce things that other people want or need. But it is a tawdry ambition that deters, as the paternalist philosophy does, people from realizing their own potential.

Reading Conrad, one is uneasily reminded of today's Africrats. Under the guise of helping Africans, they aggrandize themselves, burnish their fame—and, not least, get themselves adored. Their tours of Africa are exercises in hero worship, part Roman triumph, part Felliniesque spectacle. The landing of the jet on some remote shimmering tarmac; the heat of the African sun; the exotic savor of the desert or of the jungle air; the fawning masses: all contribute to the narcotic spell that these progresses cast over those who undertake them.

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Then comes the encounter between the benign magician—the Prospero from the northern latitudes—and the Suffering African. Amid a glitter of flashbulbs, the august tourist, like a monarch touching for the King's Evil, lays hands on the dying AIDS patient or the undernourished child. Bobby Kennedy and Princess Diana perfected the art with which the superstar feels another's pain; Bono, Madonna, and Angelina Jolie have carried on the tradition. A messianic odor clings to Sachs's account of this celebrity satrapy, in which the superstars figure both as agents of grace and as high priests of a cult: "The Live 8 concerts, Bono's ONE campaign, Angelina Jolie's work for the United Nations, and many other acts of leadership and grace are drawing millions of eager individuals into a new commitment to work for the end of poverty, and thereby for a world of peace and shared well-being."

"Under the guise of helping, the Africrats aggrandize themselves, burnish their fame—and get themselves adored."

Paternalism persists as a psychology precisely because it satisfies the cravings of vanity in a way that real reform doesn't. (Where people have learned to save themselves, they do not need saviors.) So potent are paternalism's pleasures that it has beguiled even those who theoretically oppose it. Consider the regression of Sachs himself. Sachs was born, in Detroit, into a family of civic aspiration and the desire to do good. As a young economist at Harvard, during the 1980s, Sachs *did* good, helping to devise "shock therapy" for Bolivia, a country crippled by public-sector spending.

Today, however, he rejects his old faith in economic freedom, which he ridicules as "magical thinking." Repudiating his Bolivian policies, he now calls for curing African poverty LBJ-style, through massive wealth transfers. Sachs has discovered that it's more glamorous to be a paternalist wizard, solving the little people's problems for them, than it is to help them, as in Bolivia, solve their problems for themselves. When he was advocating a Reagan-Thatcher program of spending cuts and smaller government in Latin America, the most Sachs could hope for was an appreciative notice in the *Wall Street Journal*. Now he hangs with Bono and goes off into the bush with Angelina Jolie.

So prosperous have free nations become that not only their tycoons and superstars but even members of their middle classes are rich enough to taste the pleasures of paternalism—a fact that Madison Avenue has not failed to exploit. Companies like Gap, Converse, Motorola, and Armani—which were also sponsors of *Vanity Fair*'s Africa issue—have subscribed to Bono's "(red) manifesto," a promise that "if you buy a (red) product or sign up for a (red) service, at no cost to you, a (red) company will give some of its profits to buy antiretroviral medicine" for Africa. The curious (use) of (parentheses) in Bono's "manifesto" is apparently intended to give the ad campaign an edgy, agitprop flavor, enabling the consumer to flatter himself that, in purchasing his new cell phone or pair of sneakers, he is doing something more than engaging in a routine market transaction. An acquisitive bourgeois on the surface, he is at heart (or so he pretends) a spiritual guerrilla on Bono's long march to social solidarity.

The ambivalence about economic liberty that characterizes Bono's campaign points to a larger contradiction in Africrat charity. It is a paradox of these figures that they should long to retreat from the commercial civilization that has made them great to the primitive conditions of the jungle and the desert. The Africrats are plainly enchanted by the exoticism, the pastoral simplicity, of peoples who have not yet mastered the secret of market prosperity.

This longing for the supposed innocence and simplicity of more primitive cultures was

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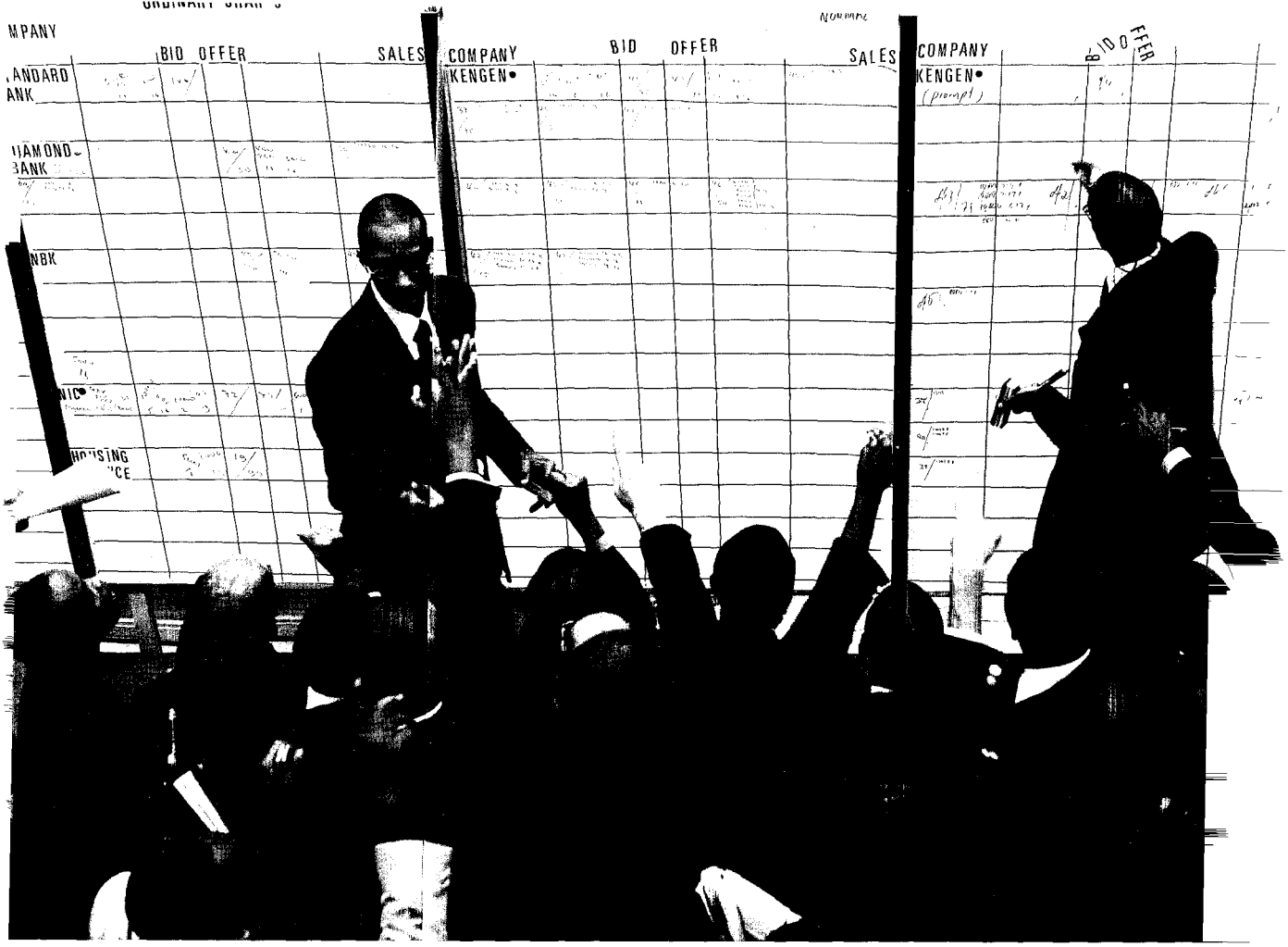

Burgeoning stock exchanges, like this one in Nairobi, represent a new generation of African entrepreneurs—the continent's real hope for the future.

an important element in the psychology of nineteenth-century romanticism, which emerged from the same cultural matrix that gave birth to nineteenth-century paternalism. Both paternalism and romanticism developed in reaction to the progress, in the West, of political and economic freedom and the unexampled prosperity that came in their wake. Slaveholders in the United States fashioned an apology for human bondage that was partly romantic and partly paternalistic: they were, they claimed, re-creating the feudal splendors of *Ivanhoe* on the plantation, while at the same time tending to the submerged class with a solicitude absent in the cold world of free labor. Across the ocean, romantic aristocrats like Bismarck, confronted with the progress of liberty, sought to preserve the power of the patrician classes by means of a new method of paternal supervision—the social legislation of the *Wohlfahrtsstaat*.

Paternalism's most astute defenders have always worked to disguise its coercive qualities by framing their efforts as an attempt to save the little people—as yet unspoiled by the cruel ethos of capitalism—from the evils of freedom. Some paternalists, like the socialists of the 1920s and 1930s, romanticized alienated proletarians and made a fetish of their innocence; others, like the "radical chic" philanthropists whom Tom Wolfe satirized in the 1960s, found their noble savages in the urban ghetto. Like their predecessors, the Africrats, too, romanticize their exotic pets. In doing so, they have worked out a new bucolic aesthetic to justify their disillusionment with capitalism, even as they promote policies that promise to keep their wards in a Rousseauian state of primitive innocence.

If the prosperous nations really want to help Africa, they need to resist the seductions of paternalism. They need to promote, not policies that will ensure that the continent remains a collection of fiefdoms dependent on subsidies and celebrity pity, but wealth-generating entrepreneurial efforts. They need to export, not a dated philosophy of mandarinism, but ideas that really can lift peoples and nations out of the lower depths—the ideas of Bacon, Hayek, de Soto, and *The Wealth of Nations*.

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Why Don't Jews Like the Christians Who Like Them?

Liberalism can't abide conservative evangelicals.

James Q. Wilson

In the United States, the two groups that most ardently support Israel are Jews and evangelical and fundamentalist Christians. Jewish support is easy to explain, but why should certain Christians, most of them politically quite conservative, be so devoted to Israel? There is a second puzzle: despite their support for a Jewish state, evangelical and fundamentalist Christians are disliked by many Jews. And a third: a large fraction of African-Americans are hostile to Israel and critical of Jews, yet Jewish voters regard blacks as their natural allies.

The evidence about evangelical attitudes is clear. In 2006, a Pew survey found that evangelical Christians were more favorable toward Israel than the average American was—and much more sympathetic than either mainline Protestants or secularists. In another survey, evangelical Christians proved much likelier than Catholics, Protestants, or secular types to back Israeli control of Jerusalem, endorse Israeli settlements on the West Bank, and take Israel's side in a Middle Eastern dispute. (Among every religious group, those who are most traditional are most supportive of Israel. The most orthodox Catholics and Protestants, for instance, support Israel more than their modernist colleagues do.)

Evangelical Christians have a high opinion not just of the Jewish state but of Jews as people. That Jewish voters are overwhelmingly liberal doesn't seem to bother evangelicals, despite their own conservative politics. Yet Jews don't return the favor: in one Pew survey, 42 percent of Jewish respondents expressed hostility to evangelicals and fundamentalists. As two scholars from Baruch College have shown, a much smaller fraction—about 16 percent—of the American public has similarly antagonistic feelings toward Christian fundamentalists.

The reason that conservative Christians—opposed to abortion and gay marriage and critical of political liberalism—can feel kindly toward Jewish liberals and support Israel so fervently is rooted in theology. One finds among fundamentalist Protestants a doctrine called dispensationalism. The dispensationalist outlook, which began in early-nineteenth-century England, sees human history as a series of seven periods, or dispensations, in each of which God

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deals with man in a distinctive way. The first, before Adam's fall, was the era of innocence; the second, from Adam to Noah, the era of conscience; the third, from Noah to Abraham, of government; the fourth, from Abraham to Moses, of patriarchy; the fifth, from Moses to Jesus, of Mosaic law; and the sixth, from Jesus until today, of grace. The seventh and final dispensation, yet to come, will be the Millennium, an earthly paradise.

For dispensationalists, the Jews are God's chosen people. For the Millennium to come, they must be living in Israel, whose capital is Jerusalem; there, the Temple will rise again at the time of Armageddon. On the eve of that final battle, the Antichrist will appear—probably in the form of a seeming peacemaker. Fundamentalists differ over who the Antichrist will be (at one time he was thought to be Nero, at another time the papacy, and today a few have suggested the secretary-general of the United Nations), but dispensationalists agree that he will deceive the people, occupy the Temple, rule in the name of God, and ultimately be defeated by the Messiah. Many dispensationalists believe that how a person treats Israel will profoundly influence his eternal destiny.

Christian dispensationalists were early Zionists and continue to support Israel today, for it is there that they believe Christ will return. In 1878, William Blackstone, a well-known dispensationalist and the author of *Jesus Is Coming*, wrote a document that argued for a Jewish state in Palestine. It appeared in 1891, five years before Theodor Herzl called for a Jewish state and six years before the first Zionist Congress. Blackstone got more than 400 dignitaries to sign his document, including the chief justice of the Supreme Court, the Speaker of the House, John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, and several other prominent Americans, almost all of them Christians. After President Benjamin Harrison ignored the petition, Blackstone tried again in 1916 with President Woodrow Wilson, who was more sympathetic—and who supported the British foreign minister, Arthur Balfour, a devout Protestant, when in 1917 he issued his famous declaration calling for a Jewish home in Palestine.

Albrecht Dürer's *Revelation of St. John*, 1498

Evangelical and fundamentalist Christian preachers enthusiastically promote this pro-Israel vision. In a study of preachers in 19 denominations, political scientist James Guth of Furman University found that evangelicals were much likelier to back Israel in their sermons than mainline Protestants or Catholics were, a difference that persisted after controlling for age, sex, party identification, and type of media used to reach congregations. Guth also showed that self-described evangelicals who attended church regularly, and thus heard their ministers' sermons, were much more inclined to support Israel than were believers who did not attend regularly.

Evangelical preachers are reinforced by popular Christian books. In 1970, Hal Lindsay published *The Late Great Planet Earth*; in 1995, Tim LaHaye and Jerry Jenkins followed with *Left Behind: A Novel of the Earth's Last Days*, and went on to write 11 more volumes on the same theme. Lindsay can claim more than 35 million sales, and the *Left Behind* books have sold 60 million. These bestsellers tell the dispensationalist story, discuss Armageddon, and argue for the protection of Jews and of Israel. Lindsay argues that, based on the book of Revelations and related biblical sources, "some time in the future," there will be "a seven-year period climaxed by the visible return of Jesus Christ" but that this will not happen until the Jewish people have reestablished their nation in their ancient homeland.

Whatever one makes of his prediction, Lindsay is unambiguous about the importance of Israel to him—and, by extension, to his millions of readers. Reinforcing the preachers and writers are various pro-Israel evangelical organizations, including Bridges for Peace, the International Christian Embassy Jerusalem, and the National Christian Leadership Conference for Israel.

Mainstream Protestant groups, such as the National Council of Churches and the Middle East Council of Churches, have a very different attitude toward Israel. The NCC, for example, refused to support Israel during the Six-Day War in 1967, and immediately afterward began to protest victorious Israel's expansion of its

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territory. From that point on, the NCC's positions ran closely with Arab opinion, urging American contact with the Palestine Liberation Organization, for instance, and denouncing the Camp David Accords because they supposedly ignored the Palestinians' national ambitions. In 2004, the Presbyterian Church decided to study a proposal to divert its investments from firms doing business with Israel. Within a year, the Episcopal Church, the United Church of Christ, and parts of the Methodist Church followed suit. As Paul Charles Merkley sums up in his book about Christian Zionism, mainline Protestant churches' "respectable leadership had backed away from Israel; all of her constant friends were seated below the salt."

Why do mainline Protestant leaders oppose Israel? That question becomes harder to answer when one recalls that Israel is a democratic nation with vigorously independent courts that has not only survived brutal attacks by its Arab neighbors but provided a prosperous home for the children of many Holocaust survivors. As with any other nation, Israel has pursued policies that one can challenge. Some may criticize its management of the West Bank, for example, or its attacks on Hamas leaders. But these concerns are trivial compared with Iran's announced desire to wipe Israel off the map by using every weapon at its disposal, including (eventually) a nuclear one.

The answer, I think, is that many Christian liberals see Israel as blocking the aspirations of the oppressed—who, they have decided, include the Palestinians. Never mind that the Palestinians support suicide bombers and rocket attacks against Israel; never mind that the Palestinians cannot form a competent government; never mind that they wish to occupy Israel "from the sea to the river." It is enough that they seem oppressed, even though much of the oppression is self-inflicted.

After the Marxist claims about the proletariat proved false and capitalism was vindicated as the best way to achieve economic affluence, leftists had to stop pretending that they could accomplish much with state-owned factories and national economic plans. As a result, the oppressed replaced the proletariat as the Left's object of affection. The enemy became, not capitalists, but successful nations.

That shift in focus has received encouragement from certain American academics, such as Noam Chomsky, and from the European press, including the BBC, the *Guardian*, the *Evening Standard*, and *Le Monde*. All tend to denounce Israel in the most unrestrained terms. When Israeli ground forces sought to root out terrorists hiding in a Jenin refugee camp, they lost 23 soldiers and killed 52 Palestinians. Among other press critics, the British writer A. N. Wilson, uninterested in the facts, called the episode a "massacre" and a "genocide." The Left will always have its enemies; Israel has merely replaced John D. Rockefeller at the top of the list.

But why do so many Jewish groups and voters abhor their Christian evangelical allies? To answer that question carefully, we would need data that distinguish among Orthodox, Conservative, Reform, and secular Jews. It is quite possible that Orthodox Jews welcome evangelical support while Reform and secular ones oppose it, but I could find no data on which to base a firm conclusion. Most Jews are political liberals, devoted to the Democratic Party and liberal causes generally. As Milton Himmelfarb once put it, "Jews earn like Episcopalians and vote like Puerto Ricans." Such voting habits are not hard to explain in a population that historically includes victims of discrimination, oppression, and mass murder. By contrast, evangelicals tend to be conservatives to whom politics seems less important than their dispensationalist beliefs.

That liberal politics trumps other considerations—including worries about anti-Semitism—for many American Jews becomes clearer in light of other data. The most anti-Semitic group in America is African-Americans. This wasn't always the case. Many early black leaders, including W. E. B. Du Bois and Ralph Bunche, were quite supportive of American Jews. Du Bois even criticized Bunche for being "insufficiently pro-Zionist." The NAACP endorsed the creation of Israel in 1948, and the Jewish state

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received continued support from Paul Robeson, Bayard Rustin, and Martin Luther King, Jr. But by the time of the 1967 war, much of that leadership had left the scene. Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, James Forman, Malcolm X, and Shirley Du Bois (widow of W. E. B. Du Bois) were critical of Israel. At a New Left convention in the late 1960s, black delegates insisted on passing a resolution condemning the "imperialist Zionist war." Nowadays, according to several polls, about one-third of U.S. blacks have very anti-Semitic attitudes, and this hasn't changed since at least 1964, when the first such poll was conducted. And it has been African-American leaders, not white evangelicals, who have made anti-Semitic remarks most conspicuously. Everyone recalls Jesse Jackson's reference to New York as "Hymietown," to say nothing of Louis Farrakhan, a great admirer of Hitler, who has called Jews "bloodsuckers."

"It has been black leaders, not white evangelicals, who have made anti-Semitic remarks most conspicuously."

Yet African-American voters are liberals, and so often get a pass from their Jewish allies. To Jews, blacks are friends and evangelicals enemies, whatever their respective dispositions toward Jews and Israel.

But another reason, deeper than Jewish and evangelical differences over abortion, school prayer, and gay marriage, may underlie Jewish dislike of Christian fundamentalists. Though evangelical Protestants are supportive of Israel and tolerant of Jews, in the eyes of their liberal critics they are hostile to the essential elements of a democratic regime. They believe that the United States was founded as a Christian nation and worry about the decay of morality; they must wish, therefore, to impose a conservative moral code, alter the direction of the country so that it conforms to God's will, require public schools to teach Christian beliefs, and crush the rights of minorities.

Christian Smith, a sociology professor at the University of North Carolina, analyzed four surveys of self-identified evangelicals and found that, while they do think that America was founded as a Christian nation and fear that the country has lost its moral bearings, these views are almost exactly the same as those held by non-evangelical Americans. Evangelicals, like other Americans, oppose having public schools teach Christian values, oppose having public school teachers lead students in vocal prayers, and oppose a constitutional amendment declaring the country a Christian nation. Evangelicals deny that there is one correct Christian view on most political issues, deny that Jews must answer for allegedly killing Christ, deny that laws protecting free speech go too far, and reject the idea that whites should be able to keep blacks out of their neighborhoods. They overwhelmingly agree that Jews and Christians share the same values and can live together in harmony. Evangelicals strongly oppose abortion and gay marriage, but in almost every other respect are like other Americans.

Whatever the reason for Jewish distrust of evangelicals, it may be a high price to pay when Israel's future, its very existence, is in question. Half of all Protestants in the country describe themselves as evangelical, or born-again, Christians, making up about one-quarter of *all* Americans (though they constitute only 16 percent of white Christian voters in the Northeast). Jews, by contrast, make up less than 2 percent of the U.S. population, and that percentage will shrink: as many as half of all Jews marry non-Jews. When it comes to helping secure Israel's survival, the tiny Jewish minority in America should not reject the help offered by a group that is ten times larger and whose views on the central propositions of a democratic society are much like everybody else's. No good can come from repeating the 1926 assertion of H. L. Mencken that fundamentalist Christians are "yokels" and "morons."

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The Lost Art of War

Andrew Klavan

Hollywood's anti-American war films don't measure up to the glories of its patriotic era.

Hollywood has gone back to war. And this time, it's appalling. All autumn long, the film industry released movies about America's battle against global jihad. With one exception—the competent actioner *The Kingdom*—each of these movies distorted an urgent, ongoing historical enterprise through the lens of a filmmaker's unthinking leftism. *Redacted, Rendition, In the Valley of Elah,* and *Lions for Lambs* characterize our soldiers and government agents as rapists, madmen, murderers, torturers of the innocent, or simply victims caught up in a venal and bloodthirsty American foreign policy. All this at the very moment when our real-life soldiers and agents are risking, and sometimes losing, their lives fighting the most hateful and cancerous worldview since Nazism.

But I guess that's showbiz.

Needless to say, it wasn't always thus. During World War II, Hollywood stars like James Stewart and directors like Frank Capra enlisted in the military to combat dictators as willingly as Sean Penn and Michael Moore now tootle down to Venezuela and Cuba to embrace them. More to the point, yesteryear's studio heads—many of them conservative Republicans—worked in cooperation with a Democratic administration to produce top-notch entertainment supporting the war effort. The result was not only rousing combat tales like 1943's *Sahara, Bataan,* and *Action in the North Atlantic*—all still watchable today—but also some of the finest motion pictures ever made: 1942's *Casablanca* and *Mrs. Miniver,* for instance, and the terrific yet all-but-forgotten *They Were Expendable* (1945). It was one of the film industry's finest hours.

Much has changed in Hollywood since then. The fall of the business-driven studio system has freed creative types to make more personal films, just as the internationalization of markets and multiple methods of distribution protect them from the financial consequences of alienating the nation's mainstream. If their anti-American labor of love bombs in Peoria,

REPUBLIC PICTURES CORPORATION/PHOTOFEST

In *Sands of Iwo Jima* (1949), John Wayne's Sergeant Stryker (center) must steep himself in violence, and make physical and spiritual sacrifices, to defend civilization.

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their investors will probably still make their money back in Europe and on the DVDs.

Beyond that, however, the movie business merely provides the most glamorous example of a greater change throughout our creative and intellectual communities: a decades-long drift toward an idiot radicalism. Movie artists—like all artists except the most original—are the products of the atmosphere of fashionable opinion that surrounds and sustains them. They may play at being heroes who speak truth to power, but the real powers in their lives are the elites who feed them praise, awards, and jobs. To them, the filmmakers speak nothing but slavish agreement.

Because of this, Hollywood war films past and present reflect the political philosophy not just of a small lotusland enclave, but of a large segment of our culture-making classes. The changing ways that these films portray the internal experience of the warrior, along with the change in their overall depiction of the nation and its guardians, are signs of deeper developments with unnerving ramifications.

Movies about the inner experience of war frequently revolve around the relationship of a young soldier to a battle-hardened father figure. Such films underwent a violent transformation between World War II and the aftermath of Vietnam. The 1949 film *Sands of Iwo Jima*, directed by Allan Dwan, is a good benchmark against which to measure that transition. The picture follows John Wayne's hardboiled marine sergeant John Stryker as he prepares his men for the Iwo assault. John Agar plays the sensitive private Peter Conway, who resentfully identifies Stryker with his own tough marine-colonel father. But as Conway learns, only Stryker's unyielding warrior ethos will keep him alive in the fighting to come. At the same time, this ethos exacts a brutal price. Away from his duties, Stryker is a self-pitying drunk, lamenting the wife who left him. During battle, he finds his humanity repeatedly compromised. In one grim scene, Stryker keeps Conway and his other men safe by forcing them to lie low as a comrade dies in the field, calling for help.

After a sniper fells Stryker on Iwo Jima, his men listen solemnly as Conway reads the sergeant's unfinished letter to his estranged son. Through this letter, Conway, now a warrior himself, is finally able to see Stryker—and so his own father—in his full humanity. At that moment, the famous flag raising takes place, perhaps a bit of fifties Freudianism linking the coming of manhood to the guarding of the nation. Conway speaks Stryker's signature line—"Saddle up!"—and leads his comrades back into battle to the tune of the Marines' Hymn.

It's nice mythic stuff, corny but still stirring. And in its old-fashioned way, it manages to explore not just the physical but also the spiritual sacrifice of becoming a warrior. As he takes on his father's warrior role, the son learns his father's terrible secret: that in defending his home, he becomes estranged from it; in defending his values, he has to contravene them; in defending civilization and peace, he has to steep himself in uncivilized violence.

If you want to see the exact moment at which the movies' approach toward those tragic truths began to shift, watch the opening scene of *Patton* (1970). George C. Scott, in his Oscar turn as the indomitable general, rises from the base of an enormous American flag to recite his famous speech to the troops: "No bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country."

This is the warrior's initiation distilled, a battle-hardened veteran introducing untried men to their brutal roles as guardians of the nation. The camera angle places us in the position of Patton's troops. There, we find our reactions caught between two points of view. The Vietnam-era filmmakers—including screenwriter Francis Ford Coppola—clearly intended to imbue the scene with grim irony. Their very next cut takes us to vultures overlooking a battlefield where indifferent natives strip the American dead. But the speech itself is so powerful that, in memory, the viewer edits the irony out. All anyone remembers is that general, that speech, that flag.

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The moment thus stands as a pivot point between competing visions: on the one hand, *Sands of Iwo Jima*; on the other, the best films dealing with a soldier's initiation into the Vietnam War. In these later films, the sacrifice of a man's gentler self to the needs of his warrior role is no longer necessary and inspiring. Instead, it has become an unbearable doubling, even a kind of spiritual death.

Platoon (1986) is Oliver Stone's Oscar-winning, fictionalized account of his own Vietnam service, a powerful and anguished vision by a man who volunteered for combat duty and won medals for valor. Stone's stand-in is Private Chris Taylor, played by Charlie Sheen. Taylor describes himself as a "child born of . . . two fathers": a scarred, heartless killer, Sergeant Bob Barnes (Tom Berenger); and a Christ-like stoner, Sergeant Elias Grodin (Willem Dafoe). After Grodin reports Barnes for committing atrocities in a Vietnamese village, Barnes murders him in the field to shut him up. With no one else to testify against him, Barnes seems above justice, as free as a force of nature. "Are you smoking this shit so's to escape from reality?" he sneers at Grodin's drug-taking disciples. "Me, I don't need this shit. I *am* reality." It's the father's warrior initiation speech broken free of its guardian context. Barnes doesn't kill to preserve the peace and freedom of the nation. He does it because that's the Hobbesian state of things.

This puts Taylor in the essential warrior bind. In order to be like Grodin in defending righteousness, he feels that he has to become like Barnes—has to kill Barnes as cold-bloodedly as Barnes killed Grodin. Like Conway in *Sands of Iwo Jima*, Taylor must set aside gentleness for the greater good. But for Taylor, it's not a necessary emotional sacrifice for the sake of the nation; it's a tormenting psychomachy almost unrelated to the mission of the war. It leaves him broken and sobbing as he heads for home. "We did not fight the enemy, we fought ourselves," he says. "And the enemy was in us."

Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket* (1987)—a less personal, more artificial film—at first externalizes this inner conflict between the warrior's brutal and gentle selves. The first half of the movie follows an intelligent and observant private called "Joker" (Matthew Modine) through basic training on Parris Island. The double nature of the human heart is represented, on the one hand, by the comically bellicose Drill Instructor Hartman (wonderfully played by R. Lee Ermey), and on the other, by a sweet-natured idiot nicknamed Private Pyle (the much underrated Vincent D'Onofrio). After Joker and the other recruits reject Pyle and assault him, the gentle fool goes mad and kills both the DI and himself—a cataclysmic end to the struggle between the two men, and symbolic of the violent suppression of Joker's internal struggle as well.

The second half of the film, which takes place in Vietnam, bears this reading out. Now a detached, sarcastic military journalist, Joker ironically represents what he calls the "duality of man" by wearing a peace button on his lapel and the words BORN TO KILL scrawled across his helmet. But when he leaves his journalistic post and joins a patrol during the Tet Offensive, his detachment finally fails him. In the end, he is forced to execute a teenage girl, a sniper. It's an act of both mercy and brutality that represents the final annihilation of even this twisted remnant of his *anima*. His soul must die in order for him to stay alive.

What has changed between *Sands of Iwo Jima* and the Vietnam films is, of course, the context. In *Sands*, Stryker's internal sacrifice—not to mention the sacrifice of his life—is tragically noble because it contributes to the freedom of a good and grateful nation. The Vietnam films reject the worthiness of the sacrifice precisely because they reject the worthiness of the nation. They do this, however, in two very different ways.

Stone, with his kooky left-wing paranoia, has become a bugbear of conservatives, but his deeply felt and tormented examination of his war service deserves respect. Like *Platoon*, Stone's *Born on the Fourth of July* (1989), based on the autobiography of paralyzed antiwar veteran Ron Kovic, details the experience of a war that was rejected by the culture-making vanguard and so stripped of its glory. A conservative viewer can easily interpret the film

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as the tale of a man seduced into left-wing lunacy by his need to find a celebratory context for his sacrifice—a context supplied by the antiwar Left. Nonetheless, the director's ultimate message is clear. "We love the people of America," says Tom Cruise as Kovic, "but when it comes to the government . . . [they're] a bunch of corrupt, greedy racists and robbers."

The expatriate Kubrick's rejection of America is far more complete, and so his attitude toward the warrior sacrifice is utterly contemptuous. *Full Metal Jacket* ends with Joker and his comrades marching through a landscape of fire, singing the Mickey Mouse Club theme song. In becoming warriors, they have made the world a living hell, in service of a shallow, artificial culture.

Whether through Stone's tortured paranoia or Kubrick's cultural self-hatred, the Vietnam films' bitter vision of the warrior's initiation went hand in hand with Hollywood's increasingly negative depiction of America. That depiction depended partly on the filmmakers' specific rejection of Vietnam-era policies. But it was shaped, informed, and encouraged by a larger phenomenon: the intellectuals' turning away from nationalism itself.

Antinationalism has a long pedigree in Western art and thought, so to track its development in Hollywood war movies, we now have to double back, before Vietnam and World II, to even earlier films.

Through much of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, with nationalism at its height in Europe, Western artists routinely depicted war as purifying and ennobling. With World War I, that idea became increasingly insupportable. A generation of young men had been wiped out for reasons that remain murky even today, slaughtered in their millions by a technology that seemed to eliminate any trace of martial sublimity.

The dominant artistic reaction was a rejection of nationalist sacrifice. It was best summed up by Wilfred Owen's famous poem "Dulce et Decorum Est," which sneers at "the old lie" that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. Between the world wars, Hollywood took up that antinationalist theme in one of its earliest talkies, 1930's *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The film won an Oscar for best picture and remains an extraordinary movie to this day. In this story of German soldiers in the trenches, based on Erich Maria Remarque's fine novel, every father figure who fills young men with dreams of "some desperate glory," to use Owen's phrase, is a blustering fool, a militaristic buffoon, or a secret coward. The war is nothing but senseless death.

Key to this depiction is one scene that remains a staple of the war-movie genre: battle-weary soldiers sitting together and discussing the greater mission. These scenes almost invariably ring false—statements by the artists intruding on the art—but they're telling nonetheless.

"How do they start a war?" one soldier asks in *All Quiet*.

"One country offends another," a second says.

"Oh, well, if that's it, I shouldn't be here at all. I don't feel offended."

Here, the concerns of the individual—and, by extension, the concerns of the People—are different from, and even antithetical to, the concerns of the nation. In the wake of this devastating conflict, that pretty much became the left-wing line. Nationalism had caused the war; therefore cosmopolitanism, and a stateless commitment to the People, would end war altogether.

The trouble with cosmopolitanism, as George Orwell pointed out, is that no one is willing to fight and die for it. When warlike racial nationalism resurged in the thirties, only an answering "atavistic emotion of patriotism," as Orwell wrote, could embolden people to stand against it.

Though European intellectuals and their left-wing American acolytes are loath to admit it, the U.S. had already provided an excellent new rationale for that emotion. Our Founding redefined nationhood along social-contract lines that Europeans can still only theorize about. Our love of nation at its best was ethical, not ethnic. Our patriotism was loyalty not to race, or even to

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unum of it all: an ethnically diverse nation unified by democratic ideals. Those ideals were embodied by the characters themselves—by their rough, easygoing demeanor, their friendly interaction over ethnic and class lines, and their suspicion of fascist strongmen. Mussolini "kinda thinks he's God, don't he?" says a cynical Humphrey Bogart in *Sahara*. "Someday that guy's gonna blow up and bust."

Most people love their homeland, but these movies understood that, for Americans, the democratic ethos constituted the substance of that land. It was that substance that was worth fighting and dying for, even when the battle was lost. As a doomed soldier remarks in *Bataan*, "It don't matter much where a man dies, as long as he dies for freedom." Hold your breath and wait for a modern filmmaker to say that about Vietnam or Iraq.

Largely, Hollywood films continued to reflect American-style patriotism through the 1950s and '60s. But with the doubts and dissensions of the Vietnam era, the antinationalist agenda that governed Europe's intelligentsia after World War I reached our shores full force and became, by corollary, anti-Americanism. And as respect for America as a worthy nation waned among the elite, so, too, did respect for America's guardians. Instead of a movie hero, the warrior became the self-serious militaristic buffoon of such antiwar films as Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* (1964) and Robert Altman's *MASH*, which lost the 1970 Oscar to *Patton*. *MASH*'s blood-laced depiction of countercultural army surgeons stitching up the wounded in the Korean War is frequently offset by a PA announcer's apathetic reading of heroic ad copy for old war movies: "Tell it to the marines, those lovable lugs with wonderful mugs." And the chief foil for the picture's hippie-like heroes is the pompous patriot and religious hypocrite Frank Burns, played by Robert Duvall.

Duvall, probably the best film actor of his generation, would bring that caricature to a stunning apotheosis in Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* set in Vietnam, *Apocalypse Now* has as much to do with the real war as Coppola's *The Godfather* has to do with the real Mafia. But as *The Godfather* brilliantly dramatizes the director's ideas about assimilation and capitalism, so *Apocalypse Now* plays out his notions about America's role in the world. It's a nightmare vision. American warriors are the extension of a clueless, violent, and imperialist culture. A rain of napalm burns away pristine jungles so that indigenous primitives can be replaced by Yank thugs drooling over *Playboy* bunnies in spangled cowboy suits. The supreme manifestation of this fantasy is Duvall's aptly named Lieutenant Colonel Bill Kilgore, a madman who wipes out an entire village merely to clear the beach for a famous surfer likewise aptly named L. B. Johnson. In a film that denigrates the nation and its culture, the patriot warrior can only appear absurd.

Liberals often argue that in criticizing American actions and culture, artists are actually defending American principles by holding the nation to its own standards. That argument would make sense in an atmosphere of contending visions that showed both America's greatness and its imperfections. But when the arts purvey only a consistently anti-patriotic and anti-military message, it seems clear that they have in fact detached the ethos from the country that embodies it. In doing so, American artists are adopting European-style cosmopolitanism, which leaves them virtually incapable of depicting warriors as heroes. "International society has ideas to defend—ideas of universal justice—but little actual ground," the political thinker Robert Kaplan wrote recently. "And without ground to defend, it has little need of heroes."

The full implications of our artists' growing cosmopolitanism become painfully vivid when modern filmmakers attempt to impose their view on World War II, the gold standard for the Good War. The 1996 Oscar winner, *The English Patient*, based on Michael Ondaatje's novel, provides an

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unintentional dramatization of how high ideals, untethered from their territory, drift away into a dreamy blue of narcissistic hedonism.

The English Patient is such a visually beautiful film that the mind has to overcome the eye in order to comprehend its moral emptiness. Ralph Fiennes plays a Hungarian count, László Almásy, a man too fine for nationhood. Employed to map the Sahara, he flies high above the earth in his plane, disdaining borders and any concept of ownership. As war threatens, he begins a passionate affair with another man's wife, Katharine, played by Kristin Scott Thomas. At the story's climax, László must find a plane to rescue the wounded Katharine from a cave in the desert. He procures one from the Nazis in exchange for his strategic maps. When it's pointed out to him that thousands of people might've died because of his treachery, he responds, "Thousands of people did die. They were just different people." In any case, he reaches Katharine too late. She dies after writing in her journal, "We [individuals] are the real countries. Not the boundaries drawn on maps with the names of powerful men."

Pause here a moment and think back to 1942's *Casablanca*, an Oscar winner surely as great as any film of the studio era. In its depiction of a man coming out of disengagement and self-pity to embrace a larger cause, it provides one of the most moving climaxes in cinematic history. Humphrey Bogart's cabaret owner Rick Blaine makes the warrior's classic sacrifice, giving up the love of his life in order to join the fight for freedom. "I'm no good at being noble," he famously tells Ingrid Bergman's Ilsa, "but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world." It's a scene that still makes viewers cry.

The English Patient is the anti-*Casablanca*. Here, the problems of this crazy world don't amount to a hill of beans when there's some hot lovin' to be done. It doesn't matter which people die, which nation wins. There are no values, no issues of human ideals, human liberty, or self-governance. There are merely "boundaries drawn on maps with the names of powerful men." So here's that intelligence you wanted, Mr. Hitler, and excuse me while I get it on.

The film's real value lies in its unintentional depiction of the way a high-minded cosmopolitanism results not in the universal good that it espouses but in selfishness and evil. And since that's the movie's secret story—two selfish people ditching their national obligations in pursuit of sensual fulfillment—it remains, for all its flights of high romance, one of the coldest, least affecting love stories ever screened. There's a *Seinfeld* episode in which Elaine, forced to sit through the film, yells at the screen, "Stop telling your boring stories about the desert and die already!" That gets it just about right.

For the most part, that *English Patient* logic, the logic of lofty cosmopolitanism that is, in fact, the deadly logic of radical selfishness, continues to prevail in Hollywood when filmmakers confront the actual presence of war. But there was a brief end-of-millennium period when patriotism, and the respect for the military that goes with it, began cautiously to appear in American movies again. Post–cold war revelations showed that Americans were the good guys after all, a liberal president presided over healthy economic times, and it seemed to the inattentive that we might never again have to deal with any real wars. It was then, in 1998, that at least one great director felt secure enough to make a major motion picture that tried to recapture the lost ideal of patriotic sacrifice.

Despite its virtually perfect cast, 1998's *Saving Private Ryan* is no classic. It is marred by two of director Steven Spielberg's most prominent traits: sentimentalism and a tendency to turn characters into archetypes. These (related) traits served the director well in great films like *Jaws*, *E.T.*, and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. But they render even his most-lauded historical epics mawkish and intellectually shallow.

Still, *Ryan* is an important war movie for two reasons. First, Spielberg is, as *Jaws* author Peter Benchley once bitchily remarked, the nation's "greatest second-unit director"—that is, the guy assigned by the *chief* director to handle action

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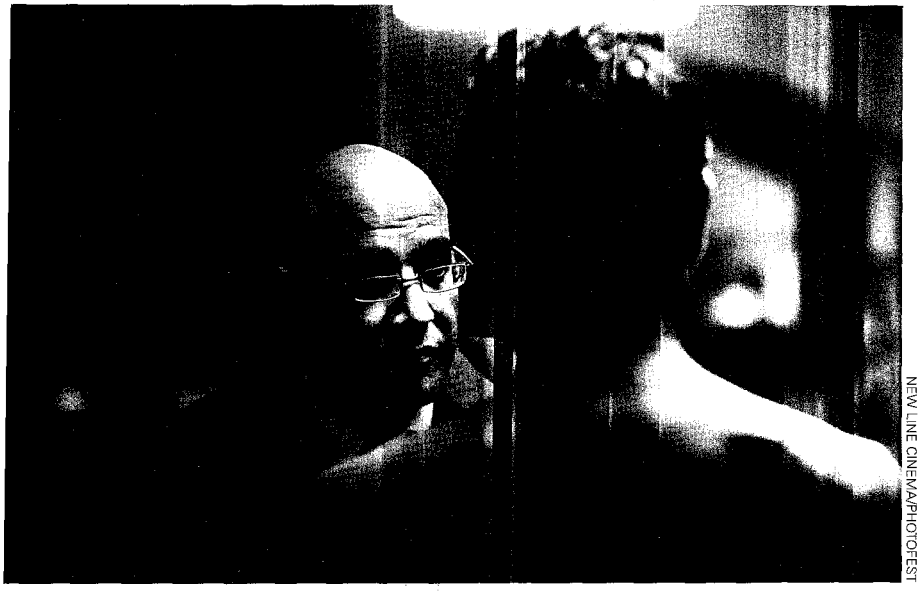

NEW LINE CINEMA/PHOTOFEST

Stanley Kubrick's *Full Metal Jacket* (1987), above, considered American society unworthy of defending—a sentiment rehashed in more recent war films like *Rendition* (2007).

scenes. *Ryan* opens with a D-day sequence that is epoch-making in its realism, rendering every battle scene before it obsolete and every one after it derivative.

Second, the movie is a sincere attempt by a great post-Vietnam director to recapture the American argument for the warrior. After the invasion sequence, the film goes through the usual scenes of dehumanizing combat—including, as in *Sands of Iwo Jima*, the one in which the men have to remain in hiding while their wounded comrade dies. But each scene is soon followed by another showing why the brutal warrior attitude makes sense under the circumstances: a German soldier mercifully left alive returns to wreak havoc; a child taken in out of tenderness nearly gets everyone killed. There are no self-serious patriots here, only businesslike citizen soldiers doing what has to be done. The final sweeping pan up from a field of soldiers' graves to a fluttering American flag makes it clear: these soldiers fought and died not as the instrument of princes but as free men defending a nation that was an extension of themselves.

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Here, as in the war movies of the 1940s and '50s, American values are embodied in the men who fight for them. The American way is most effectively dramatized in the person of Captain John Miller, through Tom Hanks's awe-inspiring genius for communicating the complexities of decency. A former schoolteacher, Miller suppresses his gentler peacetime character and forces himself into the role of warrior with discipline and self-knowledge. In direct contrast with the Nazi foe, he leads not through militaristic worship of rank but by example and simple worth. He is the exemplar of the Democratic Man.

Shot down in battle, Miller whispers his last words to the rescued Private Ryan: "Earn this. Earn it." The words touch off the film's embarrassingly maudlin final sequence, in which an older Ryan, representing all America, weeps at Miller's grave, wondering if he's been good enough to have earned his salvation.

As ham-handed as *Ryan*'s moral lesson may be, it also seems irrefutable. The warrior's sacrifice finds its purpose in the defense of the nation, and the nation, in turn, owes him glorious memory and the preservation of the values for which it stands.

Perhaps, if the post–cold war peace had lasted longer, this thought would have become more acceptable to our artistic elite. *Black Hawk Down*, a movie of martial valor, though released after 9/11, was in the pipeline beforehand; perhaps it would have become part of a larger movement. In time, American artists and intellectuals might have felt secure enough to wonder if European aversion to the nation was merely a symptom of a civilization on the wane, irrelevant to us. Perhaps even Vietnam would have begun to seem, not an ill-advised European-style colonial venture, but, like Bataan, a lost battle in a larger ethical struggle. It don't matter where a man dies, as long as he dies for freedom.

But, of course, the peace didn't last. With 9/11 violently awaking us to the fact of ongoing global jihad, real war came again. And not merely war, but a war that made nonsense out of cherished cosmopolitan left-wing doctrines like multiculturalism and moral relativism. Rather than face the obvious failures of their philosophy, intellectual and creative elites retreated into their present high-sounding but secretly selfish antinational moralizing.

It was Clint Eastwood, of all people, who went beyond even *The English Patient* in attempting to reexamine World War II in the new cosmopolitan light. As both actor and director, Eastwood is an American classic—I would say so even if he hadn't once filmed a novel of mine. But his 2006 double feature about the battle of Iwo Jima, *Flags of Our Fathers* and *Letters from Iwo Jima*, is a masterpiece of moral confusion. American heroism is deemphasized, Japanese courage underscored. Americans are shown committing atrocities, Japanese nobly holding out so that "our children can live for one more day." They were all just people, that's the idea; all just doing their duty, fighting for their countries. Which is surely true, but so what? World War II wasn't a Yankees–Red Sox game. It actually mattered, in the end, which country you fought for and who won. Sure, individuals and nations are universally flawed, and all have fallen short of the glory of God, but the ideas and values for which those individuals and nations stand tend to guide them in better or worse directions and so are more or less worth defending. America's liberty and toleration: yes. Japan's imperialist tyranny: not so much.

Eastwood said that he wanted his films to expose the "futility of war." But war is dreadful, not futile—there's a big difference. These films create the illusion of war's futility through the ultimate act of cosmopolitanism: they delete the knowledge of good and evil. True, the Bible tells us that we lived in a peaceful paradise before we acquired that knowledge. But the Bible likewise tells us that the way back there is barred by a sword of fire.

So we return to the antiwar films of autumn. It seems odd to compare these with the powerful and influential pictures discussed above. It's not

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just that these new movies failed at the box office: a film's popularity, like a war's popularity, is no fair measure of its worth. Each of these movies is also emotionally ineffective and intellectually stale. Together, however, they're indicative of the philosophical cage in which our creative community has trapped itself.

In *Redacted*, *Rendition*, *In the Valley of Elah*, and *Lions for Lambs*—as in more successful thrillers like *Shooter* and *The Bourne Ultimatum*—virtually every act of the American administration is corrupt or sinister, and every patriot is a cynically misused fool. Every warrior, therefore, is either evil himself or, more often, a victim of evil, destined for meaningless destruction or soul-death and insanity. These movies' anti-American attitudes strike me not as the products of original vision and reflection but rather as the tired expressions of inherited prejudices. The films work the way that prejudice works, anyway: by taking extraordinary incidents and individuals and extrapolating general principles from them.

Redacted is the worst example. Politically repellent, emotionally dishonest, artistically incompetent, and, at 90 minutes, about an hour too long, the film shows American soldiers raping a 15-year-old Iraqi girl and slaughtering her family. Writer and director Brian De Palma, a vastly overrated hack, used the same trope in his so-so 1989 Vietnam film, *Casualties of War*, which tells you exactly how far his thinking has progressed. The other three films take a more earnest, if smarmy, approach, smothering our fighters in loving pity, but the principle of extrapolation is the same. In *Lions for Lambs*, patriotic youngsters are sent to die for a wartime scheme meant to advance a cynical conservative politician's career. In *Rendition*, the CIA ships off a wholly innocent man to a foreign country to be tortured for information that he doesn't have. And *In the Valley of Elah* has enough murderously loony post-traumatic veterans to make up a sort of nutcase rifle battalion. Put on a uniform, serve in Iraq, and zappo, you're kill-crazy forever.

If these stories were representative rather than exceptional, *In the Valley of Elah* would have at least half an excuse for its disgraceful and infantile final shot, which shows the American flag flown upside down as a token of our terrible distress. But the stories—even though some are based on fact—are not representative at all. The overwhelming impression that reporters with our fighters in the Middle East send back is of professionalism, valor, and continued faith in the mission. These movies, as the *Wall Street Journal*'s Peggy Noonan recently pointed out, simply select modern images that remind them of the old Vietnam-era films and rehash them to support their outmoded political points of view.

Locked in an echo chamber of fashionable leftism, our filmmakers have lost the ability to question those discredited assumptions. Only in fantasy war films—films like Spielberg's undervalued *War of the Worlds*, Michael Bay's amusing *Transformers*, or Peter Jackson's wonderful *Lord of the Rings* trilogy—does the truth of our present situation emerge. Here, filmmakers don't have to confront the deathblow that radical Islam deals to the logic of leftist ideology. They can portray evil without giving it a human face and affirm our values without paying too particular a tribute to the nation in which those values become flesh. The warrior's sacrifice makes sense again, martial virtues can be openly honored, and those who protect us are given back their glory.

That glory, however, is not the stuff of fantasy alone. The threat of global jihad is all too real, and the stakes are all too high. Liberty, tolerance, the harmony of conflicting voices—these things didn't materialize suddenly out of the glowing heart of human decency. People thought of them, fought and died to establish them, not in the ether, but on solid ground. That ground has to be defended or the values themselves will die. The warriors willing to do this difficult work deserve to have their heroism acknowledged in our living thoughts and through our living arts. We should hear their voices every day, saying: Earn this. Earn it.

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Architecture's Battle of the Modernisms

Myron Magnet

. . . and what it means for Gotham's future

If you want to know what Gotham's twenty-first-century skyscrapers ought to look like, go over to 15 Central Park West and gaze at the brilliant apartment building Robert A. M. Stern is just completing on the entire block from Central Park West to Broadway, between 61st and 62nd Streets. And while you're there, stand on 62nd Street and look south between the structure's two towers. In one glance, you'll see the best that recent urban modernism has to offer—and the worst. It's an instant object lesson in the right and the wrong ways to build the New York of the future.

Modernist architecture almost from the start had two chief strains. The one that produced Manhattan's greatest icons, the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings, as well as Rockefeller Center, flows from Paris: from the classical massing, symmetry, and proportion that Gotham architects learned at the École des Beaux-Arts, and from the astonishing vocabulary of ornament that they learned from the 1925 Exposition des Arts Décoratifs that gave us the art deco style. The other current, the International Style, flowing from the Bauhaus art and design school founded in Germany in 1919, gave the world the glass and steel box, which arrived in New York at the start of the 1950s in the relatively refined forms of the UN Secretariat and Lever House on Park Avenue. For the next half-century, that style didn't so much develop as degenerate, producing such creations as the Trump International Hotel at Columbus Circle, which we see to our left as we look south from 62nd Street.

This grandiosely named building is a fine example of what not to do. In fairness, developer Donald Trump began with an awful International Style edifice, the 1967 Gulf and Western Building, whose structural flaws caused it to sway enough to make visitors seasick. Trump's rebuilding three decades later, by architect Philip Johnson, made the tower stop blowing in the wind, but in other respects it merely put lipstick on a pig. Johnson had promised a latter-day Seagram Building, International modernism's mid-fifties holy of holies. But that Park Avenue shrine, the excitement of its newness long gone, looks good half a century later chiefly in relation to the thousands of mediocre or downright execrable imitations it spawned, right up to the Trump International Hotel.

The Seagram Building was soulless and antihumanist, not only in aspiring to be a stripped-down, undecorated "machine for living," as if human beings did not always need to adorn their living with such transforming mystiques as marriage, manners, and art. It was soulless also in its implication that individuals are interchangeable units to shove into a bureaucratic grid of identical cubicles imposed on them from above. But such austere elegance as the Seagram Building managed to achieve by covering its spare, almost anorexic frame with a grid of bronze mullions and by standing aloof in its chilly but expensive plaza vanished entirely in the imitations run up block after block by developers happy to rename cheapskate cost-cutting "minimalism" and "functionalism." When Johnson sheathed the Trump International Hotel in bronze-colored glass, a smear of acrid brown against the sky, perhaps he really did produce the ne plus ultra of the International Style—pure Trumpery.

The International Style's practitioners loved to issue manifestos proclaiming theirs the authentic architecture of the Machine Age. Turn your eye slightly to the right of the Trump International Hotel and you'll see an up-to-the-minute example of the architecture of the Computer Age, Norman Foster's Hearst Tower, completed a year ago at

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Eighth Avenue and 57th Street and seemingly conceived not by a human being but by state-of-the-art design software. Thanks to microchip power, the two-dimensional grid has evolved in the new millennium into a whole garden of abstract, rationalist three-dimensional shapes, from Lord Foster's London City Hall, whose appearance of a stack of dishes teetering on the verge of tumbling down provides a perfect setting for Mayor Ken Livingstone, to his Swiss Re headquarters, also in London, which Londoners inevitably dubbed "the Crystal Phallus."

Like the Phallus, the new hub of the Hearst publishing empire looks like a rocket ship that has invaded an unsuspecting metropolis, an impression heightened on 57th Street because the Thing from Outer Space seems to have chosen as a perfectly shaped landing pad the old, six-story International Magazine Building, out of whose limestone shell it rises. Formed of external, crisscrossing diagonal beams, like a scissor lift or a scissor jack for your car, the building ought to look as though it is straining upward toward the sky. But strangely, it looks instead as though it is transmitting its tremendous force not heavenward but downward into the earth, with such brute and resentful force that in time the ground will crack from river to river, and who knows what slimy alien creatures will slither out of the fissures.

Buildings once expressed some human value or aspiration—and I don't mean just Greek temples or Gothic cathedrals that proclaimed the immanence of the sacred, but also structures like the old GE building on Lexington Avenue and 51st Street, with its riot of moderne decoration magnificently celebrating man's mastery of electric power. By contrast, the Hearst Tower is as soulless as any International-Style edifice, and to make up for that defect, it has appropriated an artificial soul. Like a growing number of twenty-first-century buildings in the same plight, it declares itself a temple of ecology that treads lightly and reverently upon the earth, despite its oppressive—indeed, elephantine—footprint, despite the wholly manufactured appearance of its shiny stainless-steel exoskeleton and four-story-high glass scales, despite housing a corporation that gobbles up forests, and despite standing in a metropolis that is triumphantly a work of art, not nature. Nevertheless, though neither civilization nor capitalism has anything to apologize for in the use it makes of the earth, the building's entrance proudly sports the seal of the U.S. Green Building Council, and the Hearst Corporation's website coos about the building's "environmental sustainability," including its recycled steel (like most steel nowadays), its energy efficiency, and its "harvesting" of rainwater, which, among other wonders, bubbles down the atrium waterfall, "believed to be the nation's largest sustainable water feature."

Dominating the dramatically high and light-suffused atrium from the place of honor above the waterfall is *Riverlines*, Richard Long's 50-foot-high . . . well, finger painting. I am not kidding. Long, noted for his artworks of stones laid out in circles, spirals, and lines, has scooped up mud from the banks of the Hudson and the Avon Rivers and smeared it all over the Hearst Corporation's wall like a baby smearing his nursery walls with doo-doo. Dribbles of mud even remain where they dried on the wall below. This mural expresses, as a gracious and well-informed security guard told me, reverence for the earth—a bit too literally, perhaps, for my metropolitan taste. It expresses as well the truth of the dictum, ascribed to Chesterton, that in a secular age people don't believe in nothing but in anything.

Worse than all this, the Hearst Tower is an act of vandalism, smashing as it does through the gutted shell of the old International Magazine Building, an art deco masterpiece by the extraordinary Vienna-born Joseph Urban, an architect of genius as well as a first-rate set designer and theater and opera director. The six stories finished in 1928 were to have at least seven more added to them, had the Depression not intervened. Though no plans for these survive, Urban's dramatic, almost histrionic, urn-capped giant columns literally point the way upward. Imagine what a great architect and an enlightened municipal historic-preservation policy could have

Photographs by Daniel Mirer

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Modernism's best and worst near Columbus Circle: the glowing limestone 15 Central Park West next to the acrid brown Trump International Hotel (below), the twin-spired Time Warner Center (below right), and the Hearst Tower (right)

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achieved merely by following Urban's lead in a creative way.

Turning again to the right, we move from this grunting Caliban of a building to something more in graceful Ariel's realm of the spirits: David Childs's upward-aspiring 2004 Time Warner Center, on the western edge of Columbus Circle. Childs employs the International Style's grammar to speak in art deco's vocabulary, with a down-home New York accent. His structure is steel and glass, yes; but its form, with two soaring towers, echoes the much-loved twin-spired art deco apartment buildings that march northward up Central Park West: the Century, the Majestic, the San Remo, and the El Dorado, all built (like the Empire State Building) in 1930 and 1931.

Like these precursors, the Time Warner Center soars heavenward. Its two towers, crowned with glass crenellations like the masonry buttresses that top its art deco models, lighten the 69-story building's huge bulk by dividing it in two, and draw the eye ever upward. Because of the building's site, with Columbus Circle and Central Park to the east and mostly low-rise structures to the west, the gray-blue glass skin doesn't reflect neighboring buildings but in effect holds a mirror up to nature. It's a new Manhattan pleasure to drive down Fifth Avenue or up Tenth and watch the two towers change mood and color with the shifting clouds and sky. Their crowns, lit up at night, are the latest Gotham landmark.

The two towers echo but don't ape their art deco forerunners, and it's important to acknowledge what a marvel of city planning Childs has accomplished with them. His first problem was to close the vista looking west along Central Park South without blocking it. *Voilà*, the two spires perfectly frame the western sky. But even more difficult, Childs had to square the circle: to conform to the shape of Columbus Circle while also fitting the structure into the New York grid. He did this by making the towers parallelograms instead of squares (which further lightens their apparent bulk) and by building them with setbacks, rotating each segment away from the circle and into the square as they rise one upon another. This twisting strengthens the building's impression of dynamic power, and it creates as well a series of planes and angles more interesting than those in a cubist painting because they are necessary rather than arbitrary.

If only the base along Columbus Circle weren't so banal, and the atrium, lined by four stories of shops, didn't resemble a suburban shopping mall that seems more Manhasset than Manhattan! If only the interior finishes weren't so tacky and the ceilings so cheeseparingly low, even in the so-called Grand Ballroom of the hotel that takes up part of the building! Nevertheless, to get so many things right in what is in effect a little city, with apartments, a corporate headquarters, fancy restaurants, a concert hall, and a supermarket in addition to the hotel and the shops, is a gift and a wonder—and a happy start for the new millennium.

If Norman Foster brushed aside New York's distinctive modernist heritage and David Childs embraced it in part, Robert Stern has mobilized all its resources to produce a great building that is utterly of our own time while evoking our nostalgic love for the greatness of the past—not of Greece or Rome but the ideal past of our own city as embodied by the suave urbanity of Cole Porter or Fred Astaire and the glamour of the Stork Club or the Rainbow Room. At 15 Central Park West, we are not in Kansas any more—and not in Houston either. This is Gotham.

Perhaps inspired by the full-block Waldorf-Astoria, Stern has divided his vast structure into a 20-story part consistent in height with its Central Park West neighbors and a 43-story tower on the Broadway side of the site, all sheathed sumptuously in limestone from the same quarry that provided the Empire State Building's stone. The 40-foot-wide space between the two sections gives every major room in the building plenty of light and air, and Stern's inventiveness turns this ample plot of ground into an amenity. A stone passage, centering on a copper-topped

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pergola, connects the building's two sections and divides this space in half. To the north lies a garden with a reflecting pool that serves as a skylight for the swimming pool below; to the south, a gated *cour d'honneur* with a central fountain, similar to the swanky car entry to the River House on 52nd Street, will let visitors know that they're arriving somewhere special and exclusive even before they walk through the door at the center of the pergola.

In this part of town, Broadway runs on a diagonal to the city grid, and in a subtly urbane city-planning gesture Stern has aligned the tower on the Broadway side of the site with the grid rather than the street. An asymmetrical five-story section of shops, their show windows framed in exquisitely detailed bronze—real, heavy bronze, not Trumpery—fans out from the grid and carries the structure out to Broadway, turning this entire block into a graceful pivot pointing the way from midtown to the Upper West Side.

Part of this building's fun lies in recognizing its quotes from some of Manhattan's grandest and most romantic art deco buildings. The elegant neo-baroque shape of the dramatically molded Central Park West door and the Broadway shop windows, for instance, is pure River House, a 1931 building that, before the FDR Drive intervened, boasted a private dock for Harold S. Vanderbilt and other resident yachtsmen. Ditto the stacks of bow windows that impel the eye up to the top of several of Stern's facades, and the pilasters on the south side, which echo not just the River House but also the doorways of the Empire State Building and John D. Rockefeller's 740 Park Avenue, as well as the International Magazine Building's unforgettable columns. Beneath the windows overlooking the park are scalloped decorative panels that invoke the devices that Emery Roth and Irwin Chanin used on their art deco apartments to the north. No one is better at playing this game of spot-the-quote than Stern, dean of the Yale architecture school and lead author of an indispensable five-volume, 5,407-page catalog of New York buildings from 1880 to the present.

Like the great art deco buildings, this one rewards you, as it leads your eye upward through a subtly varied development of windows and embellishments, with something worth seeing. The climax is not a crown but a flamboyant colonnade flanked by a console-shaped buttress and a three-story-high apse, like the bridge of an ocean liner, reminiscent of the colonnaded, bow-windowed crest of 10 Gracie Square and of Rosario Candela's famous roofline at 1040 Fifth Avenue, once home to Jacqueline Onassis. It's the ultimate stage set in New York's theater of ambition. On the terraces of this empyrean realm, one imagines, tycoons in dinner jackets will clink martini glasses with slim girls shimmering in silk and Shalimar, to the tune of Cole Porter's "You're the Top."

This is, to be sure, the architecture of plutocracy. Only moguls like Sandy Weill and Goldman Sachs boss Lloyd Blankfein or celebrities like Denzel Washington and Sting can afford price tags up to $45 million for such stylish opulence, including a monumental, half-block-long lobby with wine-dark marble door frames and columns, and enormous, classically laid-out apartments whose lofty, light-flooded rooms cry out to be filled with party guests and children. Part of this building's importance is that enough such buyers want to live in New York again (and on the West Side, at that) to support so ambitious a venture, after decades of decline that began in the Depression, when the Hampshire House stood unfinished and boarded up for five years and when the Alwyn Court, its mortgage foreclosed, cut up its 22 grand apartments into 75 modest ones. Not only do the mega-rich who paid over $2 billion for these 201 new condos want to live in Gotham; they also want to participate in its spectacle. Hence the almost floor-to-ceiling windows, up to 16 feet wide, that look out on the gorgeous panorama of Central Park, which few residents will know was once a dangerous dustbowl, until Mayor Giuliani cleared up its crime and

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private philanthropy restored its heart-melting magnificence. Few will know that they are part of Gotham's new golden age—long may it endure.

Famed architecture critic Vincent Scully once asked *City Journal* readers (Autumn 1994) to consider how much they would like the Guggenheim Museum if it stood in a street of similar structures. Does not the power of Frank Lloyd Wright's masterpiece depend in part on the civility of the urban fabric in which it stands? he asked. Would not several Guggenheims turn the street into a strip? As New York builds again, we should think hard about whether we really want a city of Hearst Towers—or even of Time Warner Centers, which would look very different in a glass-towered city. When another Norman Foster Thing from Outer Space rises 78 stories high on the World Trade Center site, along with the other Houston-style monsters now on the drawing boards of architects loved only by Gotham's planning mandarins and the almost infallibly wrong Pritzker Prize committee, New Yorkers are likely to respond with a universal Bronx cheer. And if the proposals for redeveloping the Far West Side in a similar style come to fruition, Gotham will cease to be a metropolis primarily of stone skyscrapers in the classical Beaux-Arts and art deco styles and will become a city of glass behemoths that could be anywhere.

For myself, I'll take Manhattan. ▫

Uplifting the "Dangerous Classes"

Howard Husock

What Charles Loring Brace's philanthropy can teach us today

Homelessness, contrary to those who date its inception to the Reagan administration, is nothing new in New York. In June 1872, between 20,000 and 30,000 homeless and vagrant children haunted the city, sleeping not on their grandmothers' couches—as homelessness is sometimes defined, as a legal matter, today—but actually on the streets. They included newsboys and bootblacks, scrounging to survive; pickpockets working in teams on Christopher, King, and Rivington Streets; and gang members who stole cotton, iron, or baggage from the docks of lower Manhattan. As early as 1852, the city's prisons held 4,000 criminals under 21. We know these facts not thanks to some archive of the city's Department of Homeless Services—which did not exist in the nineteenth century—but to one man who undertook to uplift these "ruffianly masses [who] are simply neglected, street-wandering children and who have come to early manhood."

These days, we remember Charles Loring Brace, founder of the Children's Aid Society, mainly for his work "placing out" thousands of poor urban children into midwestern farm families, a massive foster-care effort featured in the 1979 made-for-TV movie *Orphan Train*. But he did much more than that, including a great deal for the many more children of the street who remained in New York. In an 1881 speech at Harvard, Brace described these children in a way that brings to mind our own underclass: "The vast immigration of poor foreign peasants and laborers [and] the neglect of the marriage-tie and consequent breaking up of family life, with a certain independence allowed to youth . . . for these and other causes, there has come to be in the United States . . . a growth of a poor, vagrant and criminal class of children, scarcely ever known before in the civilized world."

Brace's greatest accomplishment in New York was a privately financed system of shelters and schools that helped tens of thousands of homeless kids a year—at a time when the city's population was under 1 million. His life is a reminder that the assimilation of poor immigrants and the uplift of the American poor in the late

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nineteenth century were not inevitable but rather the results of concerted action by committed people. He deserves to be better remembered—both for what he did and how he did it.

The Connecticut-born, Yale-educated Brace came to New York in 1849, drawn both by personal ties—his best friend, Frederick Law Olmsted, who would later design Central and Prospect Parks, already lived in the city—and by a mission to minister to the poor. He saw this task as his Christian duty and as key to the prospects for success of the young American experiment. There was, he would write in 1854, "no danger to the value of property or to the permanency of our institutions so great as those from the existence of a class of vagabond, ignorant, ungoverned children." Such concerns led Brace to begin "child-saving"—taking vagrant youths off the streets not just to shelter them but to steer them away from membership in "the dangerous classes," as he put it in his powerful 1872 memoir, *The Dangerous Classes of New York and Twenty Years' Work Among Them*.

His first effort, which would become his signature program in New York, was the Newsboys' Lodging House, opened in 1854 above the *New York Sun*'s offices at 128 Fulton Street. Between 1854 and 1881, a growing number of Lodging Houses took in no fewer than 170,000 boys. Not all were actual newsboys—that is, boys who sold newspapers on the street—as the Society's 1858 annual report noted; their ranks also included "boot-blacks, match-sellers, apple-vendors, button-peddlers, baggage-carriers and those engaged in other petty pursuits." Horatio Alger popularized their lives in such novels as *Ragged Dick*, in which a "gentleman" asks "our hero" why he is so "ragged and dirty":

> "They didn't have no wash-bowls at the hotel where I stopped," said Dick.
>
> "What hotel did you stop at?"
>
> "The Box Hotel."
>
> "The Box Hotel?"
>
> "Yes sir, I slept in a box on Spruce Street."

This was typical, according to the Society's records: "Many of those who are regular lodgers would otherwise sleep in market-houses, hay barges, old cellars, open stairways, ash barrels, coal barrels or walk the streets at night." Their lives were brutal in other ways, as M. S. Beach, editor of the *New York Sun*, observed in 1860. "Newsboys, as a class, were hard characters," he wrote. "A few leaders there were 'up to any thing,' and those not strong enough to match them physically, paid tribute. Downright highway robberies, committed by these leaders on the smaller 'fry,' were of daily occurrence."

Brace recruited these boys to his Lodging Houses with the promise of a clean bed and a good meal. Once inside, however, they got much more. "The evenings of the week are passed variously by the boys," said the Society's 1861 annual report. "On Wednesday there is an interesting lecture; on Thursday a prayer meeting; on Friday a singing teacher attends; and on Sunday there are exercises appropriate to the Sabbath. The Afternoon and Evening School occupies the other evenings of the week, a brief devotional exercise meeting closing every day. The free Sunday dinner is still provided and given to all who refrain from working that day." As the first Lodging House grew, it came to include a gym and a savings bank—"to induce the boys to save for they were great spend-thrifts." Asked to contribute to the institutions' operating expenses with their earnings, the boys themselves helped support "a night school for instruction and a Sunday evening Religious meeting."

The Methodist Brace was a religious man, but the Children's Aid Society was not sectarian. He wrote: "The evils are so great and the means of diminishing them so small, that persons honestly seeking to remedy them can work together without difficulty. . . . We have in our schools Jews, Quakers and Agnostics working with others to aid the poor." Brace was leading the way in building a distinctively American sort of nondenominational civic institution.

He was also skeptical of vague, theoretical preaching. "There is nothing gained in

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talking to these lads on abstract subjects," he advised his Harvard audience. "It is not uncommon for a devout speaker whose mind is full of the eternal verities to ask these lads, What of all things on the earth or in heaven they would rather have? And the answer to our discomfiture, is almost always, 'Hard cash, Sir!' or 'Greenbacks, Sir!' " Or, Brace continued, a well-intentioned speaker might, quoting the Bible, ask the boys, "When your father and your mother forsake you, who will take you up?" Their reply was not the Psalmist's, however: it was "The Purlice! The Purlice!"

The Children's Aid Society wasn't altogether novel; it had antecedents in New York, such as the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, founded by Robert Hartley in 1842. But the ethic of uplift and self-improvement doesn't inform Hartley's reports, written only a decade before Brace began his work. For Hartley, poverty was a fact of life that those of means were obliged to address. "Man in his present state, is encompassed with numerous physical and moral evils, with which the necessities of his condition require him constantly to conflict," Hartley wrote. "His subsistence is made to depend upon labor, and toil or penury is the common lot. But as various unavoidable causes often unfit him for toil and deprive him of the rewards of his industry, without the interpositions of benevolence, suffering and death would inevitably ensue. Hence the duty of providing for the destitute."

Brace, in contrast, encouraged "self-help." He was, as Joel Schwartz observes in *Fighting Poverty with Virtue*, a moral reformer—a man who sought to mold boys into moral adults, people who, as they encountered novel situations, would naturally make the right choices because they held the right values. "The principal value of our Enterprise, we believe, as distinguished from similar efforts, is that our whole influence is *moral* and in no respect coercive," Brace wrote. "Those who have much to do with almsgiving and plans of human improvement soon see how superficial and comparatively useless all assistance or organization is which does not touch habits of life and the inner forces which form character."

Brace thought hard about the boys' "habits of life" and how to influence them. "I like better stories presented to them," he explained, "where men have given up everything for a cause, and got back nothing material; or that they should hear of the highest Sacrifice of all, where all was apparently lost and yet where all was gained." Sometimes the boys were warned against particular evils: "We preach on making false change, on selling old papers for new, on

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Brace's Lodging Houses took in tens of thousands of newsboys and other needy children.

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Urbanities

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lying to employers, on stealing, fighting and gambling." But the goal transcended teaching such specific forms of good behavior, because the boys were "ignorant, homeless, with few high ideals and they go forth on the morrow to be exposed to every low, brutal and powerful temptation. They will be tempted, on the day after your meeting, to steal and fight, to get drunk and rob, to lie and swear and to indulge in every kind of vice." What they needed, Brace believed, was "some Power to hold them up against this torrent of temptation, something which will elevate and ennoble their nature, which will enable them to rise above the waves of vice and evil about them."

So it was, too, at Brace's smaller Industrial Schools for Girls. These were what today we would call a job-training program—in sewing and the other domestic arts—but they, too, emphasized character development. At first, Brace recalled, the schoolroom was in "pandemonium . . . how shocking [was] the language of the little girls. . . . Yet the gradual effects of kindness, the influence of patience and of tact in discipline have steadily changed these schools into the most orderly and most industrious places of education in the city. . . . The effect of the cleanliness and order enjoined, the influence of discipline and industry as well as the moral teachings given, were to raise these little girls above the reach of the usual feminine temptations of their class."

The contrast with organizations that help "at-risk" children today is striking. Typically, they promote a utilitarian worldview—"Don't do something because it will hurt you"—as opposed to the core idea of right versus wrong. There is, for example, Drug Abuse Resistance Education, or Dare, which hopes to scare younger kids from using drugs by bringing police officers to elementary school classrooms nationwide. Or consider Peace Games, a national organization teaching an antiviolence curriculum to some 8,000 elementary and junior high school students that "imagines a world where every child has the skills, knowledge, supportive relationships, and opportunities to prevent violence and build safer communities."

The difference between such approaches and Charles Loring Brace's is like that between memorizing multiplication tables and learning arithmetic. Not only can a moral sense lead to all the accomplishments that Dare and Peace Games encourage; it can also lead to the right decisions about the myriad issues and situations that these programs cannot anticipate.

Moreover, many modern children's aid organizations focus not on direct assistance but on advocacy for government action—that is, changing the system allegedly culpable for the predicaments of those in need. The Children's Defense Fund, modestly referring to itself as "the voice for all the children of America," directs most of its energies toward expanding government income-assistance programs; in fact, it pioneered the now-ubiquitous use of children as the shield of choice for those favoring a larger welfare state. The Children's Aid Society itself is now among the multitudes engaged in issue advocacy. Still extant, based on East 22nd Street, it continues to provide services to children, though mainly as a government contractor. But it also pushes for increased spending on public schools and health-care access for the poor.

These days, when the Society talks about Brace, it chooses to portray his work chiefly as a precursor to the contemporary welfare-state approach. Yes, Brace sometimes engaged in advocacy. But in general, he wanted government to make children fulfill their own obligations and responsibilities. In the early 1860s, for example, he successfully pressed the city to hire its first truant officers, to make sure that kids attended school—a far cry from today's relentless drives to expand government-provided social services.

The scale of what Brace did is stunning, especially for those who believe that only government can undertake large-scale efforts to help the poor. Over its first 27 years, the Children's Aid Society provided temporary assistance and moral instruction to the 170,000 children who passed through its seven Lodging

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Houses. It also placed 50,000 orphans and other street children in homes in Michigan, Wisconsin, and other points west, in order to bring them under the "healthy influence of family life." And it established "21 day schools"—vocational schools for older kids—"and 14 night schools, with an aggregate annual attendance of about 10,000 children."

Brace's contemporaries realized that he had made a positive difference. One "W. H. Lefferts, Sergt. D.A. Police" sent the Children's Aid Society a letter in 1861, asserting that "there are not one half as many petty thieves and female offenders against property as last year, or in former years." Beach, the editor of the *Sun*, was more explicit in giving credit to the Society and its Newsboys' Lodging Houses. In contrast to previous years, he wrote, "a fight or a row among the newsboys is seldom seen. The smaller ones pursue their traffic unmolested and all things relating to the newsboys give token of better times among them. If these changes are not all due to the Lodging House, I believe that by far the greater part of them can be traced directly to that as a cause." A letter from one of the newspaper's business managers observed that "the newsboys of the present day may be said to be an entirely different class of people."

Anticipating the data-driven techniques of social science, Brace gathered numbers that also showed his efforts' success. "The commitments of girls and women for vagrancy fell off from 5,880 in 1860, to 2,045 in 1879," he said in his 1881 Harvard address, "or from 1 in every 138½ persons in 1860, (when the population was 864,224) to 1 in every 536½ in 1879 (when the population was 1,079,563). This certainly looks like some effect from reformatory efforts."

Did this mean that those he assisted became better off economically? Some must have—but many undoubtedly remained among the working poor. Schwartz has argued that if the goal was to make the poor less poor, structural problems in the nineteenth-century economy made Brace's morality-based approach insufficient at the time but, ironically, relevant today. "American diagnoses of poverty have often been unsuited to the specific malady under consideration at any given time," Schwartz writes. "Moral remedies were avidly prescribed when poverty would have been responsive to structural and environmental reforms—and moral remedies were then removed from the physician's pharmacopoeia when they were increasingly pertinent."

Without gainsaying this point, I suspect that Brace might disagree. Yes, he hoped that those he helped would do well. But he cared, too—perhaps foremost—about providing "something which will elevate and ennoble their nature" as an end in itself, as a way to a good and, yes, holy life. His work was not just about upward economic mobility—though it may well be, as Daniel Bell mused in *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*, that moral education made possible America's creation of social order and wealth, and that our dwindling interest in it threatens their continuation.

If Brace's approach to helping the children of the streets faded away, his organization-building method has not. At a time when it is now in vogue for idealistic Ivy Leaguers to become "social entrepreneurs"—starting their own not-for-profit organizations to take on social problems—Brace deserves notice for helping to create the organizational playbook from which today's idealists unknowingly borrow.

In a manner now familiar, he identified and described a social problem: child homelessness and its potential to fuel "the dangerous classes." He established a freestanding organization, not linked, for instance, to any one church; assembled a board; successfully solicited thousands of donors; and brought together volunteers and paid staff. He conceived and implemented original programs and empirically tracked their results in order to report to donors. Such steps are familiar to those who seek to start new nonprofits.

Most striking was the way he brought the reality of child homelessness to the public consciousness. He intended his language not just to inform but to persuade. "The criminal and neglected youth," he wrote, "are

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the explosive material hidden under our pleasant surface of things." Or: "The medieval system of giving alms and leaving results to Providence is more and more abandoned by the experienced in the field." He also worked to popularize the cause through the popular culture, befriending Alger, one of the most popular writers of the day. Alger's novels about the bootblacks and newsboys of New York, along with accounts of the Lodging House, were for Brace the nineteenth-century equivalent of a spot on *Oprah*. In his preface to the best-selling *Ragged Dick*, Alger even credited the improvement in these boys' condition to the "Superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House, in Fulton Street," and added: "The author hopes that [the stories] may have the effect of enlisting the sympathies of his readers in behalf of the unfortunate children whose life is described and of leading them to cooperate with the praiseworthy efforts now being made by the Children's Aid Society and other organizations to ameliorate their condition."

Small wonder, then, that even the earliest years of the Children's Aid Society saw a groundswell of local support. In entrepreneurial fashion, Brace had been willing to start small: "I procured subscriptions from personal friends and through public meetings and fitted up some rooms as a simple Lodging House." But from 1854 to 1861, annual revenue grew by a factor of five, and the number of individual donors increased from 420 in 1855 to 960 in 1862. As in current television ads that urge the charitable to sponsor individual kids in developing countries, the Society offered a menu for donors, whose contributions were earmarked for specific programs.

Donations came from people with names like Stuyvesant, Astor, and Van Rensselaer, but many more arrived from those of apparently modest means: "an account carpenter" who contributed $2, for example, and a "collection in Congregational Church, Orwell, Ohio," which sent $4.79. For Brace, assembling an organization was not simply a matter of soliciting support from the wealthy. In his 1881 speech at Harvard—delivered at the invitation of university president Charles Eliot, who wanted him, Brace said, to "show you, gentlemen, how a far-reaching and efficient Charity was organized and how it does its work"—Brace reflected on his strategy. "The Trustees of a prominent charity ought to represent various classes in the community," he said. "They should be men of the highest character and responsibility, not from the richest class alone, but from persons of middle fortune and moderate means."

Whether or not some residue of Brace remains in his own organization, or others like it, today, there can be no doubt that his methods have left a mark on American society. Yale political scientist Jacob Hacker has observed, in his book *The Divided Welfare State*, that though publicly financed social welfare programs are a smaller percentage of the economy in the U.S. than in other industrialized countries—17 percent of GDP, compared with 30 percent in Germany, for example—our *private* social welfare spending far outstrips other nations'. "Private social benefits in the U.S. represent more than 8.3 percent of GDP," Hacker writes. In contrast, they are less than 2.2 percent of GDP in the ten other industrialized countries that Hacker studies.

Not all of this private charity exists completely outside government—indeed, one of Hacker's points is that mandates and regulation draw business and nonprofits into the social-services business in the United States. Even during Brace's time—he died in 1890, at the age of 64—the Children's Aid Society received small amounts of support from New York City. Nonetheless, an "independent sector" undoubtedly thrives in the U.S., spotting emerging needs, raising private funds, and providing assistance. There are many reasons for this, but at least one must be the precedent established when, in the country's youth, Charles Loring Brace was taking newsboys off the street and getting letters like this one:

"Letter from a Newsboy to the Superintendent of the Lodging House. . . . All the newsboys of New York have a bad name; but we should show

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Three homeless boys sleeping on a Lower East Side stairway in the late nineteenth century

. . . that we are no fools; that we can become as respectable as any of their countrymen, for some of you poor boys can do something for your country—for Franklin, Webster, Clay were poor boys once . . . even Vanderbilt and Astor. . . . So now, boys, stand up and let them see you have got the real stuff in you. Come out here and make respectable and honorable men, so they can say, there that boy was once a newsboy."

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Oh, to

ngland

The Marriage of Reason and Nightmare

Theodore Dalrymple

Novelist J. G. Ballard exposes the fragility of the affluent society.

Despite unprecedented prosperity, we British are not as happy as we should be, at least if the causes of human happiness were mainly economic. It turns out, however, that ever-rising consumption is not the same thing as ever-greater contentment. Yet no one is quite sure what else is necessary. Antidepressants in the water supply, perhaps? Urban life—and in the modern world, most life is urban—has an unpleasant edge in Britain, even in the midst of plenty. You hardly dare look a stranger in the eye, lest he take violent offense; the young, poor and prosperous alike, have imposed a curfew on the old after dark, and on everyone on Friday and Saturday nights; the age at which fellow citizens provoke fear declines constantly, so that one avoids even aggregations of eight-year-olds, as though they were piranhas in a jungle river.

The British state, for its part, is able to bully and regulate at will, thanks to technology—yet it seems to carry out these actions for their own sake, not for any higher purpose. The privatization of morality is so complete that no code of conduct is generally accepted, save that you should do what you can get away with; sufficient unto the day is the pleasure thereof. Nowhere in the developed world has civilization gone so fast and so far into reverse as here, at least to the extent to which civilization is made up of the small change and amenities of life.

No contemporary British writer captures our malaise better than does J. G. Ballard. In a writing career dating back half a century now, he has explored with acuity, from the aerie of his respectable suburban home outside London, the anxieties of modern existence—of what he calls the marriage of reason and nightmare. The reason is our technological advance, the nightmare the uses to which we have put it.

Much in Ballard's biography explains his sensitivity to aspects of modern decomposition that escape more superficial observers. But a biography cannot explain everything: as Pasteur once said, chance favors only a mind prepared. It is not only experience, therefore, but reflection upon it that makes the writer. A rich seam of ore is worthless without the will and ability to mine it.

Ballard's ore is his childhood. Born in Shanghai in 1930, the son of well-to-do British parents, he did not come to Britain until he was 16. The defining experience of his life, coloring all of his writing, was his internment by the Japanese, at 13, in a civilian camp during World War II. But it was not the internment alone that marked him; rather, it was the contrast with his earlier life. "Anyone who has experienced a war at first hand knows that it completely overturns every conventional idea of what makes up day-to-day reality," Ballard has observed. "You never feel quite the same again. It's like walking away from a plane crash; the world changes for you forever."

The protagonist of his autobiographical 1984 novel, *Empire of the Sun*, is Jim, a British boy also interned by the Japanese near Shanghai. Jim has led a privileged existence in a luxurious house with nine household servants, whom he knows not by name but by function or position, such as Amah, Number One Boy, and Number Two Boy. For Jim, the servants are not full human beings but animated objects whose purpose is to do his bidding. Neither especially good nor especially bad, rather a normal,

Ballard at his suburban Middlesex home in 1988

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thoughtless boy, he inherits the habit of command and takes his privileged way of life for granted. Not that he fails to notice the difference between his situation and that of most of the population around him; on the contrary, he is curious about life outside the European enclave. It is just that the difference for him is a brute fact about the constitution of the universe.

With the outbreak of war, everything changes. The Japanese sink a British ship and capture an American one, overthrowing the racial hierarchy. An amah slaps Jim in the face on no real provocation. He realizes suddenly two things about her that might have been evident earlier, had he stopped to think about them: first, that her life of constant labor has given her considerable strength; and second, that her previous passive obedience flowed neither from consent nor from lack of feeling but from fear, coercion, and an absence of alternatives. In that slap is concentrated all the resentment, humiliation, and hatred that an adult placed at the orders of a privileged and spoiled child comes to feel; and thus the Japanese victory is also an irreversible moral education for Jim. He will never again be able to conceive of the world as made solely for his convenience.

More than the racial hierarchy is overturned. In the struggle for survival that follows the Japanese occupation of Shanghai, Jim discovers many things: that civilized conduct is a veneer that unaccustomed hardship strips away; that previously prominent people can become insignificant under new conditions; that pride of race, of nation, of position are no protection against demoralization; that cruelty is common and self-sacrifice rare; in short, that everything that he has assumed about the world is wrong.

In *Empire of the Sun*, Ballard describes childhood sights that must affect a person's outlook forever: "Fifty yards away the corpse of a young Chinese woman floated among the sampans, heels rotating around her head as if unsure in what direction to point that day." On the way to the camp where he will be interned, illness and death already striking down his fellow prisoners, Jim takes in his surroundings: "It seemed that the two missionary women on the floor were barely alive, with blanched lips and eyes like those of poisoned mice. Flies swarmed over their faces, darting in and out of their nostrils. . . . Their husbands sat side by side and stared at them in a resigned way, as if a taste for lying on the floor was a minor eccentricity shared by their wives."

Jim learns that the survival instinct easily trumps most forms of human solidarity. Desperate, his group of prisoners reaches a camp where a British official, evidently left some power and discretion, refuses them entry, fearing that they will spread disease. They must seek another camp; more prisoners die on the way.

The internment camp in which Jim eventually finds himself fosters a horrifying loss of moral compunction, but it has its compensations. He forms an alliance of convenience with a young American, Basie, a small-time crook and wheeler-dealer of the kind that tends to do well in such situations. Ballard contrasts Basie with Jim's father, a stern and upright, if distant, figure. "At home, if he did anything wrong, the consequences seemed to overlay everything for days," Ballard writes. "With Basie they vanished instantly. For the first time in his life Jim felt free to do what he wanted."

In other words, the breakdown of the formalized social order, and its replacement with one based on more ruthless, informal, spontaneously generated rules, can liberate in a certain sense, in that it permits what was previously impermissible. In Freudian terms, the id escapes the power of the superego; what results both repels and attracts. This lesson Ballard never forgot.

Ballard arrived in England during the austere postwar years, the austerity lengthened by government policy that saw in it an opportunity for ideologically inspired social engineering. (Even now, one occasionally senses nostalgia in medical journals for the era of rationing, which imposed a scientifically approved diet on

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the population.) Ballard began medical school, but dropped out after two years to become a writer. He never entirely lost his interest in medicine, however, and it is worth noting that doctors are important figures in his novels, the first of which came out in 1962.

All of Ballard's novels have a Robinson Crusoe theme: What happens to man when the props of civilization are removed from him, as they so easily are, by external circumstances or by the operation of his secret desires or by both in concert? Ballard's past gave him an awareness of the fragility of things, even when they appear most solid; and in the introduction to his collected short stories, he tells us that he is "interested in the real future that I could see approaching." His method: extrapolate something—a trend, a feeling of dissatisfaction—that he detects in the present; magnify it; and then examine its consequences. He is a recorder of what he calls "the visionary present," a sociological Swift who claims (half-mistakenly, I think) that he does not write with a moral purpose but instead serves as "a scout who is sent on ahead to see if the water is drinkable or not."

In Ballard's earlier novels, the decomposition of society results largely from natural processes. For example, in his debut novel, *The Drowned World*, the earth has undergone an extremely rapid warming. (Ballard has an uncanny ability to anticipate future anxieties.) This warming, however, is the consequence not of man's activities but rather of huge sunspots. The sea has risen, flooding almost everything. London is under water, with only the upper heights of the taller buildings left above the surface. Most of the population has retreated to the cooler Arctic circle, while tropical vegetation has taken over the remaining landmasses; the fauna has begun swiftly to devolve to the Triassic era.

In these circumstances, it is not only the physical environment that changes, notes Dr. Bodkin, one of the book's characters. "How often most of us have had the feeling of déjà vu, of having seen all this before, in fact of remembering these swamps and lagoons all too well," he points out. "However selective the conscious mind may be, most biological memories are unpleasant ones, echoes of danger and terror. Nothing endures for so long as fear." He adds: "Just as psychoanalysis reconstructs the original traumatic situation in order to release the repressed material, so we are now being plunged back into the archaeopsychic past, uncovering the ancient taboos and drives that have been dormant for epochs."

Later in Ballard's work, as in his 1973 novel *Concrete Island*, the cause of the regression to the primitive becomes man-made. "Soon after three o'clock on the afternoon of April 22nd 1973, a 35-year-old architect named Robert Maitland was driving down the high-speed exit lane in central London," the story begins. Maitland's car has a blowout at 70 miles per hour, and it plunges 30 yards down an embankment. Maitland finds himself in a small piece of wasteland, from which the only escape is up the embankment to the highway. He climbs up and tries to attract attention, but "his jacket and trousers were stained with sweat, mud and engine grease—few drivers, even if they did notice him, would be eager to give him a lift. Besides, it would be almost impossible to slow down here and stop. The pressure of the following traffic . . . forced them on relentlessly."

A passing taxi driver sees him and taps his head, signaling that Maitland must be mad. The castaway's situation is a vision of hell: "Horns blared endlessly as the three lines of vehicles, tail lights flaring, moved towards this junction. As Maitland stood weakly by the roadside, waving a feeble hand, it seemed to him that every vehicle in London had passed and re-passed him a dozen times, the drivers and passengers deliberately ignoring him in a vast spontaneous conspiracy." Trying to cross the highway, he is injured and thrown back down the embankment. He cannot escape from his desolate patch, isolated amid an agglomeration of millions of people. Now he must live by his wits, wresting from the wasteland whatever living he can.

It is significant that Maitland is an architect, for it is the architects, with their modernist

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dreams of making the world anew according to implacably abstract principles, who have created the wasteland in the first place. Ballard captures the socially isolating nature of modern architecture—and the modern way of life associated with it—with great symbolic force. The taxi driver, encased in his cage of pressed steel, can see in Maitland only a lunatic with whom he shares no humanity. The other drivers have lost their ability to choose: once on the road, they must inexorably move forward. They do not control the situation; the situation controls them. What should liberate—the car, with its theoretical ability to take you anywhere you want to go, whenever you want to go—becomes dehumanizing.

In the same year, Ballard published his most controversial book, *Crash*, later made into an equally disturbing film by David Cronenberg. The book is a kind of visionary *reductio ad absurdum* of what Ballard sees as the lack of meaning in modern material abundance, in which erotic and violent sensationalism replace transcendent purpose: the book's characters speed to the sites of auto accidents to seek sexual congress with the dying bodies and torn metal. Ballard's method is Swift's, though with a less general target. To object that Ballard exaggerates the existential predicament of the modern middle classes is to miss the point, just as to object that Swift exaggerates man's absurdity, pretensions, and nastiness is to miss the point.

In his next book, *High-Rise*, published in 1975, Ballard sets a small civil war in a luxurious 40-story apartment building, where "the regime of trivial disputes and irritations . . . provided [the] only corporate life" of the 2,000 inhabitants. Robert Laing is a doctor who is divorced, like all of Ballard's protagonists. "This over-priced cell, slotted almost at random into the cliff face of the apartment building, he had bought after his divorce specifically for its peace, quiet and anonymity," Ballard writes. It seems to be part of the modern condition that people find difficulty in living together, preferring an isolation in which human contact becomes superficial, fleeting, and primarily instrumental to immediate needs or desires.

Where people have few affective ties but nonetheless live together in close proximity, the potential for conflict is great. Though all the residents are well-heeled, a version of class war breaks out in the high-rise, pitting the residents of the upper floors, who have paid the most for their apartments, against those of the lower floors. Boredom and a lack of common purpose provoke aggression, and self-destruction follows. Prosperity is not enough.

If anything, Ballard's vision has darkened. Twenty years after *High-Rise*, prosperity had increased enormously, and Ballard published *Cocaine Nights*, an attack on the very idea of the good life engendered by British consumer society. The novel is set in imaginary rich expatriate enclaves on the Spanish Mediterranean coast, towns "without either centre or suburbs, that seem to be little more than dispersal ground for golf courses and swimming pools." As one character says, "It's Europe's future. Everywhere will be like this soon."

The utter vacuity of the abundant life that the inhabitants have worked to achieve, enabling them to retire before 50, is reflected in the enclaves' architecture and social atmosphere. "I looked down on an endless terrain of picture windows, patios and miniature pools," relates the protagonist, a travel writer:

> Together they had a curiously calming effect, as if these residential compounds were a series of psychological pens that soothed and domesticated. . . . Nothing could ever happen in this affectless realm, where entropic drift calmed the surfaces of a thousand swimming pools.
>
> Everywhere satellite dishes cupped the sky like begging bowls. The residents had retreated to their shady lounges, their bunkers with a view, needing only that part of the external world that was distilled from the sky by their satellite dishes.

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The residents are refugees from a disordered world: "There's excellent security and not a trace of graffiti anywhere—most people's idea of paradise today." Freed from economic anxiety, they are also "refugees from time": in fact, they have "travelled to the far side of boredom" and are now "desperate for new vices."

A young tennis coach, Crawford, responsible for arranging the social life of the enclaves, hits on the idea of crime as the solution to the prevailing boredom. Unknowingly, he recapitulates sociologist Emil Durkheim's view that criminals fulfill an important social function by providing the rest of the population with a cause for solidarity: for one can exercise solidarity only against something and somebody else. "How do you energize people, give them some sense of community?" Crawford asks. Politics is boring, religion too demanding. "Only one thing is left which can rouse people, threaten them directly and force them to act together. . . . Crime and transgressive behaviour. [They] provoke us and tap our need for strong emotion, quicken the nervous system and jump the synapses deadened by leisure and inaction." His conclusion: "A certain level of crime is part of the necessary roughage of life. Total security is a disease of deprivation."

By arranging for crimes to be committed at random, including a deliberate fire that kills five, Crawford brings the enclaves back to life, including cultural life. The residents start to play music and participate in theater productions. Instead of living in solipsistic isolation, they now meet regularly. Ballard is not suggesting that the immolation of people is a worthwhile price if only people take to the violin and footlights as a result. He is suggesting that, absent a transcendent purpose, material affluence is not sufficient—and may lead to boredom, perversity, and self-destruction.

In his two most recent novels, *Millennium People* and *Kingdom Come*, Ballard treats England as a country gripped by a consumerist fever, half-aware that something more is necessary to lead a bearable human life, and thus vulnerable to an inchoate revolutionism whose inspiration is part fascist, part socialist. The books' characters are, as usual in Ballard, educated and middle class; no member of the underclass ever appears in his pages. This is not accidental. It is the educated class that is essential to running the country and that sets its moral tone; but "sheltered by benevolent shopping malls," Ballard writes in *Kingdom Come*, it "waits patiently for the nightmares that will wake [it] into a more passionate world." Believing in nothing, sated materially, it is capable of anything to escape boredom.

This represents an important insight. When I briefly served as a kind of vulgarity correspondent for a British newspaper—it sent me anywhere the British gathered to behave badly—I discovered to my surprise that the middle classes behaved in crowds with the same menacing disinhibition as their supposed social and educational inferiors. They swore and screamed abuse and made fascistic gestures and urinated in the street with the same abandon that they attributed to the proletarians. It was Ballard who first spotted that the bourgeoisie wanted to proletarianize itself without losing its economic privileges or political power.

In *Millennium People*, the residents of an affluent housing project called Chelsea Marina "had set about dismantling their middle-class world. They lit bonfires of books and paintings, educational toys and videos. . . . They had quietly discarded their world as if putting out their rubbish for collection. All over England an entire professional caste was rejecting everything it had worked so hard to secure."

This strikes me as a suggestive metaphor for much that has happened over the last four decades, not only in England (though especially here) but also throughout parts of Western society. We have become bored with what we have inherited, to which, for lack of talent, we have contributed so humiliatingly little. Ballard understands why educated people, haunted by the pointlessness of their lives, feel the need to protest, and he satirizes it in *Millennium People*. The book's protagonist, a psychologist,

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infiltrates the growing middle-class revolutionary movement and attends a protest against a cat show in a London exhibition hall with Angela, a revolutionary:

> Angela stared across the road with narrowed eyes and all a suburbanite's capacity for moral outrage. Walking around the exhibition two hours earlier, I was impressed by her unswerving commitment to the welfare of these luxurious pets. The protest rallies I had recently attended against globalisation, nuclear power and the World Bank were violent but well thought out. By contrast, this demonstration seemed endearingly Quixotic in its detachment from reality. I tried to point this out to Angela as we strolled along the line of cages.
>
> "Angela, they look so happy. . . . They're wonderfully cared for. We're trying to rescue them from heaven."
>
> Angela never varied her step. "How do you know?"
>
> "Just watch them." We stopped in front of a row of Abyssinians so deeply immersed in the luxury of being themselves that they barely noticed the admiring crowds. "They're not exactly unhappy. They'd be prowling around, trying to get out of the cages."
>
> "They're drugged." Angela's brows knotted. "No living creature should be caged. This isn't a cat show, it's a concentration camp."
>
> "Still, they are rather gorgeous."
>
> "They're bred for death, not life. The rest of the litter are drowned at birth. It's a vicious eugenic experiment, the sort of thing Dr. Mengele got up to."

The press recently ran obituaries of Peter Cadogan, whom one paper called a "professional protester." Another wrote that Cadogan "spent fifty years on a long quest of resistance to global injustices." He appeared inseparable from a megaphone, and no man would have been more disappointed to wake one day to a world denuded of injustice. Apparently, someone read the protest poems of William Blake to him on his deathbed, and these roused him temporarily from a coma. Protest was the meaning of his life. His dying words evoked Blake: "Live differently." Not better, but differently.

This mind-set can result in the violence from which, as Ballard discovered early in life, we are always but a hairbreadth away, however solidly founded our comfort may seem. Civilization's fragility does not make it unreal or valueless—quite the reverse. And while I suspect that Ballard would dislike seeing conservative implications drawn from his work, they are most certainly there.

The voice of freedom never faltered, even though it stuttered.

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Letters

Buffaloed

To the editor:

Edward Glaeser, using less-than-academic research ["Can Buffalo Ever Come Back?," Autumn 2007], claims that Buffalo's "median home value is just $61,000, far below the state average of $260,000," but that's wrong. Check with the National Association of Realtors and you'll see that Buffalo's median housing price is $110,900, which is $40,000 more than stated. Hardly a typo; more like making up data to enforce a preconceived opinion. And if you gather statistics for the region (not just the city), the average housing price (different from the median, but equally useful) is $231,000, right up there with the state average.

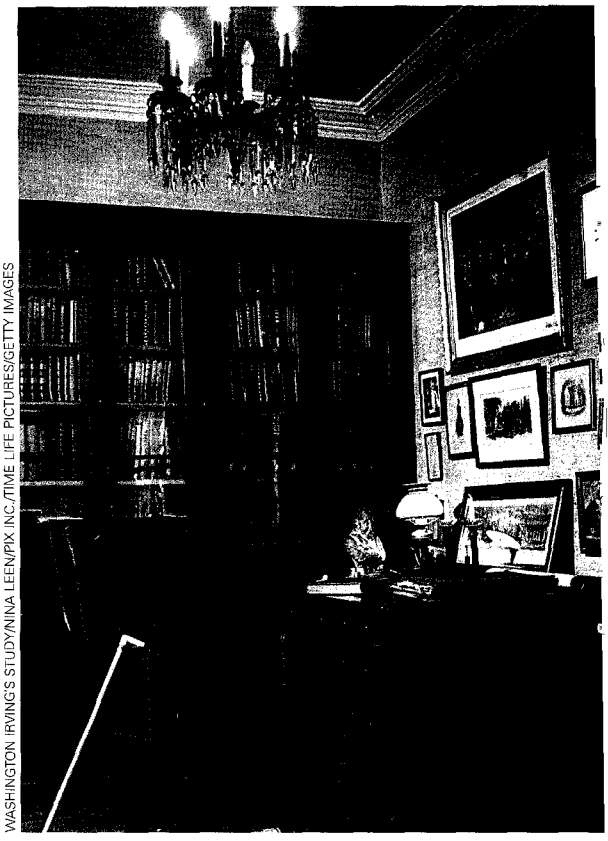
Michael Buckley
Buffalo, NY

Edward L. Glaeser responds:

While I appreciate the suggestion that I make things up out of whole cloth, I regret to inform Mr. Buckley that in this case, I used the U.S. Census, American Fact Finder.

The Census is the standard source for housing values in cities, not the National Association of Realtors, and for good reason. The NAR gives the price of average sales during a particular (recent) time period. It does not give the sales price for an average existing home in a region. Recent home sales figures tend to represent newer and much more expensive homes. In an older city, the NAR data are extremely unrepresentative of the overall housing population. Few experts would actually use them to look at overall housing costs.

The Census data have their own problems. They represent a self-reported housing value, not a sales price. Research suggests that these self-reports tend to overstate actual housing prices, which suggests that the $61,000 figure overstates the true sales prices.



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Jews and Israel

To the editor:

Melanie Phillips's "Britain's Anti-Semitic Turn" [Autumn 2007] is a perfect example of Zionist radicalism. The author takes the erroneous deductive leap of equating anything critical of Israel with anti-Semitism. They are not the same! Indeed, as the author cites, many liberal Jews are also highly critical of Israel's recent policies.

My criticisms of Israel are consistent with those made by English intellectuals, as enumerated by Phillips: its illegal settlements in the West Bank, its apartheid treatment of Palestinians, its ignoring of numerous UN resolutions, its cruel use of cluster bombs against civilians in Lebanon, and its construction of a dividing wall between itself and the West Bank—generally usurping Palestinian land in doing so and often making normal intercourse for the people living nearby impossible. Furthermore, I resent that over $100 billion of American taxpayers' money has been donated to Israel in the form of economic aid over the last 25 years, even though Israel's standard of living is light years above the countries of Africa, where we give small change. I oppose donating another $30 billion of arms to Israel over the next ten years.

Despite my strong condemnation of the state of Israel, I highly esteem the members of the Jewish faith, who have contributed greatly to society almost everywhere.

Richard Huber
New York, NY

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Letters

Melanie Phillips responds:

Richard Huber repeats the canard that all criticism of Israel is denounced as anti-Semitism. This is wholly untrue. Criticism of Israel's policies is entirely legitimate, as it would be of any other country. The point of my article, however, was to demonstrate that Israel is *not* being treated like any other country. It is instead being demonized and delegitimized based on lies, libels, and distortions marked by many of the unique tropes and characteristics of Jew-hatred down through the ages. Huber repeats some of these falsehoods in calling the settlements illegal, accusing Israel of apartheid, and painting Israel's self-defense as aggression.

Control Issues

To the editor:

In "Grading Mayoral Control" [Summer 2007], Sol Stern accuses the Department of Education's "public-relations juggernaut" of distorting data and exaggerating the Bloomberg administration's accomplishments. Ironically, his argument is based on greatly exaggerating the size of the department's communications office, which has not 29 but 12 staffers, including two secretaries—hardly excessive for a $15 billion organization in the largest media market in the world.

Stern's claim that the department does not provide transparent information about school performance is demonstrably false. Just in the last few months, we released the results of the first annual survey of public school parents, teachers, and students, as well as the first-ever school Progress Reports, giving the public more and clearer information than they've ever had about how schools are performing.

Stern goes on to demand an "independent research agency" to evaluate the department's policies without mentioning that the chancellor committed long ago to creating one. It launched in October.

Stern also attempts to trivialize the gains New York City's students have made in recent years. But the facts speak for themselves: since the mayor took control of the schools, whether you begin counting in 2002 or 2003, New York City's gains have substantially outpaced those of the rest of the state in both fourth and eighth grade, the two grades for which we can make such comparisons over time. And following years of stagnation, the graduation rate has risen nine points since 2002 and seven points since 2003.

While Stern is entitled to his own opinions on each of these issues, he is not entitled to his own facts.

David Cantor
Press Secretary
New York City Department of Education

Sol Stern responds:

In researching my article, I found a budget document on the DOE's website titled "Current Headcount," which stated that 29 people worked in the "Office of Communications." After the article was published, David Cantor sent me documents showing this consisted of three separate units—a 15-member "Communications Office" (not the 12 he now claims), a "Strategic Response Unit," and an "Office of Public and Community Affairs." We don't know how many of these people work in public relations. But whether it's 15 or 29, it's still at least four times the number under the old Board of Education, when New York was also the "largest media market in the world."

It's misleading for Cantor to keep harping on the state test scores, when the 2007 National Assessment of Education Progress results demolished the DOE's boasts about improvement in fourth- and eighth-grade reading and eighth-grade math.

I'm impressed that the DOE asks parents and teachers about their schools. I would be more impressed if they asked whether the school system had actually improved as a result of mayoral control.

Finally, the chancellor's "research" organization has nothing to do with the state-funded "independent research agency" I called for in my article. How could the chancellor's outfit be independent if he sits on the board?

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Contributors

Michael Knox Beran, a lawyer and writer, is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the author of *Forge of Empires, Jefferson's Demons,* and *The Last Patrician,* a *New York Times* Notable Book of 1998.

Theodore Dalrymple, a physician, is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the Dietrich Weismann Fellow at the Manhattan Institute.

Nicole Gelinas, a *City Journal* contributing editor and the Searle Freedom Trust Fellow at the Manhattan Institute, is a Chartered Financial Analyst.

Rudolph W. Giuliani was the mayor of New York City from 1994 through 2001. He is currently a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination.

Christopher Hitchens is a columnist for *Vanity Fair,* a visiting professor at the New School in New York, and the author, most recently, of *God Is Not Great.*

Howard Husock, a contributing editor of *City Journal,* is the Manhattan Institute's vice president for policy research and the director of its Social Entrepreneurship Initiative.

Kay S. Hymowitz is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the William E. Simon Fellow at the Manhattan Institute. Her latest book is *Marriage and Caste in America.*

Andrew Klavan is the author of such bestsellers as *True Crime* and *Don't Say a Word.* His latest novel is *Damnation Street.*

Heather Mac Donald is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the John M. Olin Fellow at the Manhattan Institute. Her most recent book, coauthored with Victor Davis Hanson and Steven Malanga, is *The Immigration Solution.*

Myron Magnet is the author of *The Dream and the Nightmare: The Sixties' Legacy to the Underclass.* He is *City Journal*'s editor-at-large and was its editor from 1994 through 2006.

Steven Malanga is senior editor of *City Journal* and a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute. He is the author of *The New New Left,* a collection of his *City Journal* essays.

Judith Miller, a contributing editor of *City Journal,* is a Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist who writes about national security issues. She has written or coauthored four books, including *Germs: Biological Weapons and America's Secret War.*

Sol Stern is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the author of *Breaking Free: Public School Lessons and the Imperative of School Choice.*

James Q. Wilson, formerly a professor at Harvard and at UCLA, now lectures at Pepperdine University. In 2003 he was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian award. His article is adapted from a Manhattan Institute lecture.

On the cover: Bill Jacklin's *Skating Rink: Central Park I* (oil on canvas, 1989). Jacklin was born in London in 1943 and now lives in New York. His website is www.bjacklin.com. Private collection / The Bridgeman Art Library.

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Prisoner of Shelves

Christopher Hitchens

In Bruce Chatwin's novel *Utz*, the eponymous character becomes the captive of his porcelain collection—and eventually loses his life because he cannot move without it. From this book, I learned that a word actually exists—*Porzellankrankenheit*—for the mania for porcelain acquisition. I also learned that the root of the word is the same as that for "pig," because poured trays of molten porcelain looked so pink and fat and shiny.

I'm pretty sure of my facts here. And if I could only put my hands on the book, I could be absolutely sure. But is it shelved under *U* for Utz, or perhaps under *C* for Chatwin? Or is it in that unsorted pile on top of the radiator? Or the heap of volumes that migrated from the living room to the dining room? I am certain that I didn't lend it to anyone: I am utterly miserly about letting any of my books out of my sight. Yet my books don't seem to reciprocate by remaining within view, let alone within easy reach.

I live in a fairly spacious apartment in Washington, D.C. True, the apartment is also my office (though that's no excuse for piling books on the stove). But for some reason, the available shelf space, which is considerable, continues to be outrun by the appearance of new books. It used to be such a pleasure to get one of those padded envelopes in the mail, containing a brand-new book with the publisher's compliments. Now, as I collect my daily heap of these packages from my building's concierge, I receive a pitying look.

It ought to be easy to deal with this excess, at least with the superfluous new arrivals: give them away to friends or take them to a secondhand bookseller. But the thing is, you never know. Two new histories of the Crusades have appeared in the past year, for instance, and I already have several books on those momentous events. How often, really, do I need to mention the Crusades in a column or a review? Not that often—but then, it suddenly occurs to me, not that seldom either. Best be on the safe side. Should all these books sit on the same shelf? Or should they be indexed by author? ("Index" is good: it suggests that I have a system.) Currently, I pile the Crusades books near titles on the Middle East—an unsatisfactory arrangement, but I have no "History" section as such, because then I would have to decide whether to arrange it chronologically or geographically.

Bibliomania cripples my social life. In order to have a dinner party, I must clear all the so-far-unsorted books off the dining-room table. Either that, or invite half the originally planned number of people and just push the books temporarily down to one end of it. In the spring, my wife and I host the *Vanity Fair* party that follows the White House correspondents' dinner, and this means that I can get professional help with rearranging the furniture and the books. This past year, the magazine's omnicompetent social organizer, Sara Marks, gave me some ingenious vertical shelf units, allowing me to stack books on their sides. Alas, there wasn't time before the festivities to sort these useful display units by author or subject, so I've only been able to alter the shape of my problem, not solve it.

The units also make it easier to read the titles on the spines and thus to suffer reproach for their randomness. And let's say I did decide to organize these books: Should I start with *A* for Kingsley Amis? But wait, here's a nonfiction work by Amis, on language. Shouldn't it go on the reference shelf with the lexicons and dictionaries? And what about the new biography, and the correspondence between Kingsley and Philip Larkin?

Some kind friends argue for a cull, to create more space and to provide an incentive to organize. All right, but I can't throw out a book that has been with me for any length of time and thus acquired sentimental value, or that has been written by a friend, or that has been signed or inscribed by its author. I also can't part with one that might conceivably come in handy as a work of reference, however obscure. All of which provokes newfound sympathy for poor Kaspar Utz.

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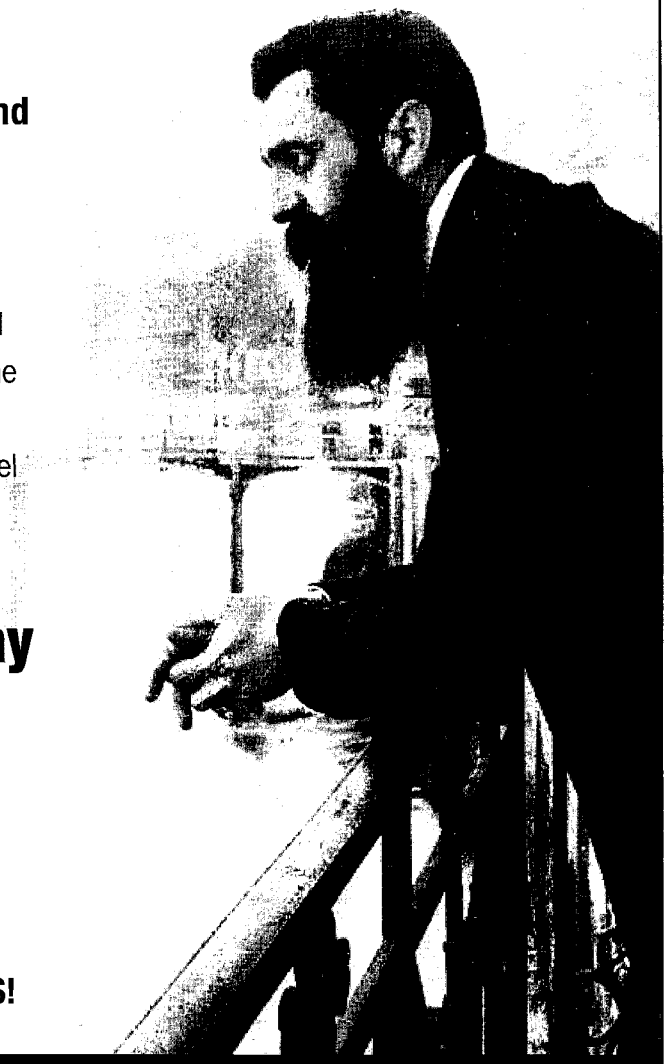

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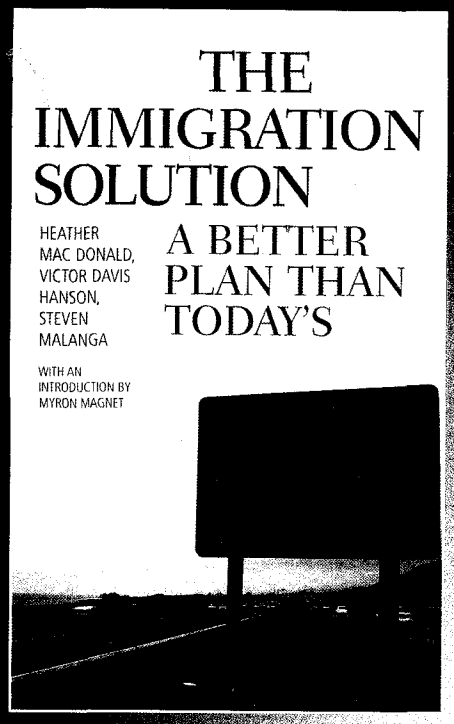
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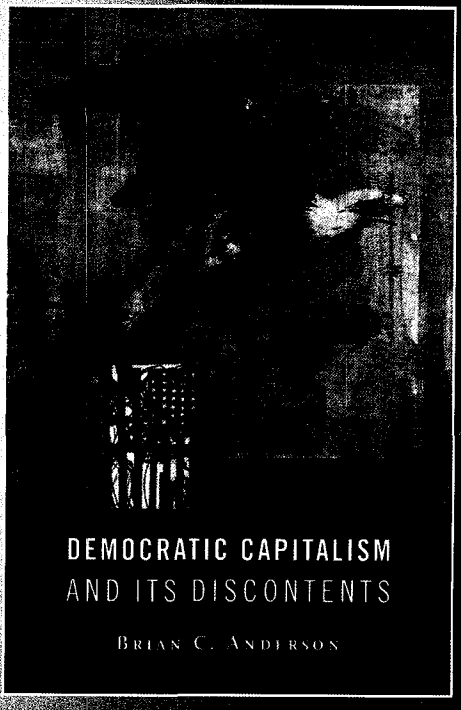

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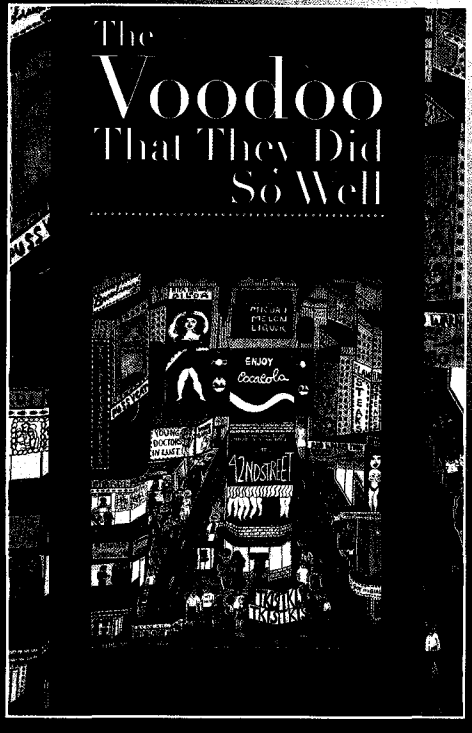

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